BELL'S EDITION.

The POETS of GREAT BRITAIN

COMPLETE, FROM

CHAUCER to CHURCHILL.

POPE VOLUME I.

Twas then Belinda if Report say true,
Thy Eyes first open'd on a Billet doux;

Rape of the Lock Canto 1

Printed for John Bell near Exeter Exchange Strand London Mar. 1st 1777.

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

ALEXANDER POPE,

WITH HIS LAST

CORRECTIONS, ADDITIONS,

AND

IMPROVEMENTS.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

FROM THE TEXT OF DR. WARBURTON.

WITH THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

But ſee, at length, the Britiſh Genius ſmile,
And ſhow'r her bounties o'er her favour'd iſle:
Behold, for POPE ſhe twines the laurel crown,
And centres ev'ry poet's pow'r in one----
Each Muſe for thee with kind contention ſtrove,
For thee the Graces left th' Idalian grove,
With watchful fondneſs o'er thy cradle hung,
Attun'd thy voice, and form'd thy infant tongue. BROWN.

VOL. I.

EDINBURG:
AT THE Apollo Preſs, BY THE MARTINS.
Anno 1780.

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

ALEXANDER POPE.

VOL. I.

CONTAINING HIS

PASTORALS,
MESSIAH,
WINDSOR FOREST,
RAPE OF THE LOCK,
SAPPHO TO PHAON,
ELOISA TO ABELARD,
TEMPLE OF FAME,
JANUARY AND MAY,

&c. &c. &c.

Come thou, my Friend! my Genius! come along;
Oh, master of the poet and the song!
And while the Muse now stoops, or now ascends,
To man's low passions or their glorious ends,
Teach me, like thee, in various Nature wise,
To fall with dignity, with temper rise-----
Oh! while along the stream of Time thy name
Expanded flies, and gathers all its fame,
Say, shall my little bark attendant sail,
Pursue the triumph, and partake the gale?
Shall then this Verse to future age pretend
Thou wert my guide, philosopher, and friend?
That, urg'd by thee, I turn'd the tuneful art
From sounds to things, from fancy to the heart;
For Wit's false mirror held up Nature's light,
Shew'd erring pride whatever is is right-----
That virtue only makes our bliss below,
And all our knowledge is ourselves to know. ESS. ON MAN.

EDINBURG:

AT THE Apollo Press, BY THE MARTINS.

Anno 1780.

THE LIFE OF

AI EXANDER POPE.

ſ illuſtrious Poet was born at London in 1688, vas deſcended from a good family of that name xfordſhire, the head of which was the Earl of ıne, whoſe ſole heireſs married the Earl of Lind- tHis father, a man of primitive ſimplicity and rity of manners, was a merchant of London, upon the Revolution, quitted trade, and con- ld his effects into money, amounting to near o*l.* with which he retired into the country; and ın 1717, at the age of ſeventy-five.

ır Poet's mother, who lived to a very advanced being ninety-three years old when ſhe died in was the daughter of William Turner, Eſq. of . She had three brothers, one of whom was kill- nother died in the ſervice of King Charles; and ldeſt, following his fortunes, and becoming a ge- officer in Spain, left her what eſtate remained ſequeſtration and forfeitures of her family. To e circumſtances our Poet alludes in his Epiſtle to Arbuthnot, in which he mentions his parents.

> Of gentle blood (part ſhed in Honour's cauſe,
> While yet in Britain honour had applauſe)
> Each parent ſprang----What fortune pray?----their own,
> And better got than Beſtia's from the throne.
> Born to no pride, inheriting no ſtrife,
> Nor marrying diſcord in a noble wife;
> Stranger to civil and religious rage,
> The good man walk'd innoxious thro' his age:

No courts he ſaw, no ſuits would ever try;
Nor dar'd an oath, nor hazarded a lie:
Unlearn'd, he knew no ſchoolmen's ſubtle art,
No language but the language of the heart:
By nature honeſt, by experience wiſe,
Healthy by temp'rance and by exerciſe;
His life tho' long, to ſickneſs paſs'd unknown;
His death was inſtant, and without a groan.

The education of our great Author was atte with circumſtances very ſingular, and ſome of extremely unfavourable; but the amazing force genius fully compenſated the want of any advan in his earlieſt inſtruction. He owed the knowle his letters to an aunt; and having learned very to read, took great delight in it, and taught hi to write by copying after printed books, the ch ters of which he would imitate to great perfe He began to compoſe verſes farther back than he well remember; and at eight years of age, wh was put under one Taverner a prieſt, who taugh the rudiments of the Latin and Greek tongues ſame time, he met with Ogilby's Homer, which him great delight; and this was increaſed by Sa Ovid. The raptures which theſe authors, even i diſguiſe of ſuch tranſlations, then yielded him ſo ſtrong, that he ſpoke of them with pleaſure after. From Mr. Taverner's tuition he was ſent private ſchool at Twiford, near Wincheſter, where continued about a year, and was then removed to other near Hyde-Park Corner; but was ſo unfort

te as to lose under his two last masters what he ha
uired under the first.

While he remained at this school, being permitted
go to the playhouse with some of his schoolfel-
s of a more advanced age, he was so charmed with
matic representations that he formed the trans-
on of the Iliad into a play, from several of the
ches in Ogilby's translation connected with verses
s own; and the several parts were performed by
upper boys of the school, except that of Ajax by
master's gardener. At the age of twelve our young
went with his father to reside at his house at
ield, in Windsor Forest, where he was, for a few
ths, under the tuition of another priest, with as
success as before; so that he resolved now to be-
his own master, by reading those classic writers
h gave him most entertainment; and by this
od, at fifteen, he gained a ready habit in the
ned languages, to which he soon after added the
nch and Italian. Upon his retreat to the Forest
became first acquainted with the writings of Wal-
Spenser, and Dryden; in the last of which he
mediately found what he wanted, and the poems
that excellent writer were never out of his hands;
ey became his model, and from them alone he learn-
the whole magic of his versification.

The first of our Author's compositions now extant
print is an ode on Solitude, written before he was

welve years old; which, confidered as the produ
tion of fo early an age, is a perfect mafterpiece; r
need he have been afhamed of it had it been writ
in the meridian of his genius: while it breathes
moft delicate fpirit of poetry, it at the fame ti
demonftrates his love of folitude, and the ratio
pleafures which attend the retreats of a conter
country life.

Two years after this he tranflated the Firft B
of Statius' Thebais, and wrote a copy of verfes or
lence, in imitation of the Earl of Rochefter's p
on Nothing. Thus we find him no fooner capab
holding the pen than he employed it in writing ve

"He lifp'd in numbers, for the numbers came."

Though we have had frequent opportunity to
ferve that poets have given early difplays of ge
yet we cannot recollect that among the infpired
one can be found who, at the age of twelve, c
produce fo animated an ode, or, at the age of fourt
tranflate from the Latin. It has been reported in
concerning Mr. Dryden, that when he was at W
minfter fchool, the mafter, who had affigned a poet
tafk to fome of the boys of writing a paraphrafe
our Saviour's miracle of turning water into wine, v
perfectly aftonifhed when young Dryden prefent
him with the following line, which he afferted w
the beft comment could be written upon it;

The confcious water faw its God, and blufh'd.

is was the only inftance of an early appearance
nius in this great man, for he was turned of
before he acquired any reputation; an age in
Mr. Pope's was in its full diftinction.
e year following that in which Mr. Pope wrote
em on Silence he began an epic poem entitled
der, which he afterwards very judiciously com-
to the flames, as he did likewife a comedy and
edy; the latter taken from a ftory in the legend
Genevieve, both of thefe being the product of
early days: but his Paftorals, which were writ-
1704, when he was only fixteen years of age,
fteemed by Sir William Trumball, Mr. Gran-
Mr. Wycherley, Mr. Walfh, and others of his
, too valuable to be condemned to the fame fate.
three great writers of paftoral dialogue, which
ope in fome meafure feems to imitate, are Theo-
, Virgil, and Spenfer. Mr. Pope is of opinion
Theocritus excels all others in nature and fim-
.

at Virgil, who copies Theocritus, refines on his
nal; and in all points, in which judgment has the
cipal part, is much fuperior to his mafter.
hat among the Moderns, their fuccefs has been
teft who have moft endeavoured to make thefe
cients their pattern. The moft confiderable genius
ears in the famous Taffo, and our Spenfer. Taffo,
his Aminta, has far excelled all the paftoral writers,

as in his Gierusalemme he has outdone the epic p
of his own country. But as this piece seems to
been the original of a new sort of poem, the pa
comedy, in Italy, it cannot so well be conside
a copy of the Ancients. Spenser's Calendar, in
Dryden's opinion, is the most complete work c
kind which any nation has produced ever sin
time of Virgil; but this he said before Mr.
Pastorals appeared.

Mr. Walsh pronounces on our Shepherd's B
Mr. Pope called himself) the following judgm
a letter to Mr. Wycherley.

"The verses are very tender and easy. The A
"seems to have a particular genius for that k
"poetry, and a judgment that much excee
"years you told me he was of. It is no flatter
"to say, that Virgil had written nothing so g
"his age. I shall take it as a favour if you will
"me acquainted with him; and if he will give
"self the trouble, any morning, to call at my
"I shall be very glad to read the verses with hin
"give him my opinion of the particulars more la
"than I can well do in this letter."

Thus early was Mr. Pope introduced to th
quaintance of men of genius, and so improved e
advantage, that he made a more rapid progress tow
a consummation in fame than any of our for
English poets. His Messiah, his Windsor Forest, (

part of which was written at the same time v
Pastorals) his Essay on Criticism in 1709, a
Rape of the Lock in 1712, established his poetic
acter in such a manner, that he was called upon
e public voice to enrich our language with the
ation of the Iliad, which he began at twenty-five,
xecuted in five years. This was published for
vn benefit, by subscription, the only kind of
d which he received for his writings, which do
ır to our age and country, his religion render-
m incapable of a place, which the Lord Trea-
Oxford used to express his concern for, but
ut offering him a pension, as the Earl of Hali-
l Mr. Secretary Craggs afterwards did, though
'ope declined it.

reputation of Mr. Pope gaining every day upon
orld, he was caressed, flattered, and railed at,
ing as he was feared or loved by different per-
Mr. Wycherley was among the first authors of
shed reputation who contributed to advance his
and with whom he for some time lived in the
unreserved intimacy. This poet, in his old age,
ived a design of publishing his poems; and as he
out a very imperfect master of numbers, he in-
ed his manuscripts to Mr. Pope, and submitted
ı to his correction. The freedom which our young
was under a necessity to use, in order to polish
refine what was in the original rough, unharmo-

s, and indelicate, proved disgustful to the
ntleman, then near seventy, who, perhaps, w
tle ashamed that a boy at sixteen should so seve
orrect his works. Letters of dissatisfaction were
ten by Mr. Wycherley, and at last he informed
in few words, that he was going out of Town, wi
mentioning to what place, and did not expect t
from him till he came back. This cold indiff
extorted from Mr. Pope a protestation, that no
should induce him ever to write to him again.
withstanding this peevish behaviour of Mr. Wy
ley, occasioned by jealousy and infirmities, Mr.
preserved a constant respect and reverence fo
while he lived, and after his death lamented hi
a letter to Edward Blount, Esq. written immed
upon the death of this poet, he has there relate
anecdotes of Wycherley, which we shall here

"DEAR SIR,

"I KNOW of nothing that will be so interest
"you at present as some circumstances of the la
"of that eminent comic poet, and our friend,
"cherley. He had often told me, as I doubt n
"did all his acquaintance, that he would mar
"soon as his life was despaired of; accordingly a
"days before his death he underwent the cerem
"and joined together those two sacraments, w

"wise men say should be the last we receive; for, if "you observe, matrimony is placed after extreme "unction in our catechism, as a kind of hint of the "order of time in which they are to be taken. The "old man then lay down, satisfied in the conscience "of having, by this one act, paid his just debts, obli-"ged a woman who, he was told, had merit, and "shewn a heroic resentment of the ill usage of his "next heir. Some hundred pounds which he had "with the lady discharged those debts; a jointure of "four hundred a-year made her a recompense; and "the nephew he left to comfort himself as well as "he could with the miserable remains of a mortga-"ged estate. I saw our friend twice after this was "done, less peevish in his sickness than he used to "be in his health, neither much afraid of dying, "nor (which in him had been more likely) much "ashamed of marrying. The evening before he expi-"red he called his young wife to the bed-side, and "earnestly entreated her not to deny him one request, "the last he should ever make. Upon her assurance "of consenting to it he told her, "My dear, it is only "this, that you will never marry an old man again." "I cannot help remarking, that sickness, which often "destroys both wit and wisdom, yet seldom has power "to remove that talent we call humour. Mr. Wy-"cherley showed this even in this last compliment, "though I think his request a little hard; for why

"ſhould he bar her from doubling her jointure on the "ſame eaſy terms."

One of the moſt affecting and tender compoſitions of Mr. Pope is his Elegy to the Memory of an Unfortunate Lady, built on a true ſtory. We are informed in the Life of Pope, for which Curll obtained a patent, that this young lady was a particular favourite of the Poet, though it is not aſcertained whether he himſelf was the perſon from whom ſhe was removed. This young lady was of very high birth, poſſeſſed an opulent fortune, and under the tutorage of an uncle, who gave her an education ſuitable to her titles and pretenſions. She was eſteemed a match for the greateſt peer in the realm, but in her early years ſhe ſuffered her heart to be engaged by a young gentleman, and, in conſequence of this attachment, rejected offers made to her by perſons of quality, ſeconded by the ſolicitations of her uncle. Her guardian, being ſurpriſed at this behaviour, ſet ſpies upon her, to find out the real cauſe of her indifference. Her correſpondence with her lover was ſoon diſcovered, and, when urged upon that topic, ſhe had too much truth and honour to deny it. The uncle, finding that ſhe would make no efforts to diſengage her affection, after a little time forced her abroad, where ſhe was received with a ceremony due to her quality, but reſtricted from the converſation of every one but the ſpies of this ſevere guardian, ſo that it was impoſſible for her lover even

to have a letter delivered into her hands. She languished in this place a confiderable time, bore an infinite deal of ficknefs, and was overwhelmed with the profoundeft forrow. Nature being wearied out with continual diftrefs, and being driven at laft to defpair, the unfortunate lady, as Mr. Pope juftly calls her, put an end to her own life, having bribed a maid-fervant to procure her a fword. She was found upon the ground weltering in her blood. The feverity of the laws of the place, where this fair unfortunate perifhed, denied her Chriftian burial, and fhe was interred without folemnity, or even any attendants to perform the laft offices of the dead, except fome young people of the neighbourhood, who faw her put into common ground, and ftrewed the grave with flowers.

The Poet, in the Elegy, takes occafion to mingle, with the tears of forrow, juft reproaches upon her cruel uncle, who drove her to this violation.

> But thou, falfe guardian of a charge too good,
> Thou bafe betrayer of a brother's blood!
> See on thofe ruby lips the trembling breath,
> Thofe cheeks now fading at the blaft of death:
> Lifelefs the breaft which warm'd the world before,
> And thofe love-darting eyes muft roll no more.

The conclufion of this Elegy is irrefiftibly affecting.

> So peaceful refts, without a ftone, a name,
> Which once had beauty, titles, wealth, and fame.
> How lov'd, how honour'd once, avails thee not,
> To whom related, or by whom begot;
> A heap of duft alone remains of thee;
> 'Tis all thou art, and all the proud fhall be!

No poem of our Author's more defervedly obtained him reputation than his Effay on Criticifm. Mr. Addifon, in his Spectator, No. 253. has celebrated it with fuch profufe terms of admiration, that it is really aftonifhing to find the fame man endeavouring afterwards to diminifh that fame he had contributed to raife fo high.

"The Art of Criticifm," fays he, "which was "publifhed fome months ago, is a mafterpiece in its "kind. The obfervations follow one another like "thofe in Horace's Art of Poetry, without that me-"thodical regularity which would have been requi-"fite in a profe writer. They are fome of them un-"common, but fuch as the reader muft affent to "when he fees them explained with that elegance "and perfpicuity in which they are delivered. As "for thofe which are the moft known, and the moft "received, they are placed in fo beautiful a light, "and illuftrated with fuch apt allufions, that they "have in them all the graces of novelty, and make "the reader, who was before acquainted with them, "ftill more convinced of their truth and folidity. "And here give me leave to mention what Monfieur "Boileau has fo well enlarged upon in the Preface to "his Works, that wit and fine writing do not confift "fo much in advancing things that are new, as in "giving things that are known an agreeable turn. "It is impoffible for us who live in the latter ages of

"the world to make obſervations in criticiſm, mo-"rality, or any art and ſcience, which have not been "touched upon by others. We have little elſe left us "but to repreſent the common ſenſe of mankind in "more ſtrong, more beautiful, or more uncommon "lights. If a reader examines Horace's Art of Poetry, "he will find but few precepts in it which he may "not meet with in Ariſtotle, and which were not "commonly known by all the poets of the Auguſtan "age. His way of expreſſing and applying them, "not his invention of them, is what we are chiefly "to admire.——

"Longinus, in his Reflections, has given us the "ſame kind of ſublime which he obſerves in the ſe-"veral paſſages which occaſioned them. I cannot but "take notice that our Engliſh Author has, after the "ſame manner, exemplified ſeveral of his precepts "in the very precepts themſelves." He then produces ſome inſtances of a particular kind of beauty in the numbers, and concludes with ſaying, "That "we have three poems in our tongue of the ſame na-"ture, and each a maſterpiece in its kind; the Eſſay "on Tranſlated Verſe, the Eſſay on the Art of "Poetry, and the Eſſay on Criticiſm."

In the Lives of Addiſon and Tickell we have thrown out ſome general hints concerning the quarrel which ſubſiſted between our Poet and the former of theſe

gentlemen, here it will not be improper to give a more particular account of it.

The author of Mist's Journal positively asserts, "that Mr. Addison raised Pope from obscurity, obtained him the acquaintance and friendship of the whole body of our nobility, and transferred his powerful influence with those great men to this rising bard, who frequently levied, by that means, unusual contributions on the public. No sooner was his body lifeless, but this author, reviving his resentment, libelled the memory of his departed friend, and, what was still more heinous, made the scandal public."

When this charge of ingratitude and dishonour was published against Mr. Pope, to acquit himself of it he called upon any nobleman whose friendship, or any one gentleman whose subscription, Mr. Addison had procured to our Author, to stand forth and declare it, that truth might appear. But the whole libel was proved a malicious story by many persons of distinction, who, several years before Mr. Addison's decease, approved those verses denominated a libel, but which were, it is said, a friendly rebuke, sent privately, in our Author's own hand, to Mr. Addison himself, and never made public till by Curll, in his Miscellanies, 12mo, 1727. The lines, indeed, are elegantly satirical, and, in the opinion of many unprejudiced judges, who had opportunities of knowing

the character of Mr. Addison, are no ill representation of him. Speaking of the poetical triflers of the times, who had declared against him, he makes a sudden transition to Addison.

Peace to all such! But were there one whose fires
True genius kindles, and fair fame inspires,
Blest with each talent and each art to please,
And born to write, converse, and live with ease;
Should such a man, too fond to rule alone,
Bear, like the Turk, no rival near the throne;
View him with scornful yet with jealous eyes,
And hate for arts that caus'd himself to rise;
Damn with faint praise, assent with civil leer,
And without sneering others teach to sneer;
Willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike,
Just hint a fault, and hesitate dislike;
Alike reserv'd to blame or to commend,
A tim'rous foe, and a suspicious friend;
Dreading ev'n fools; by flatterers besieg'd,
And so obliging that he ne'er oblig'd;
Like Cato give his little senate laws,
And sit attentive to his own applause;
While wits and Templars ev'ry sentence raise,
And wonder with a foolish face of praise:
Who but must laugh if such a man there be!
Who would not weep if Atticus were he!

Some readers may think these lines severe, but the treatment he received from Mr. Addison was more than sufficient to justify them, which will appear when we particularize an interview between these two poetical antagonists, procured by the warm solicitations of Sir Richard Steele, who was present at it as well as Mr. Gay.

Mr. Jervas being one day in company with Mr. Addison, the conversation turned upon Mr. Pope,

for whom Addiſon, at that time, expreſſed the higheſt regard, and aſſured Mr. Jervas that he would make uſe not only of his intereſt, but of his art likewiſe, to do Mr. Pope ſervice. He then ſaid he did not mean his art of poetry, but his art at Court, and proteſted, notwithſtanding many inſinuations were ſpread, that it ſhould not be his fault if there was not the beſt underſtanding and intelligence between them. He obſerved that Dr. Swift might have carried him too far among the enemy during the animoſity, but now all was ſafe, and Mr. Pope, in his opinion, was eſcaped. When Mr. Jervas communicated this converſation to Mr. Pope, he made this reply; "The friendly office you endeavour to do be-"tween Mr. Addiſon and me deſerves acknowledg-"ments on my part. You thoroughly know my re-"gard to his character, and my readineſs to teſtify "it by all ways in my power; you alſo thoroughly "knew the meanneſs of that proceeding of Mr. Phil-"lips, to make a man I ſo highly value ſuſpect my "diſpoſition towards him. But as, after all, Mr. Ad-"diſon muſt be judge in what regards himſelf, and "as he has ſeemed not to be a very juſt one to me, "ſo I muſt own to you I expect nothing but civility "from him, how much ſoever I wiſh for his friend-"ſhip; and as for any offers of real kindneſs or ſer-"vice, which it is in his power to do me, I ſhould be

"ashamed to receive them from a man who has no "better opinion of my morals than to think me a "party man, nor of my temper than to believe me "capable of maligning or envying another's reputa-"tion as a poet. In a word, Mr. Addiſon is ſure of "my reſpect at all times, and of my real friendſhip, "whenever he ſhall think fit to know me for what I "am."

Some years after this converſation, at the deſire of Sir Richard Steele, they met. At firſt, a very cold civility, and nothing elſe, appeared on either ſide, for Mr. Addiſon had a natural reſerve and gloom at the beginning of an evening, which, by converſation and a glaſs, brightened into an eaſy cheerfulneſs. Sir Richard Steele, who was a moſt ſocial benevolent man, begged of him to fulfil his promiſe, in dropping all animoſity againſt Mr. Pope. Mr. Pope then deſired to be made ſenſible how he had offended, and obſerved that the tranſlation of Homer, if that was the great crime, was undertaken at the requeſt, and almoſt at the command, of Sir Richard Steele. He entreated Mr. Addiſon to ſpeak candidly and freely, though it might be with ever ſo much ſeverity, rather than, by keeping up forms of complaiſance, conceal any of his faults. This Mr. Pope ſpoke in ſuch a manner as plainly indicated he thought Mr. Addiſon the aggreſſor, and expected him to condeſcend, and own himſelf the cauſe of the breach between them.

But he was disappointed; for Mr. Addison, without appearing to be angry, was quite overcome with it. He began with declaring that he always had wished him well, had often endeavoured to be his friend, and in that light advised him, if his nature was capable of it, to divest himself of part of his vanity, which was too great for his merit; that he had not arrived yet to that pitch of excellence he might imagine, or think his most partial readers imagined; that when he and Sir Richard Steele corrected his verses they had a different air; reminding Mr. Pope of the amendment, by Sir Richard, of a line in the poem called The Messiah;

He wipes the tears for ever from our eyes.

Which is taken from the prophet Isaiah,

The Lord God will wipe all tears from off all faces;

From ev'ry face he wipes off ev'ry tear,

and it stands so altered in the newer editions of Mr. Pope's works. He proceeded to lay before him all the mistakes and inaccuracies hinted at by the writers who had attacked Mr. Pope, and added many things which he himself objected to. Speaking of his Translation in general, he said, that he was not to be blamed for endeavouring to get so large a sum of money, but that it was an ill-executed thing, and not equal to Tickell, which had all the spirit of Homer. Mr. Addison concluded, in a low hollow voice of feigned temper, that he was not solicitous about his own

fame as a poet; that he had quitted the Mufes to enter into the bufinefs of the public, and that all he fpoke was through friendfhip to Mr Pope, whom he advifed to have a lefs-exalted fenfe of his own merit.

Mr. Pope could not well bear fuch repeated reproaches, but boldly told Mr. Addifon that he appealed from his judgment to the public, and that he had long known him too well to expect any friendfhip from him; upbraided him with being a penfioner from his youth, facrificing the very learning purchafed by the public money to a mean thirft of power; that he was fent abroad to encourage literature, in place of which he had always endeavoured to fupprefs merit. At laft the conteft grew fo warm that they parted without any ceremony, and Mr. Pope, upon this, wrote the foregoing verfes, which are efteemed too true a picture of Mr. Addifon.

In this account, and, indeed, in all other accounts which have been given concerning this quarrel, it does not appear that Mr. Pope was the aggreffor. If Mr. Addifon entertained fufpicions of Mr. Pope's being carried too far among the enemy, the danger was certainly Mr. Pope's, and not Mr. Addifon's. It was his misfortune, and not his crime. If Mr. Addifon fhould think himfelf capable of becoming a rival to Mr. Pope, and, in confequence of this opinion, publifh a tranflation of part of Homer at the fame time with Mr. Pope's, and if the public fhould decide

in favour of the latter, by reading his tranſlation and neglecting the other, can any fault be imputed to Mr. Pope? Could he be blamed for exerting all his abilities in ſo arduous a province? and was it his fault that Mr. Addiſon (for the Firſt Book of Homer was undoubtedly his) could not tranſlate to pleaſe the public? Beſides, was it not ſomewhat preſumptuous to inſinuate to Mr. Pope that his verſes bore another face when he corrected them, while, at the ſame time, the tranſlation of Homer, which he had never ſeen in manuſcript, bore away the palm from that very tranſlation he himſelf aſſerted was done in the true ſpirit of Homer? In matters of genius the public judgment ſeldom errs, and in this caſe poſterity has confirmed the ſentence of that age which gave the preference to Mr. Pope; for his tranſlation is in the hands of all readers of taſte, while the other is ſeldom regarded but as a foil to Pope's.

It would appear as if Mr. Addiſon were himſelf ſo immerſed in party buſineſs as to contract his benevolence to the limits of a faction, which was infinitely beneath the views of a philoſopher, and the rules which that excellent writer himſelf eſtabliſhed. If this was the failing of Mr. Addiſon, it was not the error of Pope, for he kept the ſtricteſt correſpondence with ſome perſons whoſe affections to the Whig intereſt were ſuſpected, yet was his name never called in queſtion. While he was in favour with the Duke

of Buckingham, the Lords Bolingbroke, Oxford, and Harcourt, Dr. Swift, and Mr. Prior, he did not drop his correſpondence with the Lord Halifax, Mr. Craggs, and moſt of thoſe who were at the head of the Whig intereſt. A profeſſed Jacobite one day remonſtrated to Mr. Pope, that the people of his party took it ill that he ſhould write with Mr. Steele upon ever ſo indifferent a ſubject; at which he could not help ſmiling, and obſerved, that he hated narrowneſs of ſoul in any party; and that if he renounced his reaſon in religious matters, he ſhould hardly do it on any other; and that he could pray not only for oppoſite parties, but even for oppoſite religions. Mr. Pope conſidered himſelf as a citizen of the world, and was therefore obliged to pray for the proſperity of mankind in general. As a ſon of Britain he wiſhed thoſe councils might be ſuffered by Providence to prevail which were moſt for the intereſt of his native country; but as politics was not his ſtudy, he could not always determine, at leaſt with any degree of certainty, whoſe councils were beſt; and had charity enough to believe that contending parties might mean well. As taſte and ſcience are confined to no country, ſo ought they not to be excluded from any party, and Mr. Pope had an unexceptionable right to live upon terms of the ſtricteſt friendſhip with every man of parts, to which party ſoever he might belong. Mr. Pope's uprightneſs in his conduct towards contend-

ing politicians is demonſtrated by his living independent of either faction: he accepted no place, and had too high a ſpirit to become a penſioner.

Many effects, however, were made to proſelyte him from the Popiſh faith, which all proved ineffectual. His friends conceived hopes, from the moderation which he on all occaſions expreſſed, that he was really a Proteſtant in his heart, and that upon the death of his mother he would not ſcruple to declare his ſentiments, notwithſtanding the reproaches he might incur from the Popiſh party, and the public obſervation it would draw upon him. The Biſhop of Rocheſter ſtrongly adviſed him to read the controverted points between the Proteſtant and the Catholic church, to ſuffer his unprejudiced reaſon to determine for him, and he made no doubt but a ſeparation from the Romiſh communion would ſoon enſue. To this Mr. Pope very candidly anſwered, "Whether the change would "be to my ſpiritual advantage, God only knows: "this I know, that I mean as well in the religion "I now profeſs as ever I can do in any other. Can "a man who thinks ſo juſtify a change, even if he "thought both equally good? to ſuch an one the part "of joining with any one body of Chriſtians might "perhaps be eaſy, but I think it would not be ſo to "renounce the other.

"Your Lordſhip has formerly adviſed me to read "the beſt controverſies between the Churches. Shall

"I tell you a secret? I did so at fourteen years old, "for I loved reading, and my father had no other "books. There was a collection of all that had been "written on both sides in the reign of King James II. "I warmed my head with them, and the consequence "was, I found myself a Papist or a Protestant by "turns according to the last book I read. I am afraid "most seekers are in the same case, and when they "stop they are not so properly converted as outwit-"ted. You see how little glory you would gain by "my conversion; and, after all, I verily believe your "Lordship and I are both of the same religion, if we "were thoroughly understood by one another, and "that all honest and reasonable Christians would be "so, if they did but talk enough together every day, "and had nothing to do together but to serve God, "and live in peace with their neighbours.

"As to the temporal side of the question I can "have no dispute with you; it is certain all the be-"neficial circumstances of life, and all the shining "ones, lie on the part you would invite me to: but "if I could bring myself to fancy, what I think you "do but fancy, that I have any talents for active life, "I want health for it; and besides it is a real truth, "I have, if possible, less inclination than ability. Con-"templative life is not only my scene, but is my habit "too. I begun my life where most people end theirs, "with a disgust of all that the world calls ambition.

"I don't know why it is called so; for to me it al-"ways seemed to be rather stooping than climbing. "I'll tell you my politic and religious sentiments in "a few words: In my politics I think no farther than "how to preserve my peace of life in any govern-"ment under which I live; nor in my religion than "to preserve the peace of my conscience in any church "with which I communicate. I hope all churches and "all governments are so far of God as they are rightly "understood, and rightly administered; and where "they are, or may be, wrong, I leave it to God alone "to mend or reform them, which, whenever he does, "it must be by greater instruments than I am. I am "not a Papist, for I renounce the temporal invasions "of the papal power, and detest their arrogated au-"thority over princes and states. I am a Catholic in "the strictest sense of the word. If I was born under "an absolute prince I would be a quiet subject; but "I thank God I was not. I have a due sense of the "excellence of the British constitution. In a word, "the things I have always wished to see are not a "Roman Catholic, or a French Catholic, or a Spanish "Catholic, but a true Catholic; and not a king of "Whigs, or a king of Tories, but a king of England."

These are the peaceful maxims upon which we find Mr. Pope conducted his life, and if they cannot in some respects be justified, yet it must be owned that his religion and his politics were well enough adapted

for a poet, which entitled him to a kind of univerſal patronage, and to make every good man his friend.

Dean Swift ſometimes wrote to Mr. Pope on the topic of changing his religion, and once humourouſly offered him twenty pounds for that purpoſe. Mr. Pope's anſwer to this Lord Orrery has obliged the world by preſerving in the life of Swift. It is a perfect maſterpiece of wit and pleaſantry.

We have already taken notice that Mr. Pope was called upon by the public voice to tranſlate the Iliad, which he performed with ſo much applauſe, and, at the ſame time, with ſo much profit to himſelf, that he was envied by many writers whoſe vanity, perhaps, induced them to believe themſelves equal to ſo great a deſign. A combination of inferior wits were employed to write The Popiad, in which his tranſlation is characterized as unjuſt to the original, without beauty of language or variety of numbers. Inſtead of the juſtneſs of the original, they ſay there is abſurdity and extravagance; inſtead of the beautiful language of the original there is ſolecíſm and barbarous Engliſh. A candid reader may eaſily diſcern, from this furious introduction, that the critics were actuated rather by malice than truth, and that they muſt judge with their eyes ſhut who can ſee no beauty of language, no harmony of numbers, in this tranſlation.

But the moſt formidable critic againſt Mr. Pope in this great undertaking was the celebrated Madam

Dacier, whom Mr. Pope treated with lefs ceremony in his Notes on the Iliad than, in the opinion of fome people, was due to her fex. This learned lady was not without a fenfe of the injury, and took an opportunity of difcovering her refentment.

" Upon finifhing," fays fhe, " the fecond edition of " my tranflation of Homer, a particular friend fent " me a tranflation of part of Mr. Pope's Preface to " his verfion of the Iliad. As I do not underftand " Englifh, I cannot form any judgment of his per- " formance, though I have heard much of it. I am " indeed willing to believe that the praifes it has met " with are not unmerited, becaufe whatever work is " approved by the Englifh nation cannot be bad; but " yet I hope I may be permitted to judge of that part " of the preface which has been tranfmitted to me, " and I here take the liberty of giving my fentiments " concerning it. I muft freely acknowledge that Mr. " Pope's invention is very lively, though he feems to " have been guilty of the fame fault into which he " owns we are often precipitated by our invention, " when we depend too much upon the ftrength of it: " as magnanimity, fays he, may run up to confufion " and extravagance, fo may great invention to re- " dundancy and wildnefs.

" This has been the very cafe of Mr. Pope him- " felf; nothing is more overftrained, or more falfe, " than the images in which his fancy has reprefented

"Homer. Sometimes he tells us that the Iliad is a "wild paradiſe, where, if we cannot ſee all the beau- "ties, as in an ordered garden, it is only becauſe the "number of them is infinitely greater; ſometimes "he compares him to a copious nurſery, which con- "tains the ſeeds and firſt productions of every kind; "and, laſtly, he repreſents him under the notion of "a mighty tree, which riſes from the moſt vigorous "ſeed, is improved with induſtry, flouriſhes and pro- "duces the fineſt fruit, but bears too many branches, "which might be lopped into form to give it a more "regular appearance.

"What! is Homer's poem then, according to Mr. "Pope, a confuſed heap of beauties, without order "or ſymmetry, and a plot whereon nothing but ſeeds, "nor nothing perfect or formed is to be found; and "a production loaded with many unprofitable things "which ought to be retrenched, and which choke "and disfigure thoſe which deſerve to be preſerved? "Mr. Pope will pardon me if I here oppoſe thoſe "compariſons, which to me appear very falſe, and "entirely contrary to what the greateſt of ancient "and modern critics ever thought.

"The Iliad is ſo far from being a wild paradiſe, "that it is the moſt regular garden, and laid out with "more ſymmetry than any ever was. Every thing "therein is not only in the place it ought to have "been, but every thing is fitted for the place it hath.

"He prefents you, at firft, with that which ought to "be firft feen; he places in the middle what ought "to be in the middle, and what would be improperly "placed at the beginning or end; and he removes "what ought to be at a greater diftance, to create "the more agreeable furprife; and, to ufe a compa-"rifon drawn from painting, he places that in the "greateft light which cannot be too vifible, and finks "in the obfcurity of the fhade what does not require "a full view; fo that it may be faid that Homer is "the painter who beft knew how to employ the fhades "and lights. The fecond comparifon is equally un-"juft: how could Mr. Pope fay, "that one can only "difcover feeds, and the firft productions of every "kind, in the Iliad?" Every beauty is there to fuch "an amazing perfection that the following ages could "add nothing to thofe of any kind; and the Ancients "have always propofed Homer as the moft perfect "model in every kind of poetry.

"The third comparifon is compofed of the errors "of the two former; Homer had certainly an incom-"parable fertility of invention, but his fertility is "always checked by that juft fenfe which made him "reject every fuperfluous thing which his vaft ima-"gination could offer, and to retain only what was "neceffary and ufeful. Judgment guided the hand "of this admirable gardener, and was the pruning-"hook he employed to lop off every ufelefs branch."

Thus far Madam Dacier differs in her opinion from Mr. Pope concerning Homer; but these remarks, which we have just quoted, partake not at all of the nature of criticism; they are mere assertion. Pope had declared Homer to abound with irregular beauties; Dacier has contradicted him, and asserted that all his beauties are regular, but no reason is assigned by either of these mighty geniuses in support of their opinions, and the reader is left in the dark as to the real truth. If he is to be guided by the authority of a name only, no doubt the argument will preponderate in favour of our countryman. The French lady then proceeds to answer some observations which Mr. Pope made upon her Remarks on the Iliad, which she performs with a warmth that generally attends writers of her sex. Mr. Pope, however, paid more regard to this fair antagonist than any other critic upon his works. He confessed that he had received great helps from her, and only thought she had (through a prodigious and almost superstitious fondness for Homer) endeavoured to make him appear without any fault or weakness, and stamp a perfection on his works which is no where to be found. He wrote her a very obliging letter, in which he confessed himself exceedingly sorry that he ever should have displeased so excellent a wit, and she, on the other hand, with a goodness and frankness peculiar to her, protested to forgive it; so that there remained

no animofities between thofe two great admirers and tranflators of Homer.

Mr. Pope, by his fuccefsful tranflation of the Iliad, as we have before remarked, drew upon him the envy and raillery of a whole tribe of writers. Though he did not efteem any particular man amongft his enemies of confequence enough to provoke an anfwer, yet when they were confidered collectively they offered excellent materials for a general fatire. This fatire he planned and executed with fo extraordinary a maftery, that it is by far the moft complete poem of our Author's; it difcovers more invention, and a higher effort of genius, than any other production of his. The hint was taken from Mr. Dryden's Mac Flecknoe; but as it is more general, fo it is more pleafing. The Dunciad is fo univerfally read, that we reckon it fuperfluous to give any further account of it here; and it would be an unpleafing tafk to trace all the provocations and refentments which were mutually difcovered upon this occafion. Mr. Pope was of opinion that, next to praifing good writers, there was a merit in expofing bad ones; though it does not hold infallibly true that each perfon ftigmatized as a dunce was genuinely fo. Something muft be allowed to perfonal refentment: Mr. Pope was a man of keen paffions; he felt an injury ftrongly, retained a long remembrance of it, and could very pungently repay it. Some of the gentlemen, however, who had been

more ſeverely laſhed than the reſt, meditated a revenge which redounds but little to their honour: they either intended to chaſtiſe him corporally, or gave it out that they had really done ſo, in order to bring ſhame upon Mr. Pope, which, if true, could only bring ſhame upon themſelves.

While Mr. Pope enjoyed any leiſure from ſeverer applications to ſtudy, his friends were continually ſoliciting him to turn his thoughts towards ſomething that might be of laſting uſe to the world, and engage no more in a war with dunces who were now effectually humbled. Our great dramatic poet Shakeſpeare had paſſed through ſeveral hands, ſome of whom were very reaſonably judged not to have underſtood any part of him tolerably, much leſs were capable to correct or reviſe him.

The friends of Mr. Pope, therefore, ſtrongly importuned him to undertake the whole of Shakeſpeare's plays, and, if poſſible, by comparing all the different copies now to be procured, reſtore him to his ancient purity; to which our Poet made this modeſt reply, That not having attempted any thing in the drama, it might in him be deemed too much preſumption. To which he was anſwered, That this did not require great knowledge of the foundation and diſpoſition of the drama, as that muſt ſtand as it was, and Shakeſpeare himſelf had not always paid ſtrict regard to the rules of it; but this was to clear

the ſcenes from the rubbiſh with which ignorant editors had filled them.

His proper buſineſs in this work was to render the text ſo clear as to be generally underſtood, to free it from obſcurities, and ſometimes groſs abſurdities, which now ſeem to appear in it, and to explain doubtful and difficult paſſages, of which there are great numbers. This, however, was an arduous province, and how Mr. Pope has acquitted himſelf in it has been differently determined: it is certain he never valued himſelf upon that performance, nor was it a taſk in the leaſt adapted to his genius; for it ſeldom happens that a man of lively parts can undergo the ſervile drudgery of collecting paſſages, in which more induſtry and labour are neceſſary than perſons of quick penetration generally have to beſtow.

It has been the opinion of ſome critics that Mr. Pope's talents were not adapted for the drama, otherwiſe we cannot well account for his neglecting the moſt gainful way of writing which poetry affords, eſpecially as his reputation was ſo high that, without much ceremony or mortification, he might have had any piece of his brought upon the ſtage. Mr. Pope was attentive to his own intereſt, and if he had not either been conſcious of his inability in that province, or too timid to wiſh the popular approbation, he would certainly have attempted the drama. Neither was he eſteemed a very competent judge of what

plays were proper or improper for reprefentation. He wrote feveral letters to the manager of Drury-Lane theatre in favour of Thomfon's Agamemnon, which notwithftanding his approbation Thomfon's friends were obliged to mutilate and fhorten; and after all it proved a heavy play—though it was generally allowed to have been one of the beft-acted plays that had appeared for fome years.

He was certainly concerned in the comedy which was publifhed in Mr. Gay's name, called Three Hours After Marriage, as well as Dr. Arbuthnot. This illuftrious triumvirate, though men of the moft various parts and extenfive underftanding, yet were not able, it feems, to pleafe the people, though the principal parts were fupported by the beft actors in that way on the ftage. Dr. Arbuthnot and Mr. Pope were no doubt folicitous to conceal their concern in it; but by a letter which Gay wrote to Pope, publifhed in Ayre's Memoirs, it appears evident (if Ayre's authority may be depended on) that they both affifted in the compofition.

"DEAR POPE,

"Too late I fee and confefs myfelf miftaken in re-"lation to the comedy; yet I do not think, had I "followed your advice, and only introduced the "mummy, that the abfence of the crocodile had fa-"ved it. I can't help laughing myfelf (though the

"vulgar do not consider it was designed to look ri-"diculous) to think how the poor monster and mum-"my were dashed at their reception; and when the "cry was loudest, I thought that if the thing had "been written by another I should have deemed the "Town in some measure mistaken; and as to your "apprehension that this may do us future injury, do "not think of it; the Doctor has a more valuable name "than can be hurt by any thing of this nature; and "your's is doubly safe. I will, if any shame there be, "take it all to myself; and indeed I ought, the mo-"tion being first mine, and never heartily approved "by you."

Of all our Poet's writings none were read with more general approbation than his Ethic Epistles, or multiplied into more editions. Mr. Pope, who was a perfect economist, secured to himself the profits arising from his own works; he was never subjected to necessity, and therefore was not to be imposed upon by the art or fraud of publishers.

But now approaches the period in which, as he himself expressed it, he stood in need of the generous tear he paid;

> Poets themselves must fall like those they sung,
> Deaf the prais'd ear, and mute the tuneful tongue.
> Ev'n he whose soul now melts in mournful lays
> Shall shortly want the gen'rous tear he pays.

Mr. Pope, who had been always subjected to a variety of bodily infirmities, finding his strength give way, began to think that his days, which had been

prolonged past his expectation, were drawing towards a conclusion. However, he visited the Hot Wells at Bristol, where, for some time, there were small hopes of his recovery; but making too free with purges he grew worse, and seemed desirous to draw nearer home. A dropsy in the breast at last put a period to his life at the age of fifty-six, on the 30th of May 1744, at his house at Twickenham, where he was interred in the same grave with his father and mother.

Mr. Pope's behaviour in his last illness has been variously represented to the world: some have affirmed that he was timid and peevish; that having been fixed in no particular system of faith, his mind was wavering, and his temper broken and disturbed. Others have asserted that he was all cheerfulness and resignation to the divine will: which of these opinions is true we cannot now determine; but if the former, it must be regretted that he who had taught philosophy to others, should himself be destitute of its assistance in the most critical moments of his life.

The bulk of his fortune he bequeathed to Mrs. Blount, with whom he lived in the strictest friendship, and for whom he is said to have entertained the warmest affection. His works, which are in the hands of every person of true taste, and will last as long as our language will be understood, render unnecessary all further remarks on his writings. He was equally admired for the dignity and sublimity of his moral

and philosophical works; the vivacity of his satirical, the clearness and propriety of his didactic, the richness and variety of his descriptive, and the elegance of all, added to an harmony of versification and correctness of sentiment and language unknown to our former poets, and of which he has set an example, which will be an example or a reproach to his successors. His prose style is as perfect in its kind as his poetic, and has all the beauties proper for it, joined to an uncommon force and perspicuity.

Under the profession of the Roman Catholic religion, to which he adhered to the last, he maintained all the moderation and charity becoming the most thorough and consistent Protestant. His conversation was natural, easy, and agreeable, without any affectation of displaying his wit, or obtruding his own judgment, even upon subjects of which he was so eminently a master.

The moral character of our Author, as it did not escape the lash of his calumniators in his life, so have there been attempts since his death to diminish his reputation. Lord Bolingbroke, whom Mr. Pope esteemed to almost an enthusiastic degree of admiration, was the first to make this attack. Not many years ago the public were entertained with this controversy, immediately upon the publication of his Lordship's Letters on the Spirit of Patriotism, and the Idea of a Patriot King. Different opinions have been offered, some to extenuate the fault of Mr. Pope for printing

and mutilating these letters without his Lordship's knowledge; others to blame him for it as the highest breach of friendship, and the greatest mark of dishonour; but it would exceed our proposed bounds to enter into the merits of this controversy.

This great man is allowed to have been one of the first rank amongst the poets of our nation, and to acknowledge the superiority of none but Shakespeare, Milton, and Dryden. With the two former it is unnatural to compare him, as their province in writing is so very different. Pope has never attempted the drama, nor published an epic poem, in which these two distinguished geniuses have so wonderfully succeeded. Though Pope's genius was great, it was yet of so different a cast from Shakespeare's and Milton's, that no comparison can be justly formed. But if this may be said of the former two, it will by no means hold with respect to the latter; for between him and Dryden there is a great similarity of writing, and a very striking coincidence of genius. It will not, perhaps, be unpleasing to our readers if we pursue this comparison, and endeavour to discover to whom the superiority is justly to be attributed, and to which of them poetry owes the highest obligations.

When Dryden came into the world he found poetry in a very imperfect state; its numbers were unpolished, its cadences rough, and there was nothing of harmony or mellifluence to give it a graceful flow. In

this harsh, unmusical, situation Dryden found it, (for the refinements of Waller were but puerile and unsubstantial); he polished the rough diamond, he taught it to shine, and connected beauty, elegance, and strength, in all his poetical compositions. Though Dryden thus polished our English numbers, and thus harmonized versification, it cannot be said that he carried his art to perfection: much was yet left undone; his lines, with all their smoothness, were often rambling, and expletives were frequently introduced to complete his measures. It was apparent, therefore, that an additional harmony might still be given to our numbers, and that cadences were yet capable of a more musical modulation. To effect this purpose Mr. Pope arose, who with an ear elegantly delicate, and the advantage of the finest genius, so harmonized the English numbers as to make them completely musical. His numbers are likewise so minutely correct, that it would be difficult to conceive how any of his lines can be altered to advantage. He has created a kind of mechanical versification; every line is alike; and though they are sweetly musical they want diversity; for he has not studied so great a variety of pauses, and where the accents may be laid gracefully. The structure of his verse is the best, and a line of his is more musical than any other line can be made by placing the accents elsewhere; but we are not quite certain whether the ear is not apt to be soon cloyed with this uniformity of elegance, this sameness of harmony. It must

be acknowledged, however, that he has much improved upon Dryden in the article of verſification, and in that part of poetry is greatly his ſuperior: but though this muſt be acknowledged, perhaps it will not neceſſarily follow that his genius was, therefore, ſuperior.

The grand characteriſtic of a poet is his invention, the ſureſt diſtinction of a great genius. In Mr. Pope nothing is ſo truly original as his Rape of the Lock, nor diſcovers ſo much invention. In this kind of mock-heroic he is without a rival in our language, for Dryden has written nothing of the kind. His other work which diſcovers invention, fine deſigning, and admirable execution, is his Dunciad: which, though built on Dryden's Mac Flecknoe, is yet ſo much ſuperior that in ſatiric writing the palm muſt juſtly be yielded to him. In Mr. Dryden's Abſalom and Ahithophel there are, indeed, the moſt poignant ſtrokes of ſatire, and characters drawn with the moſt maſterly touches; but this poem, with all its excellencies, is much inferior to the Dunciad, though Dryden had advantages which Mr. Pope had not; for Dryden's characters are men of great eminence and figure in the ſtate, while Pope has to expoſe men of obſcure birth and unimportant lives, only diſtinguiſhed from the herd of mankind by a glimmering of genius, which rendered the greateſt part of them more emphatically contemptible. Pope's was the hardeſt taſk, and he has executed it with the greateſt ſucceſs. As Mr. Dryden muſt undoubtedly have yielded to Pope

in satiric writing, it is incumbent on the partizans of Dryden to name another species of composition in which the former excels, so as to throw the balance again upon the side of Dryden. This species is the Lyric, in which the warmest votaries of Pope must certainly acknowledge that he is much inferior: as an irresistible proof of this we need only compare Mr. Dryden's Ode on St. Cecilia's Day with Mr. Pope's, in which the disparity is so apparent, that we know not if the most finished of Pope's compositions has discovered such a variety and command of numbers.

It hath been generally acknowledged that the Lyric is a more excellent kind of writing than the Satiric, and, consequently, he who excels in the most excellent species must undoubtedly be esteemed the greatest poet.—Mr. Pope has very happily succeeded in many of his occasional pieces, such as Eloisa to Abelard, his Elegy on an unfortunate young Lady, and a variety of other performances deservedly celebrated. To these may be opposed Mr. Dryden's Fables, which, though written in a very advanced age, are yet the most perfect of his works. In these Fables there is, perhaps, a greater variety than in Pope's occasional pieces: many of them, indeed, are translations, but such as are original show a great extent of invention, and a large compass of genius.

There are not in Pope's works such poignant discoveries of wit, or such a general knowledge of the humours and characters of men, as in the Prologues

and Epilogues of Dryden, which are the beſt records of the whims and capricious oddities of the times in which they are written.

When theſe two great geniuſes are conſidered in the light of tranſlators, it will indeed be difficult to determine into whoſe ſcale the balance ſhould be thrown. That Mr. Pope had a more arduous province in doing juſtice to Homer than Dryden with regard to Virgil, is certainly true, as Homer is a more various and diffuſe poet than Virgil; and it is likewiſe true that Pope has even exceeded Dryden in the execution; and none will deny that Pope's Homer's Iliad is a finer poem than Dryden's Æneis of Virgil, making a proper allowance for the diſproportion of the original authors. But then a candid critic ſhould reflect that as Dryden was prior in the great attempt of rendering Virgil into Engliſh, ſo did he perform the taſk under many diſadvantages which Pope, by a happier ſituation in life, was enabled to avoid, and could not but improve upon Dryden's errors, though the authors tranſlated were not the ſame: and it is much to be doubted, if Dryden were to tranſlate the Æneid now with that attention which the correctneſs of the preſent age would force upon him, whether the preference would be due to Pope's Homer.

But ſuppoſing it to be yielded (as it certainly muſt) that the latter bard was the greateſt tranſlator, we are now to throw into Mr. Dryden's ſcale all his dramatic works, which, though not the moſt excellent

of his writings, yet as nothing of Mr. Pope's can be oppofed to them, they have an undoubted right to turn the balance greatly in favour of Mr. Dryden.— When the two poets are confidered as critics, the comparifon will very imperfectly hold. Dryden's Dedications and Prefaces, befides that they are more numerous, and are the beft models for courtly panegyric, fhow that he underftood poetry as an art beyond any man that ever lived; and he explained this art fo well, that he taught his antagonifts to turn the tables againft himfelf: for he fo illuminated the mind by his clear and perfpicuous reafoning, that Dulnefs itfelf became capable of difcerning; and when at any time his performances fell fhort of his own ideas of excellence, his enemies tried him by rules of his own eftablifhing; and though they owed to him the ability of judging, they feldom had candour enough to fpare him.

Perhaps it may be true that Pope's works are read with more appetite, as there is a greater evennefs and correctnefs in them; but in perufing the works of Dryden the mind will take a wider range, and be more fraught with poetical ideas. We admire Dryden as the greater genius, and Pope as the moft pleafing verfifier. *Cibber's Lives.*

PREFACE.

I AM inclined to think that both the writers of books and the readers of them are, generally, not a little unreasonable in their expectations. The first seem to fancy the world must approve whatever they produce, and the latter to imagine that authors are obliged to please them at any rate. Methinks, as on the one hand no single man is born with a right of controlling the opinions of all the rest, so, on the other, the world has no title to demand that the whole care and time of any particular person should be sacrificed to its entertainment; therefore I cannot but believe that writers and readers are under equal obligations for as much fame or pleasure as each affords the other.

Every one acknowledges it would be a wild notion to expect perfection in any work of man, and yet one would think the contrary was taken for granted by the judgment commonly passed upon poems. A critic supposes he has done his part if he proves a writer to have failed in an expression, or erred in any particular point; and can it then be wondered at if the poets in general seem resolved not to own themselves in any error? for as long as one side will make no allowances, the other will be brought to no acknowledgments *.

* In the former editions it was thus---" For as long as one " side despises a well-meant endeavour, the other will not be " satisfied with a moderate approbation;"---but the Author altered it, as these words were rather a consequence from the conclusion he would draw than the conclusion itself, which he has now inserted.

I am afraid this extreme zeal on both ſides is ill placed, poetry and criticiſm being by no means the univerſal concern of the world, but only the affair of idle men who write in their cloſets, and of idle men who read there.

Yet, ſure, upon the whole, a bad author deſerves better uſage than a bad critic; for a writer's endeavour, for the moſt part, is to pleaſe his readers, and he fails merely through the misfortune of an ill judgment; but ſuch a critic's is to put them out of humour; a deſign he could never go upon without both that and an ill temper.

I think a good deal may be ſaid to extenuate the faults of bad poets. What we call a Genius is hard to be diſtinguiſhed by a man himſelf from a ſtrong inclination; and if his genius be ever ſo great, he cannot at firſt diſcover it any other way than by giving way to that prevalent propenſity which renders him the more liable to be miſtaken. The only method he has is to make the experiment by writing, and appealing to the judgment of others; now, if he happens to write ill, (which is certainly no ſin in itſelf) he is immediately made an object of ridicule. I wiſh we had the humanity to reflect, that even the worſt authors might, in their endeavour to pleaſe us, deſerve ſomething at our hands. We have no cauſe to quarrel with them but for their obſtinacy in perſiſting to write; and this, too, may admit of alleviating

circumstances. Their particular friends may be either ignorant or insincere, and the rest of the world in general is too well-bred to shock them with a truth which generally their booksellers are the first that inform them of. This happens not till thy have spent too much of their time to apply to any profession which might better fit their talents, and till such talents as they have are so far discredited as to be but of small service to them. For (what is the hardest case imaginable) the reputation of a man generally depends upon the first steps he makes in the world; and people will establish their opinion of us from what we do at that season when we have least judgment to direct us.

On the other hand, a good poet no sooner communicates his works with the same desire of information, but it is imagined he is a vain young creature, given up to the ambition of fame, when perhaps the poor man is all the while trembling with the fear of being ridiculous. If he is made to hope he may please the world, he falls under very unlucky circumstances; for from the moment he prints he must expect to hear no more truth than if he were a prince or a beauty. If he has not very good sense, (and indeed there are twenty men of wit for one man of sense) his living thus in a course of flattery may put him in no small danger of becoming a coxcomb; if he has, he will consequently have so much diffidence as not to reap

any great ſatisfaction from his praiſe; ſince if it be given to his face it can ſcarce be diſtinguiſhed from flattery; and if in his abſence, it is hard to be certain of it. Were he ſure to be commended by the beſt and moſt knowing, he is as ſure of being envied by the worſt and moſt ignorant, which are the majority; for it is with a fine genius as with a fine faſhion, all thoſe are diſpleaſed at it who are not able to follow it; and it is to be feared that eſteem will ſeldom do any man ſo much good as ill-will does him harm. Then there is a third claſs of people, who make the largeſt part of mankind, thoſe of ordinary or indifferent capacities, and theſe, to a man, will hate or ſuſpect him; a hundred honeſt gentlemen will dread him as a wit, and a hundred innocent women as a ſatiriſt. In a word, whatever be his fate in poetry, it is ten to one but he muſt give up all the reaſonable aims of life for it. There are indeed ſome advantages accruing from a genius to poetry, and they are all I can think of; the agreeable power of ſelf-amuſement when a man is idle or alone; the privilege of being admitted into the beſt company; and the freedom of ſaying as many careleſs things as other people, without being ſo ſeverely remarked upon.

I believe if any one, early in his life, ſhould contemplate the dangerous fate of authors, he would ſcarce be of their number on any conſideration. The life of a wit is a warfare upon earth; and the preſent

ſpirit of the learned world is ſuch, that to attempt to ſerve it any way one muſt have the conſtancy of a martyr, and a reſolution to ſuffer for its ſake. I could wiſh people would believe, what I am pretty certain they will not, that I have been much leſs concerned about fame than I durſt declare till this occaſion, when, methinks, I ſhould find more credit than I could heretofore, ſince my writings have had their fate already, and it is too late to think of prepoſſeſſing the reader in their favour. I would plead it as ſome merit in me, that the world has never been prepared for theſe trifles by prefaces, biaſſed by recommendation, dazzled with the names of great patrons, wheedled with fine reaſons and pretences, or troubled with excuſes. I confeſs it was want of conſideration that made me an author; I writ becauſe it amuſed me; I corrected becauſe it was as pleaſant to me to correct as to write; and I publiſhed becauſe I was told I might pleaſe ſuch as it was a credit to pleaſe. To what degree I have done this I am really ignorant; I had too much fondneſs for my productions to judge of them at firſt, and too much judgment to be pleaſed with them at laſt; but I have reaſon to think they can have no reputation which will continue long, or which deſerves to do ſo; for they have always fallen ſhort not only of what I read of others, but even of my own ideas of poetry.

If any one ſhould imagine I am not in earneſt, I

desire him to reflect that the Ancients (to say the least of them) had as much genius as we; and that to take more pains, and employ more time, cannot fail to produce more complete pieces. They constantly applied themselves not only to that art, but to that single branch of an art to which their talent was most powerfully bent; and it was the business of their lives to correct and finish their works for posterity. If we can pretend to have used the same industry, let us expect the same immortality; though, if we took the same care, we should still lie under a further misfortune; they writ in languages that became universal and everlasting, while ours are extremely limited both in extent and in duration. A mighty foundation for our pride! when the utmost we can hope is but to be read in one island, and to be thrown aside at the end of one age.

All that is left us is to recommend our productions by the imitation of the Ancients: and it will be found true that, in every age, the highest character for sense and learning has been obtained by those who have been most indebted to them. For, to say truth, whatever is very good sense must have been common sense in all times; and what we call Learning is but the knowledge of the sense of our predecessors. Therefore they who say our thoughts are not our own, because they resemble the Ancients, may as well say our faces are not our own, because they are like our

fathers: and indeed it is very unreasonable that people should expect us to be scholars, and yet be angry to find us so.

I fairly confess that I have served myself all I could by reading; that I made use of the judgment of authors dead and living; that I omitted no means in my power to be informed of my errors both by my friends and enemies: but the true reason these pieces are not more correct is owing to the consideration how short a time they and I have to live: one may be ashamed to consume half one's days in bringing sense and rhyme together; and what critic can be so unreasonable as not to leave a man time enough for any more serious employment, or more agreeable amusement?

The only plea I shall use for the favour of the public is, that I have as great a respect for it as most authors have for themselves; and that I have sacrificed much of my own self-love for its sake, in preventing not only many mean things from seeing the light, but many which I thought tolerable. I would not be like those authors who forgive themselves some particular lines for the sake of a whole poem, and, *vice versa*, a whole poem for the sake of some particular lines. I believe no one qualification is so likely to make a good writer as the power of rejecting his own thoughts; and it must be this, if any thing, that can give me a chance to be one. For what I have published I can only hope to be pardoned, but for what I have burn-

ed I deſerve to be praiſed. On this account the world is under ſome obligation to me, and owes me the juſtice, in return, to look upon no verſes as mine that are not inſerted in this Collection. And perhaps nothing could make it worth my while to own what are really ſo, but to avoid the imputation of ſo many dull and immoral things as, partly by malice, and partly by ignorance, have been aſcribed to me. I muſt further acquit myſelf of the preſumption of having lent my name to recommend any miſcellanies or works of other men; a thing I never thought becoming a perſon who has hardly credit enough to anſwer for his own.

In this office of collecting my Pieces, I am altogether uncertain whether to look upon myſelf as a man building a monument or burying the dead.

If time ſhall make it the former, may theſe Poems, as long as they laſt, remain as a teſtimony that their Author never made his talents ſubſervient to the mean and unworthy ends of party or ſelf-intereſt; the gratification of public prejudices or private paſſions; the flattery of the undeſerving, or the inſult of the unfortunate. If I have written well, let it be conſidered that it is what no man can do without good ſenſe, a quality that not only renders one capable of being a good writer, but a good man. And if I have made any acquiſition in the opinion of any one under the notion of the former, let it be continued to me under no other title than that of the latter.

But if this Publication be only a more ſolemn funeral of my remains, I deſire it may be known that I die in charity, and in my ſenſes, without any murmurs againſt the juſtice of this age, or any mad appeals to poſterity. I declare I ſhall think the world in the right, and quietly ſubmit to every truth which time ſhall diſcover to the prejudice of theſe Writings; not ſo much as wiſhing ſo irrational a thing as that every body ſhould be deceived merely for my credit. However, I deſire it may then be conſidered, that there are very few things in this Collection which were not written under the age of five-and-twenty; ſo that my youth may be made (as it never fails to be in executions) a caſe of compaſſion; that I was never ſo concerned about my Works as to vindicate them in print, believing, if any thing was good, it would defend itſelf, and what was bad could never be defended; that I uſed no artifice to raiſe or continue a reputation, depreciated no dead author I was obliged to, bribed no living one with unjuſt praiſe, inſulted no adverſary with ill language; or, when I could not attack a rival's works, encouraged reports againſt his morals. To conclude, if this volume periſh, let it ſerve as a warning to the critics not to take too much pains for the future to deſtroy ſuch things as will die of themſelves; and a *memento mori* to ſome of my vain contemporaries the poets, to teach them that, when real merit is wanting, it avails nothing to have been

encouraged by the great, commended by the eminent, and favoured by the public in general.

Nov. 10. 1716.

Variations in the Author's Manuscript Preface.

AFTER page 50. l. 25. it followed thus—for my part, I confeſs, had I ſeen things in this view at firſt, the public had never been troubled either with my writings, or with this apology for them. I am ſenſible how difficult it is to ſpeak of one's ſelf with decency; but when a man muſt ſpeak of himſelf, the beſt way is to ſpeak truth of himſelf, or he may depend upon it others will do it for him. I'll therefore make this Preface a general confeſſion of all my thoughts of my own poetry, reſolving with the ſame freedom to expoſe myſelf as it is in the power of any other to expoſe them. In the firſt place, I thank God and Nature that I was born with a love to poetry; for nothing more conduces to fill up all the intervals of our time, or, if rightly uſed, to make the whole courſe of life entertaining: *Cantantes licet uſque (minus via lædet.)* It is a vaſt happineſs to poſſeſs the pleaſures of the head, the only pleaſures in which a man is ſufficient to himſelf, and the only part of him which, to his ſatisfaction, he can employ all day long. The Muſes are *amicæ omnium horarum*, and, like our gay acquaintance, the beſt company in the world as

long as one expects no real service from them. I confess there was a time when I was in love with myself, and my first productions were the children of Self-love upon Innocence. I had made an epic poem, and panegyrics on all the princes in Europe, and thought myself the greatest genius that ever was. I can't but regret those delightful visions of my childhood, which, like the fine colours we see when our eyes are shut, are vanished for ever. Many trials, and sad experience, have so undeceived me by degrees, that I am utterly at a loss at what rate to value myself. As for fame, I shall be glad of any I can get, and not repine at any I miss; and as for vanity, I have enough to keep me from hanging myself, or even from wishing those hanged who would take it away. It was this that made me write. The sense of my faults made me correct; besides that it was as pleasant to me to correct as to write.

At p. 53. l. 4. In the first place, I own that I have used my best endeavours to the finishing these pieces; that I made what advantage I could of the judgment of authors dead and living; and that I omitted no means in my power to be informed of my errors by my friends and my enemies; and that I expect no favour on account of my youth, business, want of health, or any such idle excuses. But the true reason they are not yet more correct is owing to the consideration how short a time they and I have to live. A man that can expect but sixty years may be ashamed to em-

ploy thirty in meaſuring ſyllables, and bringing ſenſe and rhyme together. We ſpend our youth in purſuit of riches or fame, in hopes to enjoy them when we are old; and when we are old we find it is too late to enjoy any thing. I therefore hope the wits will pardon me if I reſerve ſome of my time to ſave my ſoul; and that ſome wiſe men will be of my opinion, even if I ſhould think a part of it better ſpent in the enjoyments of life than in pleaſing the critics.

RECOMMENDATORY POEMS.

BY HIS GRACE

JOHN SHEFFIELD,

DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

WITH age decay'd, with courts and bus'neſs tir'd,
Caring for nothing but what eaſe requir'd;
Too dully ſerious for the Muſe's ſport,
And from the critics ſafe arriv'd in port,
I little thought of lanching forth agen,
Amidſt advent'rous rovers of the pen,
And after ſo much undeſerv'd ſucceſs,
Thus hazarding at laſt to make it leſs.
Encomiums ſuit not this cenſorious time,
Itſelf a ſubject for ſatiric rhyme;
Ignorance honour'd, wit and worth defam'd,
Folly triumphant, and ev'n Homer blam'd!
But to this genius, join'd with ſo much art,
Such various learning mix'd in ev'ry part,
Poets are bound a loud applauſe to pay;
Apollo bids it, and they muſt obey.
And yet ſo wonderful, ſublime a thing,
As the great Iliad, ſcarce could make me ſing;
Except I juſtly could at once commend
A good companion and as firm a friend.
One moral, or a mere well-natur'd deed
Can all deſert in ſciences exceed.
'Tis great delight to laugh at ſome men's ways,
But a much greater to give merit praiſe.

TO MR. POPE,

ON HIS PASTORALS.

In theſe more dull as more cenſorious days,
When few dare give and fewer merit praiſe,
A Muſe ſincere, that never flatt'ry knew,
Pays what to friendſhip and deſert is due.
Young, yet judicious; in your verſe are found
Art ſtrength'ning Nature, ſenſe improv'd by ſound.
Unlike thoſe wits whoſe numbers glide along
So ſmooth, no thought e'er interrupts the ſong;
Laboriouſly enervate they appear,
And write not to the head but to the ear:
Our minds unmov'd and unconcern'd they lull,
And are at beſt moſt muſically dull:
So purling ſtreams with even murmurs creep,
And huſh the heavy hearers into ſleep.
As ſmootheſt ſpeech is moſt deceitful found,
The ſmootheſt numbers oft' are empty ſound:
But wit and judgment join at once in you,
Sprightly as youth, as age conſummate too:
Your ſtrains are regularly bold, and pleaſe
With unforc'd care and unaffected eaſe,
With proper thoughts and lively images;
Such as by Nature to the Ancients ſhown,
Fancy improves, and judgment makes your own:
For great men's faſhions to be follow'd are,
Altho' diſgraceful 't is their clothes to wear.

Some in a polish'd ſtyle write Paſtoral;
Arcadia ſpeaks the language of the Mall:
Like ſome fair ſhepherdeſs, the ſylvan Muſe
Should wear thoſe flow'rs her native fields produce;
And the true meaſure of the ſhepherd's wit
Should, like his garb, be for the country fit:
Yet muſt his pure and unaffected thought
More nicely than the common ſwain's be wrought.
So, with becoming art, the players dreſs
In ſilks the ſhepherd and the ſhepherdeſs;
Yet ſtill unchang'd the form and mode remain,
Shap'd like the homely ruſſet of the ſwain.
Your rural Muſe appears to juſtify
The long loſt graces of ſimplicity:
So rural beauties captivate our ſenſe
With virgin charms and native excellence.
Yet long her modeſty thoſe charms conceal'd,
Till by men's envy to the world reveal'd;
For wits induſtrious to their trouble ſeem,
And needs will envy what they muſt eſteem.
  Live and enjoy their ſpite! nor mourn that fate
Which would, if Virgil liv'd, on Virgil wait,
Whoſe Muſe did once, like thine, in plains delight;
Thine ſhall, like his, ſoon take a higher flight:
So larks, which firſt from lowly fields ariſe,
Mount by degrees, and reach at laſt the ſkies.

W. WYCHERLEY.

TO MR. POPE,

OH HIS WINDSOR FOREST.

HAIL! ſacred Bard! a Muſe unknown before
Salutes thee from the bleak Atlantic ſhore.
To our dark world thy ſhining page is ſhown,
And Windſor's gay retreat becomes our own.
The Eaſtern pomp had juſt beſpoke our care,
And India pour'd her gaudy treaſures here:
A various ſpoil adorn'd our naked land,
The pride of Perſia glitter'd on our ſtrand,
And China's earth was caſt on common ſand:
Toſs'd up and down the gloſſy fragments lay,
And dreſs'd the rocky ſhelves, and pav'd the painted bay.
Thy treaſures next arriv'd: and now we boaſt
A nobler cargo on our barren coaſt:
From thy luxuriant Foreſt we receive
More laſting glories than the Eaſt can give.
 Where'er we dip in thy delightful page,
What pompous ſcenes our buſy thoughts engage!
The pompous ſcenes in all their pride appear,
Freſh in the page as in the grove they were.
Nor half ſo true the fair Lodona ſhows
The ſylvan ſtate that on her border grows,
While ſhe the wond'ring ſhepherd entertains
With a new Windſor in her wat'ry plains;
Thy juſter lays the lucid wave ſurpaſs,
The living ſcene is in the Muſe's glaſs.

Nor ſweeter notes the echoing foreſts cheer,
When Philomela ſits and warbles there,
Than when you ſing the greens and op'ning glades,
And give us harmony as well as ſhades:
A Titian's hand might draw the grove, but you
Can paint the grove, and add the muſic too.
  With vaſt variety thy pages ſhine;
A new creation ſtarts in ev'ry line.
How ſudden trees riſe to the reader's ſight,
And make a doubtful ſcene of ſhade and light,
And give at once the day at once the night!
And here again what ſweet confuſion reigns
In dreary deſerts mix'd with painted plains!
And ſee! the deſerts caſt a pleaſing gloom,
And ſhrubby heaths rejoice in purple bloom;
Whilſt fruitful crops riſe by their barren ſide,
And bearded groves diſplay their annual pride.
  Happy the man who ſtrings his tuneful lyre
Where woods, and brooks, and breathing fields, inſpire!
Thrice happy you! and worthy beſt to dwell
Amidſt the rural joys you ſing ſo well.
I in a cold and in a barren clime,
Cold as my thought, and barren as my rhyme,
Here on the Weſtern beach attempt to chime.
O joyleſs flood! O rough tempeſtuous main!
Border'd with weeds and ſolitudes obſcene!
  Snatch me, ye Gods! from theſe Atlantic ſhores,
And ſhelter me in Windſor's fragrant bow'rs;

Or to my much-lov'd Iſis' walks convey,
And on her flow'ry banks for ever lay:
Thence let me view the venerable ſcene,
The awful dome, the grove's eternal green,
Where ſacred Hough long found his fam'd retreat,
And brought the Muſes to the ſylvan ſeat,
Reform'd the wits, unlock'd the claſſic ſtore,
And made that muſic which was noiſe before.
There with illuſtrious bards I ſpent my days,
Nor free from cenſure, nor unknown to praiſe,
Enjoy'd the bleſſings that his reign beſtow'd,
Nor envy'd Windſor in the ſoft abode.
The golden minutes ſmoothly danc'd away,
And tuneful bards beguil'd the tedious day;
They ſung, nor ſung in vain, with numbers fir'd
That Maro taught, or Addiſon inſpir'd.
Ev'n I eſſay'd to touch the trembling ſtring:
Who could hear them and not attempt to ſing?
Rous'd from theſe dreams by thy commanding ſtrain,
I riſe and wander thro' the field or plain;
Led by thy Muſe, from ſport to ſport I run,
Mark the ſtretch'd line, or hear the thund'ring gun.
Ah! how I melt with pity when I ſpy
On the cold earth the flutt'ring pheaſant lie!
His gaudy robes in dazzling lines appear,
And ev'ry feather ſhines and varies there.
Nor can I paſs the gen'rous courſer by,
But while the prancing ſteed allures my eye,
He ſtarts, he's gone! and now I ſee him fly

O'er hills and dales, and now I loſe the courſe,
Nor can the rapid ſight purſue the flying horſe.
Oh! could thy Virgil from his orb look down,
He 'd view a courſer that might match his own!
Fir'd with the ſport, and eager for the chaſe,
Lodona's murmurs ſtop me in the race.
Who can refuſe Lodona's melting tale?
The ſoft complaint ſhall over time prevail;
The tale be told when ſhades forſake her ſhore,
The nymph be ſung when ſhe can flow no more.
Nor ſhall thy ſong, old Thames! forbear to ſhine,
At once the ſubject and the ſong divine.
Peace, ſung by thee, ſhall pleaſe ev'n Britons more
Than all their ſhouts for victory before.
Oh! could Britannia imitate thy ſtream,
The world ſhould tremble at her awful name:
From various ſprings divided waters glide,
In diff'rent colours roll a diff'rent tide,
Murmur along their crooked banks a while,
At once they murmur and enrich the iſle;
A while diſtinct thro' many channels run,
But meet at laſt, and ſweetly flow in one;
There joy to loſe their long diſtinguiſh'd names,
And make one glorious and immortal Thames.

FR. KNAPP.

TO MR. POPE,

In imitation of a Greek epigram on Homer.

When Phœbus and the Nine harmonious Maids
Of old aſſembled in the Theſpian ſhades,
" What theme," they cry'd, " what high immortal air
" Befit theſe harps to ſound, and thee to hear?"
Reply'd the god; " Your loftieſt notes employ,
" To ſing young Peleus, and the fall of Troy."
The wondrous ſong with rapture they rehearſe,
Then aſk who wrought that miracle of verſe?
He anſwer'd with a frown; " I now reveal
" A truth that Envy bids me not conceal:
" Retiring frequent to this laureat vale,
" I warbled to the lyre that fav'rite tale,
" Which, unobſerv'd, a wand'ring Greek and blind,
" Heard me repeat, and treaſur'd in his mind;
" And, fir'd with thirſt of more than mortal praiſe,
" From me the god of Wit uſurp'd the bays.
" But let vain Greece indulge her growing fame,
" Proud with celeſtial ſpoils to grace her name;
" Yet when my arts ſhall triumph in the Weſt,
" And the white iſle with female pow'r is bleſt,
" Fame, I foreſee, will make repriſals there,
" And the Tranſlator's palm to me transfer.
" With leſs regret my claim I now decline,
" The world will think his Engliſh Iliad mine."

E. FENTON.

TO MR. POPE.

To praiſe, and ſtill with juſt reſpect to praiſe
A bard triumphant in immortal bays,
The learn'd to ſhow, the ſenſible commend,
Yet ſtill preſerve the province of the friend;
What life, what vigour, muſt the lines require!
What muſic tune them, what affection fire!
O might thy genius in my boſom ſhine,
Thou ſhouldſt not fail of numbers worthy thine;
The brighteſt Ancients might at once agree
To ſing within my lays, and ſing of thee.
Horace himſelf would own thou doſt excel
In candid arts to play the critic well.
Ovid himſelf might wiſh to ſing the dame
Whom Windſor Foreſt ſees a gliding ſtream;
On ſilver feet, with annual oſier crown'd,
She runs for ever thro' poetic ground.
How flame the glories of Belinda's hair!
Made by thy Muſe the envy of the fair;
Leſs ſhone the treſſes Egypt's princeſs wore,
Which ſweet Callimachus ſo ſung before.
Here courtly trifles ſet the world at odds;
Belles war with beaus, and whims deſcend for gods.
The new machines, in names of ridicule,
Mock the grave frenzy of the chymic fool.
But know, ye Fair! a point conceal'd with art,
The Sylphs and Gnomes are but a woman's heart.

The Graces ſtand in ſight; a Satyr train
Peeps o'er their head, and laughs behind the ſcene.
  In Fame's fair temple, o'er the boldeſt wits
Inſhrin'd on high, the ſacred Virgil ſits;
And ſits in meaſures ſuch as Virgil's Muſe
To place thee near him might be fond to chuſe:
How might he tune th' alternate reed with thee,
Perhaps a Strephon thou, a Daphnis he;
While ſome old Damon, o'er the vulgar wiſe,
Thinks he deſerves, and thou deſerv'ſt the prize!
Rapt with the thought my fancy ſeeks the plains,
And turns me ſhepherd while I hear the ſtrains.
Indulgent nurſe of ev'ry tender gale,
Parent of flow'rets, old Arcadia, hail!
Here in the cool my limbs at eaſe I ſpread,
Here let thy poplars whiſper o'er my head:
Still ſlide thy waters, ſoft among the trees
Thy aſpins quiver in a breathing breeze!
Smile, all ye Vallies! in eternal ſpring,
Be huſh'd, ye Winds! while Pope and Virgil ſing.
  In Engliſh lays, and all ſublimely great,
Thy Homer warms with all his ancient heat;
He ſhines in council, thunders in the fight,
And flames with ev'ry ſenſe of great delight.
Long has that poet reign'd, and long unknown,
Like monarchs ſparkling on a diſtant throne;
In all the majeſty of Greek retir'd,
Himſelf unknown, his mighty name admir'd;

His language failing, wrapt him round with night;
Thine, rais'd by thee, recalls the work to light.
So wealthy mines, that ages long before
Fed the large realms around with golden ore,
When chok'd by ſinking banks, no more appear,
And ſhepherds only ſay, "The mines were here:"
Should ſome rich youth (if Nature warm his heart,
And all his projects ſtand inform'd with art)
Here clear the caves, there ope the leading vein,
The mines detected flame with gold again.
  How vaſt, how copious, are thy new deſigns!
How ev'ry muſic varies in thy lines!
Still as I read I feel my boſom beat,
And riſe in raptures by another's heat.
Thus in the wood, when Summer dreſs'd the days,
While Windſor lent us tuneful hours of eaſe,
Our ears the lark, the thruſh, the turtle, bleſt,
And Philomela ſweeteſt o'er the reſt:
The ſhades reſound with ſong—O ſoftly tread!
While a whole ſeaſon warbles round my head.
  This to my friend—and when a friend inſpires,
My ſilent harp its maſter's hand requires,
Shakes off the duſt, and makes theſe rocks reſound,
For Fortune plac'd me in unfertile ground,
Far from the joys that with my ſoul agree,
From wit, from learning—very far from thee.
Here moſs-grown trees expand the ſmalleſt leaf;
Here half an acre's corn is half a ſheaf;

Here hills with naked heads the tempeſt meet,
Rocks at their ſides, and torrents at their feet;
Or lazy lakes, unconſcious of a flood,
Whoſe dull brown Naiads ever ſleep in mud:
Yet here Content can dwell, and learned Eaſe,
A friend delight me, and an author pleaſe:
Ev'nhere I ſing, when Pope ſupplies the theme,
Show my own love, tho' not increaſe his fame.

T. PARNELL.

TO MR. POPE.

Let vulgar ſouls triumphal arches raiſe,
Or ſpeaking marbles, to record their praiſe,
And picture (to the voice of Fame unknown)
The mimic feature on the breathing ſtone;
Mere mortals, ſubject to death's total ſway,
Reptiles of earth, and beings of a day!
'Tis thine on ev'ry heart to grave thy praiſe,
A monument which worth alone can raiſe;
Sure to ſurvive when time ſhall whelm in duſt
The arch, the marble, and the mimic buſt;
Nor till the volumes of th' expanded ſky
Blaze in one flame ſhalt thou and Homer die;
Then ſink together in the world's laſt fires
What Heav'n created, and what Heav'n inſpires.
If aught on earth, when once this breath is fled,
With human tranſport touch the mighty dead,

Shakeſpeare rejoice! his hand thy page refines;
Now ev'ry ſcene with native brightneſs ſhines;
Juſt to thy fame, he gives thy genuine thought;
So Tully publiſh'd what Lucretius wrote:
Prun'd by his care thy laurels loftier grow,
And bloom afreſh on thy immortal brow.
  Thus when thy draughts, O Raphael! time invades,
And the bold figure from the canvaſs fades,
A rival hand recalls from ev'ry part
Some latent grace, and equals art with art;
Tranſported we ſurvey the dubious ſtrife,
While each fair image ſtarts again to life.
  How long, untun'd, had Homer's ſacred lyre
Jarr'd grating diſcord, all extinct his fire!
This you beheld; and, taught by Heav'n to ſing,
Call'd the loud muſic from the ſounding ſtring.
Now wak'd from ſlumbers of three thouſand years,
Once more Achilles in dread pomp appears,
Tow'rs o'er the field of death; as fierce he turns,
Keen flaſh his arms, and all the hero burns;
With martial ſtalk, and more than mortal might,
He ſtrides along, and meets the gods in fight:
Then the pale Titans, chain'd on burning floors,
Start at the din that rends th' infernal ſhores,
Tremble the tow'rs of heav'n, earth rocks her coaſts,
And gloomy Pluto ſhakes with all his ghoſts.
To ev'ry theme reſponds thy various lay;
Here rolls a torrent, there meanders play;

Sonorous as the ſtorm thy numbers riſe,
Toſs the wild waves, and thunder in the ſkies;
Or ſofter than a yielding virgin's ſigh
The gentle breezes breathe away and die.
Thus, like the radiant god who ſheds the day,
You paint the vale, or gild the azure way,
And while with ev'ry theme the verſe complies,
Sink without grov'lling, without raſhneſs riſe.
Proceed, great Bard! awake th' harmonious ſtring,
Be ours all Homer! ſtill Ulyſſes ſing.
How long that hero *, by unſkilful hands
Stripp'd of his robes, a beggar trod our lands,
Such as he wander'd o'er his native coaſt,
Shrunk by the wand, and all the warrior loſt:
O'er his ſmooth ſkin a bark of wrinkles ſpread,
Old age diſgrac'd the honours of his head,
Nor longer in his heavy eyeball ſhin'd
The glance divine, forth beaming from the mind.
But you, like Pallas, ev'ry limb infold
With royal robes, and bid him ſhine in gold;
Touch'd by your hand his manly frame improves
With grace divine, and like a god he moves.
Ev'n I, the meaneſt of the Muſes' train,
Inflam'd by thee, attempt a nobler ſtrain;
Advent'rous waken the Mæonian lyre,
Tun'd by your hand, and ſing as you inſpire;
So arm'd by great Achilles for the fight,
Patroclus conquer'd in Achilles' right;

* Odyſſey, lib. xxvi.

Like theirs, our friendſhip! and I boaſt my name
To thine united—for thy friendſhip 's fame.
This labour paſs'd, of heav'nly ſubjects ſing,
While hov'ring angels liſten on the wing,
To hear from earth ſuch heart-felt raptures riſe,
As, when they ſing, ſuſpended hold the ſkies;
Or, nobly riſing in fair Virtue's cauſe,
From thy own life tranſcribe th' unerring laws;
Teach a bad world beneath her ſway to bend,
To verſe like thine fierce ſavages attend,
And men, more fierce: when Orpheus tunes the lay,
Ev'n fiends relenting hear their rage away.

W. BROOME.

TO MR. POPE,

On the publiſhing his Works.

He comes, he comes! bid ev'ry bard prepare
The ſong of triumph, and attend his car.
Great Sheffield's Muſe the long proceſſion heads,
And throws a luſtre o'er the pomp ſhe leads;
Firſt gives the palm ſhe fir'd him to obtain,
Crowns his gay brow, and ſhews him how to reign.
Thus young Alcides, by old Chiron taught,
Was form'd for all the miracles he wrought;
Thus Chiron did the youth he taught applaud,
Pleas'd to behold the earneſt of a god.
But, hark! what ſhouts, what gath'ring crowds re-
Unſtain'd their praiſe by any venal voice, [joice!

Such as th' ambitious vainly think their due,
When prostitutes or needy flatt'rers sue.
And see the chief! before him laurels borne,
Trophies from undeserving temples torn;
Here Rage enchain'd reluctant raves, and there
Pale Envy dumb, and sick'ning with despair,
Prone to the earth she bends her loathing eye,
Weak to support the blaze of majesty.
But what are they that turn the sacred page?
Three lovely virgins, and of equal age;
Intent they read, and all enamour'd seem,
As he that met his likeness in the stream:
The Graces these; and see how they contend
Who most shall praise, who best shall recommend.
The chariot now the painful steep ascends,
The pæans cease; thy glorious labour ends.
Here fix'd, the bright eternal temple stands,
Its prospect an unbounded view commands:
Say, wondrous Youth! what column wilt thou chuse,
What laurell'd arch for thy triumphant Muse?
Tho' each great Ancient court thee to his shrine,
Tho' ev'ry laurel thro' the dome be thine,
(From the proud epic down to those that shade
The gentler brow of the soft Lesbian maid)
Go to the good and just, an awful train,
Thy soul's delight, and glory of the fane;
While thro' the earth thy dear remembrance flies,
"Sweet to the world, and grateful to the Skies."

SIMON HARCOURT.

TO MR. POPE.

FROM ROME, 1730.

IMMORTAL Bard! for whom each Muſe has wove
The faireſt garlands of th'Aonian grove;
Preſerv'd, our drooping genius to reſtore,
When Addiſon and Congreve are no more;
After ſo many ſtars extinct in night,
The darken'd age's laſt remaining light!
To thee from Latian realms this verſe is writ,
Inſpir'd by memory of ancient wit;
For now no more theſe climes their influence boaſt,
Fall'n is their glory, and their virtue loſt:
From tyrants and from prieſts the Muſes fly,
Daughters of Reaſon and of Liberty.
Nor Baiæ now nor Umbria's plain they love,
Nor on the banks of Nar or Mincia rove;
To Thames's flow'ry borders they retire,
And kindle in thy breaſt the Roman fire.
So in the ſhades where, cheer'd with ſummer rays,
Melodious linnets warbled ſprightly lays,
Soon as the faded falling leaves complain
Of gloomy Winter's unauſpicious reign,
No tuneful voice is heard of joy or love,
But mournful ſilence ſaddens all the grove.
  Unhappy Italy! whoſe alter'd ſtate
Has felt the worſt ſeverity of Fate:

Not that barbarian hands her faſces broke,
And bow'd her haughty neck beneath their yoke;
Nor that her palaces to earth are thrown,
Her cities deſert, and her fields unſown;
But that her ancient ſpirit is decay'd,
That ſacred wiſdom from her bounds is fled,
That there the ſource of ſcience flows no more,
Whence its rich ſtreams ſupply'd the world before.
Illuſtrious names! that once in Latium ſhin'd,
Born to inſtruct and to command mankind;
Chiefs by whoſe virtue mighty Rome was rais'd,
And poets, who thoſe chiefs ſublimely prais'd!
Oft' I the traces you have left explore,
Your aſhes viſit, and your urns adore;
Oft' kiſs, with lips devout, ſome mould'ring ſtone,
With ivy's venerable ſhade o'ergrown;
Thoſe hallow'd ruins better pleas'd to ſee
Than all the pomp of modern luxury.
As late on Virgil's tomb freſh flow'rs I ſtrow'd,
While with th' inſpiring Muſe my boſom glow'd,
Crown'd with eternal bays my raviſh'd eyes
Beheld the poet's awful form ariſe:
"Stranger," he ſaid, "whoſe pious hand has paid
Theſe grateful rites to my attentive ſhade,
When thou ſhalt breathe thy happy native air,
To Pope this meſſage from his maſter bear:
"Great Bard, whoſe numbers I myſelf inſpire,
To whom I gave my own harmonious lyre,

If high exalted on the throne of Wit,
Near me and Homer thou aſpire to ſit,
No more let meaner ſatire dim the rays
That flow majeſtic from thy nobler bays;
In all the flow'ry paths of Pindus ſtray,
But ſhun that thorny, that unpleaſing, way;
Nor when each ſoft-engaging Muſe is thine
Addreſs the leaſt attractive of the Nine.
  Of thee more worthy were the taſk to raiſe
A laſting column to thy country's praiſe;
To ſing the land which yet alone can boaſt
That liberty corrupted Rome has loſt;
Where Science in the arms of Peace is laid,
And plants her palm beneath the olive's ſhade.
Such was the theme for which my lyre I ſtrung,
Such was the people whoſe exploits I ſung;
Brave, yet refin'd, for arms and arts renown'd,
With diff'rent bays by Mars and Phœbus crown'd,
Dauntleſs oppoſers of tyrannic ſway,
But pleas'd a mild Auguſtus to obey.
  If theſe commands ſubmiſſive thou receive,
Immortal and unblam'd thy name ſhall live,
Envy to black Cocytus ſhall retire,
And howl with Furies in tormenting fire;
Approving Time ſhall conſecrate thy lays,
And join the patriot's to the poet's praiſe."

GEORGE LYTTLETON.

PASTORALS.

A DISCOURSE ON PASTORAL POETRY *.

[*Written in the year* 1704.]

Rura mihi et rigui placeant in vallibus amnes,
Flumina amem, sylvasque, inglorius! — VIRG.

THERE are not, I believe, a greater number of any sort of verses than of those which are called Pastorals, nor a smaller than of those which are truly so. It therefore seems necessary to give some account of this kind of Poem; and it is my design to comprise, in this short paper, the substance of those numerous dissertations the critics have made on the subject, without omitting any of their rules in my own favour: you will also find some points reconciled about which they seem to differ, and a few remarks which, I think, have escaped their observation.

The original of poetry is ascribed to that age which succeeded the creation of the world; and as the keeping of flocks seems to have been the first employment of mankind, the most ancient sort of poetry was probably Pastoral †. It is natural to imagine that the leisure of those ancient shepherds admitting and inviting some diversion, none was so proper to that solitary and sedentary life as singing; and that in their songs they took occasion to celebrate their own feli-

* Written at 16 years of age. P. † Fontenelle's Dis. on Past. P.

city. From hence a poem was invented, and afterwards improved to a perfect image of that happy time, which, by giving us an esteem for the virtues of a former age, might recommend them to the present. And since the life of shepherds was attended with more tranquillity than any other rural employment, the poets chose to introduce their persons, from whom it received the name of Pastoral.

A Pastoral is an imitation of the action of a shepherd, or one considered under that character. The form of this imitation is dramatic, or narrative, or mixed of both *; the fable simple, the manners not too polite nor too rustic: the thoughts are plain, yet admit a little quickness and passion, but that short and flowing: the expression humble, yet as pure as the language will afford; neat, but not florid; easy, and yet lively. In short, the fable, manners, thoughts, and expressions, are full of the greatest simplicity in nature.

The complete character of this Poem consists in simplicity †, brevity, and delicacy; the two first of which render an eclogue natural, and the last delightful.

If we would copy Nature, it may be useful to take this idea along with us, that Pastoral is an image of what they call the Golden Age; so that we are not to describe our shepherds as shepherds at this day really are, but as they may be conceived then to have been, when the best of men followed the employment. To carry this resemblance yet further, it would not be

* Heinsius in Theocrit. P. † Rapin de Carm. Past. p. 2. P.

amifs to give thefe fhepherds fome fkill in aftronomy, as far as it may be ufeful to that fort of life; and an air of piety to the gods fhould fhine thro' the poem, which fo vifibly appears in all the works of antiquity; and it ought to preferve fome relifh of the old way of writing: the connexion fhould be loofe, the narrations and defcriptions fhort *, and the periods concife. Yet it is not fufficient that the fentences only be brief, the whole eclogue fhould be fo too; for we cannot fuppofe poetry in thofe days to have been the bufinefs of men, but their recreation at vacant hours.

But, with a refpect to the prefent age, nothing more conduces to make thefe compofures natural than when fome knowledge in rural affairs is difcovered †. This may be made to appear rather done by chance than on defign, and fometimes is beft fhewn by inference, left by too much ftudy to feem natural we deftroy that eafy fimplicity from whence arifes the delight: for what is inviting in this fort of poetry proceeds not fo much from the idea of that bufinefs, as of the tranquillity of a country life.

We muft therefore ufe fome illufion to render a Paftoral delightful, and this confifts in expofing the beft fide only of a fhepherd's life, and in concealing its miferies ||. Nor is it enough to introduce fhepherds difcourfing together in a natural way, but a regard muft

* Rapin Reflex. fur l'Art Poet. d'Arift. p. 2. Refl. xxvii. P.
† Pref. to Virg. Paft. in Dryd. Virg. P.
|| Fontenelle's Difcourfe of Paftorals. P.

be had to the ſubject; that it contain ſome particular beauty in itſelf, and that it be different in every eclogue. Beſides, in each of them a deſigned ſcene or proſpect is to be preſented to our view, which ſhould likewiſe have its variety *. This variety is obtained, in a great degree, by frequent compariſons, drawn from the moſt agreeable objects of the country; by interrogations to things inanimate; by beautiful digreſſions, but thoſe ſhort; ſometimes by inſiſting a little on circumſtances; and, laſtly, by elegant turns on the words, which render the numbers extremely ſweet and pleaſing. As for the numbers themſelves, though they are properly of the heroic meaſure they ſhould be the ſmootheſt, the moſt eaſy and flowing, imaginable.

It is by rules like theſe that we ought to judge of Paſtoral; and ſince the inſtructions given for any art are to be delivered as that art is in perfection, they muſt of neceſſity be derived from thoſe in whom it is acknowledged ſo to be. It is therefore from the practice of Theocritus and Virgil (the only undiſputed authors of Paſtoral) that the critics have drawn the foregoing notions concerning it.

Theocritus excels all others in nature and ſimplicity. The ſubjects of his Idyllia are purely paſtoral; but he is not ſo exact in his perſons, having introduced reapers and fiſhermen † as well as ſhepherds. He is apt to be too long in his deſcriptions, of which that of the Cup, in the

* See the forementioned Preface. P.

† Θεριςαι, Idyl. x. and Αλιευς, Idyl. xxi. P.

First Paſtoral, is a remarkable inſtance. In the manners he ſeems a little defective, for his ſwains are ſometimes abuſive and immodeſt, and perhaps too much inclining to ruſticity; for inſtance, in his Fourth and Fifth Idyllia. But it is enough that all others learned their excellencies from him, and that his dialect alone has a ſecret charm in it which no other could ever attain.

Virgil, who copies Theocritus, refines upon his original, and in all points where judgment is principally concerned he is much ſuperior to his maſter. Though ſome of his ſubjects are not paſtoral in themſelves, but only ſeem to be ſuch, they have a wonderful variety in them which the Greek was a ſtranger to *. He exceeds him in regularity and brevity, and falls ſhort of him in nothing but ſimplicity and propriety of ſtyle, the firſt of which, perhaps, was the fault of his age, and the laſt of his language.

Among the Moderns their ſucceſs has been greateſt who have moſt endeavoured to make theſe Ancients their pattern. The moſt conſiderable genius appears in the famous Taſſo and our Spenſer. Taſſo, in his Aminta, has as far excelled all the paſtoral writers as, in his Gieruſalemme, he has outdone the epic poets, of his country. But as this piece ſeems to have been the original of a new ſort of poem, the Paſtoral Comedy, in Italy, it cannot ſo well be conſidered as a copy of the Ancients. Spenſer's Calendar, in Mr. Dryden's

* Rapin Refl. on Ariſt. part ii. Refl. xxvii.——Pref. to the Ecl. in Dryden's Virg. P.

opinion, is the moſt complete work of this kind which any nation has produced ever ſince the time of Virgil*: not but that he may be thought imperfect in ſome few points. His eclogues are ſomewhat too long, if we compare them with the Ancients: he is ſometimes too allegorical, and treats of matters of religion in a paſtoral ſtyle, as the Mantuan had done before him. He has employed the Lyric meaſure, which is contrary to the practice of the old poets. His ſtanza is not ſtill the ſame, nor always well choſen. This laſt may be the reaſon his expreſſion is ſometimes not conciſe enough; for the Tetraſtic has obliged him to extend his ſenſe to the length of four lines, which would have been more cloſely confined in the couplet.

In the manners, thoughts, and characters, he comes near to Theocritus himſelf; though, notwithſtanding all the care he has taken, he is certainly inferior in his dialect: for the Doric had its beauty and propriety in the time of Theocritus; it was uſed in part of Greece, and frequent in the mouths of many of the greateſt perſons; whereas the old Engliſh and country phraſes of Spenſer were either entirely obſolete, or ſpoken only by people of the loweſt condition. As there is a difference betwixt ſimplicity and ruſticity, ſo the expreſſion of ſimple thoughts ſhould be plain, but not clowniſh. The addition he has made of a Calendar to his Eclogues is very beautiful, ſince by this, beſides the general moral of innocence and ſimplicity, which

* Dedication to Virg. Ecl. P.

is common to other authors of Paſtoral, he has one peculiar to himſelf; he compares human life to the ſeveral ſeaſons, and at once expoſes to his readers a view of the great and little worlds in their various changes and aſpects. Yet the ſcrupulous diviſion of his Paſtorals into months has obliged him either to repeat the ſame deſcription in other words, for three months together, or, when it was exhauſted before, entirely to omit it; whence it comes to paſs that ſome of his Eclogues (as the Sixth, Eighth, and Tenth, for example) have nothing but their titles to diſtinguiſh them. The reaſon is evident, becauſe the year has not that variety in it to furniſh every month with a particular deſcription, as it may every ſeaſon.

Of the following Eclogues I ſhall only ſay that theſe four comprehend all the ſubjects which the critics upon Theocritus and Virgil will allow to be fit for Paſtoral; that they have as much variety of deſcription in reſpect of the ſeveral ſeaſons as Spenſer's; that, in order to add to this variety, the ſeveral times of the day are obſerved, the rural employments in each ſeaſon or time of day, and the rural ſcenes or places proper to ſuch employments; not without ſome regard to the ſeveral ages of man, and the different paſſions proper to each age.

But, after all, if they have any merit it is to be attributed to ſome good old authors, whoſe works as I had leiſure to ſtudy, ſo, I hope, I have not wanted care to imitate.

SPRING:

PASTORAL I.

OR,

DAMON.

TO SIR WILLIAM TRUMBALL.

First in theſe fields I try the ſylvan ſtrains,
Nor bluſh to ſport on Windſor's bliſsful plains:
Fair Thames! flow gently from thy ſacred ſpring,
While on thy banks Sicilian Muſes ſing;
Let vernal airs thro' trembling oſiers play,
And Albion's cliffs reſound the rural lay.
You, that too wiſe for pride, too good for pow'r,
Enjoy the glory to be great no more,
And carrying with you all the world can boaſt,
To all the world illuſtriouſly are loſt!
O let my Muſe her ſlender reed inſpire,
Till in your native ſhades you tune the lyre:
So when the nightingale to reſt removes,
The thruſh may chant to the forſaken groves,
But charm'd to ſilence, liſtens while ſhe ſings,
And all the aërial audience clap their wings.
Soon as the flocks ſhook off the nightly dews,
Two ſwains, whom love kept wakeful and the Muſe,
Pour'd o'er the whitening vale their fleecy care,
Freſh as the morn, and as the ſeaſon fair:

The dawn now bluſhing on the mountain's ſide,
Thus Daphnis ſpoke, and Strephon thus reply'd.
DAPH. Hear how the birds on ev'ry bloomy ſpray
With joyous muſic wake the dawning day!
Why ſit we mute when early linnets ſing,
When warbling Philomel ſalutes the ſpring?
Why ſit we ſad when Phoſphor ſhines ſo clear,
And laviſh Nature paints the purple year?
STREPH. Sing then, and Damon ſhall attend the ſtrain,
While yon' ſlow oxen turn the furrow'd plain.
Here the bright crocus and blue vi'let glow;
Here weſtern winds on breathing roſes blow.
I'll ſtake yon' lamb, that near the fountain plays,
And from the brink his dancing ſhade ſurveys.
DAPH. And I this bowl, where wanton ivy twines,
And ſwelling cluſters bend the curling vines:
Four figures riſing from the work appear,
The various ſeaſons of the rolling year;
And what is that which binds the radiant ſky,
Where twelve fair ſigns in beauteous order lie?
DAM. Then ſing by turns, by turns the Muſes ſing,
Now hawthorns bloſſom, now the daiſies ſpring;
Now leaves the trees, and flow'rs adorn the ground;
Begin, the vales ſhall ev'ry note rebound.
STREPH. Inſpire me, Phœbus! in my Delia's praiſe,
With Waller's ſtrains, or Granville's moving lays:
A milk-white bull ſhall at your altars ſtand,
That threats a fight, and ſpurns the riſing ſand.

DAPH. O Love! for Sylvia let me gain the prize,
And make my tongue victorious as her eyes:
No lambs or ſheep for victims I'll impart,
Thy victim, Love! ſhall be the ſhepherd's heart.
STREPH. Me gentle Delia beckons from the plain,
Then, hid in ſhades, eludes her eager ſwain;
But feigns a laugh to ſee me ſearch around,
And by that laugh the willing fair is found.
DAPH. The ſprightly Sylvia trips along the green;
She runs, but hopes ſhe does not run unſeen;
While a kind glance at her purſuer flies,
How much at variance are her feet and eyes!
STREPH. O'er golden ſands let rich Pactolus flow,
And trees weep amber on the banks of Po;
Bleſs'd Thames's ſhores the brighteſt beauties yield;
Feed here my lambs, I'll ſeek no diſtant field.
DAPH. Celeſtial Venus haunts Idalia's groves,
Diana Cynthus, Ceres Hybla loves;
If Windſor ſhades delight the matchleſs maid,
Cynthus and Hybla yield to Windſor ſhade. [ſhow'rs,
STREPH. All Nature mourns, the ſkies relent in
Huſh'd are the birds, and clos'd the drooping flow'rs;
If Delia ſmile the flow'rs begin to ſpring,
The ſkies to brighten, and the birds to ſing.
DAPH. All Nature laughs, the groves are freſh and
The ſun's mild luſtre warms the vital air; [fair,
If Sylvia ſmiles new glories gild the ſhore,
And vanquiſh'd Nature ſeems to charm no more.

STREPH. In ſpring the fields, in autumn hills, I love,
At morn the plains, at noon the ſhady grove,
But Delia always; abſent from her ſight
Nor plains at morn nor groves at noon delight.
DAPH. Sylvia's like autumn ripe, yet mild as May,
More bright than noon, yet freſh as early day:
Ev'n Spring diſpleaſes when ſhe ſhines not here,
But bleſs'd with her 't is ſpring throughout the year.
STREPH. Say, Daphnis, ſay, in what glad ſoil appears
A wondrous tree that ſacred Monarchs bears?
Tell me but this, and I'll diſclaim the prize,
And give the conqueſt to thy Sylvia's eyes.
DAPH. Nay, tell me firſt, in what more happy fields
The thiſtle ſprings to which the lily yields;
And then a nobler prize I will reſign;
For Sylvia, charming Sylvia! ſhall be thine.
DAM. Ceaſe to contend; for, Daphnis, I decree
The bowl to Strephon and the lamb to thee.
Bleſt ſwains! whoſe nymphs in ev'ry grace excel;
Bleſt nymphs! whoſe ſwains thoſe graces ſing ſo well.
Now riſe, and haſte to yonder woodbine bow'rs,
A ſoft retreat from ſudden vernal ſhow'rs;
The turf with rural dainties ſhall be crown'd,
While op'ning blooms diffuſe their ſweets around.
For ſee! the gath'ring flocks to ſhelter tend,
And from the Pleiads fruitful ſhow'rs deſcend.

SUMMER:

PAȘTORAL II.

OR,

ALEXIS.

TO DR. GARTH.

A SHEPHERD's boy (he ſeeks no better name)
Led forth his flocks along the ſilver Thame,
Where dancing ſunbeams on the waters play'd,
And verdant alders form'd a quiv'ring ſhade:
Soft as he mourn'd the ſtreams forgot to flow,
The flocks around a dumb compaſſion ſhow,
The Naïads wept in ev'ry wat'ry bow'r,
And Jove conſented in a ſilent ſhow'r.
Accept, O Garth! the Muſe's early lays,
That adds this wreath of ivy to thy bays;
Hear what from love unpractis'd hearts endure,
From love, the ſole diſeaſe thou canſt not cure.
Ye ſhady Beeches, and ye cooling Streams!
Defence from Phœbus', not from Cupid's, beams,
To you I mourn; nor to the deaf I ſing,
The woods ſhall anſwer, and their echo ring.
The hills and rocks attend my doleful lay,
Why art thou prouder and more hard than they?
The bleating ſheep with my complaints agree,
They parch'd with heat, and I inflam'd by thee.

The ſultry Sirius burns the thirſty plains,
While in thy heart eternal Winter reigns.
  Where ſtray ye, Muſes! in what lawn or grove,
While your Alexis pines in hopeleſs love?
In thoſe fair fields where ſacred Iſis glides,
Or elſe where Cam his winding vales divides,
As in the cryſtal ſpring I view my face,
Freſh riſing bluſhes paint the wat'ry glaſs;
But ſince thoſe graces pleaſe thy eyes no more,
I ſhun the fountains which I ſought before.
Once I was ſkill'd in ev'ry herb that grew,
And ev'ry plant that drinks the morning dew;
Ah, wretched ſhepherd! what avails thy art
To cure thy lambs, but not to heal thy heart!
  Let other ſwains attend the rural care,
Feed fairer flocks, or richer fleeces ſhear;
But nigh yon' mountain let me tune my lays,
Embrace my love, and bind my brows with bays.
That flute is mine which Colin's tuneful breath
Inſpir'd when living, and bequeath'd in death:
He ſaid, Alexis! take this pipe, the ſame
That taught the groves my Roſalinda's name:
But now the reeds ſhall hang on yonder tree,
For ever ſilent, ſince deſpis'd by thee.
Oh! were I made by ſome transforming pow'r
The captive bird that ſings within thy bow'r!
Then might my voice thy liſt'ning ears employ,
And I thoſe kiſſes he receives enjoy.

And yet my numbers pleaſe the rural throng,
Rough Satyrs dance, and Pan applauds the ſong:
The nymphs, forſaking ev'ry cave and ſpring,
Their early fruit and milk-white turtles bring!
Each am'rous nymph prefers her gifts in vain,
On you their gifts are all beſtow'd again;
For you the ſwains the faireſt flow'rs deſign,
And in one garland all their beauties join;
Accept the wreath which you deſerve alone,
In whom all beauties are compris'd in one.
See what delights in ſylvan ſcenes appear!
Deſcending gods have found Elyſium here.
In woods bright Venus with Adonis ſtray'd,
And chaſte Diana haunts the foreſt-ſhade.
Come, lovely nymph! and bleſs the ſilent hours,
When ſwains from ſhearing ſeek their nightly bow'rs;
When weary reapers quit the ſultry field,
And, crown'd with corn, their thanks to Ceres yield.
This harmleſs grove no lurking viper hides,
But in my breaſt the ſerpent Love abides.
Here bees from bloſſoms ſip the roſy dew,
But your Alexis knows no ſweets but you.
Oh! deign to viſit our forſaken ſeats,
The moſſy fountains, and the green retreats.
Where'er you walk cool gales ſhall fan the glade,
Trees where you ſit ſhall crowd into a ſhade:
Where'er you tread the bluſhing flow'rs ſhall riſe,
And all things flouriſh where you turn your eyes.

Oh! how I long with you to paſs my days,
Invoke the Muſes, and reſound your praiſe!
Your praiſe the birds ſhall chant in ev'ry grove,
And winds ſhall waft it to the pow'rs above.
But would you ſing, and rival Orpheus' ſtrain,
The wond'ring foreſts ſoon ſhould dance again,
The moving mountains hear the pow'rful call,
And headlong ſtreams hang liſt'ning in their fall!
But, ſee! the ſhepherds ſhun the noon-day heat,
The lowing herds to murm'ring brooks retreat,
To cloſer ſhades the panting flocks remove;
Ye Gods! and is there no relief for love?
But ſoon the ſun with milder rays deſcends
To the cool ocean, where his journey ends:
On me Love's fiercer flames for ever prey,
By night he ſcorches, as he burns by day.

AUTUMN:

PASTORAL III.

OR,

HYLAS AND ÆGON.

TO MR. WYCHERLEY.

BENEATH the ſhade a ſpreading beech diſplays
Hylas and Ægon ſung their rural lays;
This mourn'd a faithleſs, that an abſent, love,
And Delia's name and Doris' fill'd the grove.
Ye Mantuan Nymphs! your ſacred ſuccour bring,
Hylas and Ægon's rural lays I ſing.
  Thou, whom the Nine with Plautus' wit inſpire,
The art of Terence, and Menander's fire;
Whoſe ſenſe inſtructs us, and whoſe humour charms,
Whoſe judgment ſways us, and whoſe ſpirit warms,
Oh, ſkill'd in Nature! ſee the hearts of ſwains,
Their artleſs paſſions, and their tender pains.
  Now ſetting Phœbus ſhone ſerenely bright,
And fleecy clouds were ſtreak'd with purple light,
When tuneful Hylas, with melodious moan,
Taught rocks to weep, and made the mountains groan.
  Go, gentle Gales! and bear my ſighs away;
To Delia's ear the tender notes convey.
As ſome ſad turtle his loſt love deplores,
And with deep murmurs fills the ſounding ſhores;

Thus, far from Delia, to the winds I mourn,
Alike unheard, unpity'd, and forlorn.
Go, gentle Gales! and bear my sighs along;
For her the feather'd quires neglect their song;
For her the limes their pleasing shades deny;
For her the lilies hang their heads and die.
Ye Flow'rs that droop, forsaken by the spring,
Ye Birds that, left by summer, cease to sing,
Ye Trees that fade when autumn heats remove,
Say, is not absence death to those who love?
Go, gentle Gales! and bear my sighs away;
Curs'd be the fields that cause my Delia's stay:
Fade ev'ry blossom, wither ev'ry tree,
Die ev'ry flow'r, and perish all but she.
What have I said? Where'er my Delia flies
Let spring attend, and sudden flow'rs arise;
Let op'ning roses knotted oaks adorn,
And liquid amber drop from ev'ry thorn.
Go, gentle Gales! and bear my sighs along;
The birds shall cease to tune their ev'ning song,
The winds to breathe, the waving woods to move,
And streams to murmur, ere I cease to love.
Not bubbling fountains to the thirsty swain,
Not balmy sleep to lab'rers faint with pain,
Not show'rs to larks, or sunshine to the bee,
Are half so charming as thy sight to me.
Go, gentle Gales! and bear my sighs away;
Come, Delia, come; ah! why this long delay?

Thro' rocks and caves the name of Delia ſounds,
Delia each cave and echoing rock rebounds.
Ye Pow'rs, what pleaſing frenzy ſooths my mind!
Do lovers dream, or is my Delia kind?
She comes, my Delia comes!—Now ceaſe my lay,
And ceaſe, ye Gales! to bear my ſighs away.

Next Ægon ſung, while Windſor groves admir'd;
Rehearſe, ye Muſes! what yourſelves inſpir'd.

Reſound, ye Hills! reſound my mournful ſtrain!
Of perjur'd Doris dying I complain;
Here where the mountains, leſs'ning as they riſe,
Loſe the low vales, and ſteal into the ſkies;
While lab'ring oxen, ſpent with toil and heat,
In their looſe traces from the field retreat;
While curling ſmokes from village-tops are ſeen,
And the fleet ſhades glide o'er the duſky green.

Reſound, ye Hills! reſound my mournful lay!
Beneath yon' poplar oft' we paſs'd the day;
Oft' on the rind I carv'd her am'rous vows,
While ſhe with garlands hung the bending boughs:
The garlands fade, the vows are worn away;
So dies her love, and ſo my hopes decay.

Reſound, ye Hills! reſound my mournful ſtrain!
Now bright Arcturus glads the teeming grain;
Now golden fruits on loaded branches ſhine,
And grateful cluſters ſwell with floods of wine;
Now bluſhing berries paint the yellow grove;
Juſt Gods! ſhall all things yield returns but love?

Resound, ye Hills! resound my mournful lay!
The shepherds cry, "Thy flocks are left a prey."—
Ah! what avails it me the flocks to keep,
Who lost my heart while I preserv'd my sheep?
Pan came, and ask'd what magic caus'd my smart,
Or what ill eyes malignant glances dart?
What eyes but her's, alas! have pow'r to move?
And is there magic but what dwells in love!
Resound, ye Hills! resound my mournful strains!
I 'll fly from shepherds, flocks, and flow'ry plains:
From shepherds, flocks, and plains, I may remove,
Forsake mankind, and all the world—but Love!
I know thee, Love! on foreign mountains bred,
Wolves gave thee suck, and savage tigers fed;
Thou wert from Ætna's burning entrails torn,
Got by fierce whirlwinds, and in thunder born!
Resound, ye Hills! resound my mournful lay!
Farewell, ye Woods! adieu the light of day!
One leap from yonder cliff shall end my pains,
No more, ye Hills! no more resound my strains!
Thus sung the shepherds till th' approach of night,
The skies yet blushing with departing light,
When falling dews with spangles deck'd the glade,
And the low sun had lengthen'd ev'ry shade.

WINTER:

PASTORAL IV.

OR,

DAPHNE.

TO THE MEMORY OF MRS. TEMPEST.

LYCIDAS.

Thyrsis! the music of that murm'ring spring
Is not so mournful as the strains you sing;
Nor rivers winding thro' the vales below
So sweetly warble, or so smoothly flow.
Now sleeping flocks on their soft fleeces lie,
The moon, serene in glory, mounts the sky,
While silent birds forget their tuneful lays,
Oh! sing of Daphne's fate and Daphne's praise.

THYR. Behold the groves that shine with silver frost,
Their beauty wither'd, and their verdure lost.
Here shall I try the sweet Alexis' strain,
That call'd the list'ning Dryads to the plain?
Thames heard the numbers as he flow'd along,
And bade his willows learn the moving song.

LYC. So may kind rains their vital moisture yield,
And swell the future harvest of the field.
Begin; this charge the dying Daphne gave,
And said, "Ye shepherds, sing around my grave!"

Sing while beſide the ſhaded tomb I mourn,
And with freſh bays her rural ſhrine adorn.
THYR. Ye gentle Muſes! leave your cryſtal ſpring;
Let Nymphs and Sylvans cypreſs garlands bring:
Ye weeping Loves! the ſtream with myrtles hide,
And break your bows, as when Adonis dy'd;
And with your golden darts now uſeleſs grown,
Inſcribe a verſe on this relenting ſtone:
"Let Nature change, let heav'n and earth deplore,
"Fair Daphne 's dead, and love is now no more!"
'Tis done, and Nature's various charms decay,
See gloomy clouds obſcure the cheerful day!
Now hung with pearls the dropping trees appear,
Their faded honours ſcatter'd on her bier.
See where on earth the flow'ry glories lie!
With her they flouriſh'd, and with her they die.
Ah! what avail the beauties Nature wore?
Fair Daphne 's dead, and beauty is no more!
For her the flocks refuſe their verdant food,
The thirſty heifers ſhun the gliding flood,
The ſilver ſwans her hapleſs fate bemoan
In notes more ſad than when they ſing their own;
In hollow caves ſweet Echo ſilent lies,
Silent, or only to her name replies;
Her name with pleaſure once ſhe taught the ſhore,
Now Daphne 's dead, and pleaſure is no more!
No grateful dews deſcend from ev'ning ſkies,
Nor morning odours from the flow'rs ariſe;

No rich perfumes refresh the fruitful field,
Nor fragrant herbs their native incense yield.
The balmy Zephyrs, silent since her death,
Lament the ceasing of a sweeter breath;
Th' industrious bees neglect their golden store!
Fair Daphne 's dead, and sweetness is no more!
No more the mounting larks, while Daphne sings,
Shall list'ning in mid air suspend their wings;
No more the birds shall imitate her lays,
Or, hush'd with wonder, hearken from the sprays:
No more the streams their murmurs shall forbear,
A sweeter music than their own to hear,
But tell the reeds, and tell the vocal shore,
Fair Daphne 's dead, and music is no more!
Her fate is whisper'd by the gentle breeze,
And told in sighs to all the trembling trees;
The trembling trees, in ev'ry plain and wood,
Her fate remurmur to the silver flood;
The silver flood, so lately calm, appears
Swell'd with new passion, and o'erflows with tears;
The winds, and trees, and floods, her death deplore,
Daphne, our grief, our glory, now no more!
But see! where Daphne wond'ring mounts on high
Above the clouds, above the starry sky!
Eternal beauties grace the shining scene,
Fields ever fresh, and groves for ever green!
There while you rest in amaranthine bow'rs,
Or from those meads select unfading flow'rs,

Behold us kindly, who your name implore,
Daphne, our goddeſs, and our grief, no more!
LYC. How all things liſten while thy Muſe complains!
Such ſilence waits on Philomela's ſtrains,
In ſome ſtill ev'ning, when the whiſp'ring breeze
Pants on the leaves, and dies upon the trees.
To thee, bright Goddeſs! oft' a lamb ſhall bleed,
If teeming ewes increaſe my fleecy breed.
While plants their ſhade, or flow'rs their odours give,
Thy name, thy honour, and thy praiſe, ſhall live!
THYR. But ſee, Orion ſheds unwholeſome dews;
Ariſe, the pines a noxious ſhade diffuſe;
Sharp Boreas blows, and Nature feels decay,
Time conquers all, and we muſt Time obey.
Adieu, ye Vales! ye Mountains, Streams, and Groves!
Adieu, ye Shepherds' rural Lays and Loves!
Adieu, my Flocks! farewell, ye Sylvan Crew!
Daphne, farewell! and all the World adieu!

MESSIAH.

A SACRED ECLOGUE,

IN IMITATION OF VIRGIL'S POLLIO.

Advertiſement.

IN reading ſeveral paſſages of the Prophet Iſaiah, which foretell the coming of Chriſt, and the felicities attending it, I could not but obſerve a remarkable parity between many of the thoughts and thoſe in the Pollio of Virgil. This will not ſeem ſurpriſing, when we reflect that the Eclogue was taken from a Sibylline propheſy on the ſame ſubject. One may judge that Virgil did not copy it line by line, but ſelected ſuch ideas as beſt agreed with the nature of paſtoral poetry, and diſpoſed them in that manner which ſerved moſt to beautify his piece. I have endeavoured the ſame in this Imitation of him, though without admitting any thing of my own; ſince it was written with this particular view, that the reader, by comparing the ſeveral thoughts, might ſee how far the images and deſcriptions of the Prophet are ſuperior to thoſe of the Poet. But as I fear I have prejudiced them by my management, I ſhall ſubjoin the paſſages of Iſaiah, and thoſe of Virgil, under the ſame diſadvantage of a literal tranſlation. P.

YE Nymphs of Solyma! begin the ſong;
To heav'nly themes ſublimer ſtrains belong.
The moſſy fountains and the ſylvan ſhades,
The dreams of Pindus and th' Aonian maids
Delight no more—O thou my voice inſpire
Who touch'd Iſaiah's hallow'd lips with fire!
 Rapt into future times, the bard begun:
A Virgin ſhall conceive, a Virgin bear a ſon!

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 8. A Virgin ſhall conceive--All crimes ſhall ceaſe, *&c.*]

Virg. Ecl. iv. 6.

Jam redit et Virgo, redeunt Saturnia regna;
Jam nova progenies cælo demittitur alto.

From Jeſſe's root behold a Branch ariſe *,
Whoſe ſacred flow'r with fragrance fills the ſkies:
Th' ethereal Spirit o'er its leaves ſhall move,
And on its top deſcends the myſtic Dove.
Ye Heav'ns! from high the dewy nectar pour,
And in ſoft ſilence ſhed the kindly ſhow'r †!
The ſick and weak the healing plant ſhall aid ||,
From ſtorms a ſhelter, and from heat a ſhade.
All crimes ſhall ceaſe, and ancient fraud ſhall fail,
Returning Juſtice lift aloft her ſcale ‡;
Peace o'er the world her olive wand extend,
And white-rob'd Innocence from heav'n deſcend.

IMITATIONS.

Te duce, ſi qua manent ſceleris veſtigia noſtri,
Irrita perpetua ſolvent formidine terras---
Pacatumque regit patriis virtutibus orbem.

"Now the Virgin returns, now the kingdom of Saturn re- "turns, now a new progeny is ſent down from high heaven. "By means of thee, whatever relics of our crimes remain ſhall "be wiped away, and free the world from perpetual fears. "He ſhall govern the earth in peace, with the virtues of his "father."

Iſaiah vii. 14. "Behold, a virgin ſhall conceive and bear a "ſon." Chap. ix. 6, 7. "Unto us a child is born, unto us a "ſon is given, the Prince of Peace: of the increaſe of his go- "vernment, and of his peace, there ſhall be no end: upon the "throne of David, and upon his kingdom, to order and to "eſtabliſh it with judgment, and with juſtice, for ever and "ever." P.

* *Iſaiah* xi. 1. † Chap. xlv. 8. || Chap. xxv. 4.
‡ Chap. ix. 7.

Swift fly the years, and riſe th' expected morn!
Oh, ſpring to light! auſpicious Babe! be born.
See Nature haſtes her earlieſt wreaths to bring,
With all the incenſe of the breathing ſpring;
See lofty Lebanon * his head advance,
See nodding foreſts on the mountains dance;
See ſpicy clouds from lowly Saron riſe,
And Carmel's flow'ry top perfumes the ſkies!
Hark! a glad voice the lonely deſert cheers;
Prepare the way †! a God, a God appears!

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 23. See Nature haſtes, *&c.*] *Virg.* Ecl. iv. 18.

At tibi prima, puer, nullo munuſcula cultu,
Errantes hederas paſſim cum baccare tellus,
Mixtaque ridenti colocaſia fundet acantho---
Ipſa tiba blandos fundent cunabula flores.

"For thee, O Child! ſhall the earth, without being tilled, "produce her early offerings; winding ivy, mixed with baccar, and colocaſia, with ſmiling acanthus. Thy cradle ſhall "pour forth pleaſing flowers about thee."

Iſaiah xxxv. 1. "The wilderneſs and the ſolitary place "ſhall be glad, and the deſert ſhall rejoice and bloſſom as the "roſe." Chap. lx. 13. "The glory of Lebanon ſhall come "unto thee, the fir-tree the pine-tree and the box together, "to beautify the place of thy ſanctuary." P.

Ver. 29. Hark! a glad voice, *&c.*] *Virg.* Ecl. iv. 46.

Aggredere O magnos, aderit jam tempus, honores,
Cara deum ſoboles, magnum Jovis incrementum---,
Ipſi lætitia voces ad ſydera jactant
Intonſi montes, ipſæ jam carmina rupes,
Ipſa ſonant arbuſta, Deus, Deus ille Menalca!

Ecl. v. 62.

* *Iſaiah* xxxv. 2. † Chap. xl. 3, 4.

A God, a God! the vocal hills reply,
The rocks proclaim th' approaching Deity.
Lo, earth receives him from the bending ſkies!
Sink down, ye Mountains! and, ye Vallies! riſe;
With heads declin'd, ye Cedars! homage pay;
Be ſmooth, ye Rocks! ye rapid Floods! give way;
The Saviour comes! by ancient bards foretold:
Hear him, ye Deaf! and all ye Blind behold!
He from thick films ſhall purge the viſual ray,
And on the ſightleſs eyeball pour the day:
'Tis he th' obſtructed paths of ſound ſhall clear,
And bid new muſic charm th' unfolding ear:
The dumb ſhall ſing, the lame his crutch forego,
And leap exulting like the bounding roe *.
No ſigh, no murmur, the wide world ſhall hear,
From ev'ry face he wipes off ev'ry tear.

IMITATIONS.

"Oh! come and receive the mighty honours: the time "draws nigh, O beloved offspring of the gods! O great in-"creaſe of Jove! The uncultivated mountains ſend ſhouts "of joy to the ſtars, the very rocks ſing in verſe, the very "ſhrubs cry out, A God, a God!"

Iſaiah xl. 3, 4. "The voice of him that crieth in the wil-"derneſs, Prepare ye the way of the Lord! make ſtraight in "the deſert a high way for our God! Every valley ſhall be "exalted, and every mountain and hill ſhall be made low, and "the crooked ſhall be made ſtraight, and the rough places "plain." Chap. iv. 23. "Break forth into ſinging, ye Moun-"tains! O Foreſt, and every tree therein! for the Lord hath "redeemed Iſrael." P.

* *Iſaiah* xliii. 18. Chap. xxxv. 5, 6.

In adamantine chains ſhall Death be bound *,
And hell's grim tyrant feel th' eternal wound.
As the good ſhepherd tends his fleecy care,
Seeks freſheſt paſture and the pureſt air,
Explores the loſt, the wand'ring ſheep directs,
By day o'erſees them, and by night protects;
The tender lambs he raiſes in his arms,
Feeds from his hand, and in his boſom warms †;
Thus ſhall mankind his guardian care engage,
The promis'd father of the future age ‖.
No more ſhall nation againſt nation riſe,
Nor ardent warriors meet with hateful eyes,
Nor fields with gleaming ſteel be cover'd o'er,
The brazen trumpets kindle rage no more;
But uſeleſs lances into ſithes ſhall bend,
And the broad falchion in a ploughſhare end ‡.
Then palaces ſhall riſe; the joyful ſon
Shall finiſh what his ſhort-liv'd ſire begun;
Their vines a ſhadow to their race ſhall yield,
And the ſame hand that ſow'd ſhall reap the field §.
The ſwain in barren deſerts with ſurpriſe
Sees lilies ſpring, and ſudden verdure riſe,

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 67. The ſwain in barren deſerts, &c.] *Virg.* Ecl. iv. 28.
Molli paulatim flaveſcet campus ariſta,
Incultiſque rubens pendebit ſentibus uva,
Et duræ quercus ſudabunt roſcida mella.

* *Iſa.* xxv. 8. † Chap. xl. 11. ‖ Chap. ix. 6. ‡ Chap. ii. 4.
§ Chap. lxv. 21, 22.

And ſtarts amidſt the thirſty wilds to hear
New falls of water murm'ring in his ear *.
On rifted rocks, the dragons' late abodes,
The green reed trembles, and the bulruſh nods †.
Waſte ſandy vallies, once perplex'd with thorn,
The ſpiry fir and ſhapely box adorn;
To leafleſs ſhrubs the flow'ring palms ſucceed,
And od'rous myrtle to the noiſome weed ||.
The lambs with wolves ſhall graze the verdant mead,
And boys in flow'ry bands the tiger lead ‡;

IMITATIONS.

"The fields ſhall grow yellow with ripened ears, and the "red grape ſhall hang upon the wild brambles, and the hard "oaks ſhall diſtil honey like dew."

Iſaiah xxxv. 7. "The parched ground ſhall become a pool, "and the thirſty lands ſprings of water: in the habitation "where dragons lay ſhall be graſs, and reeds, and ruſhes."--- Chap. lv. 13. "Inſtead of the thorn ſhall come up the fir-tree, "and inſtead of the brier ſhall come up the myrtle-tree." P.

Ver. 77. The lambs with wolves, &c.] *Virg.* Ecl. iv. 21.

Ipſæ lacte domum referent diſtenta capellæ
Ubera, nec magnos metuent armenta leones---
Occidet et ſerpens, et fallax herba veneni
Occidet.---

"The goats ſhall bear to the fold their udders diſtended "with milk: nor ſhall the herds be afraid of the greateſt lions. "The ſerpent ſhall die, and the herb that conceals poiſon "ſhall die."

Iſaiah xi. 16, &c. "The wolf ſhall dwell with the lamb, "and the leopard ſhall lie down with the kid, and the calf

* *Iſaiah* xxxv. 1, 7. † Chap. xli. 19. || Chap. lv. 13.
‡ Chap. xi. 6, 7, 8.

The ſteer and lion at one crib ſhall meet,
And harmleſs ſerpents lick the pilgrim's feet;
The ſmiling infant in his hand ſhall take
The creſted baſiliſk and ſpeckled ſnake;
Pleas'd, the green luſtre of the ſcales ſurvey,
And with their forky tongue ſhall innocently play *.
Riſe, crown'd with light, imperial Salem †, riſe!
Exalt thy tow'ry head, and lift thy eyes!
See a long race thy ſpacious courts adorn;
See future ſons and daughters, yet unborn,
In crowding ranks on ev'ry ſide ariſe ‖,
Demanding life, impatient for the ſkies!
See barb'rous nations at thy gates attend,
Walk in thy light, and in thy temple bend;

IMITATIONS.

"and the young lion and the fatling together, and a little "child ſhall lead them. And the lion ſhall eat ſtraw like the "ox. And the ſucking child ſhall play on the hole of the aſp, "and the weaned child ſhall put his hand on the den of the "cockatrice." P.

Ver. 85. Riſe, crown'd with light, imperial Salem, riſe! &c.] The thoughts of Iſaiah, which compoſe the latter part of the Poem, are wonderfully elevated, and much above thoſe general exclamations of Virgil, which make the loftieſt parts of his Pollio.

> Magnus ab integro ſæclorum naſcitur ordo!
> ---toto ſurget gens aurea mundo!
> ---incipient magni procedere menſes
> Aſpice, venturo lætentur ut omnia ſæclo! &c.

The reader needs only to turn to the paſſages of Iſaiah here cited. P.

* *Iſaiah* lxv. 25. † Chap. lx. 1. ‖ Chap. lx. 4.

See thy bright altars throng'd with proſtrate kings *,
And heap'd with products of Sabæan ſprings!
For thee Idume's ſpicy foreſts blow,
And ſeeds of gold in Ophir's mountains glow †.
See heav'n its ſparkling portals wide diſplay,
And break upon thee in a flood of day.
No more the riſing ſun ſhall gild the morn,
Nor ev'ning Cynthia fill her ſilver horn;
But loſt, diſſolv'd in thy ſuperior rays ‖,
One tide of glory, one unclouded blaze,
O'erflow thy courts: the Light himſelf ſhall ſhine
Reveal'd, and God's eternal day be thine!
The ſeas ſhall waſte, the ſkies in ſmoke decay,
Rocks fall to duſt, and mountains melt away;
But fix'd his word, his ſaving pow'r, remains ‡;
Thy realm for ever laſts, thy own MESSIAH reigns!

* *Iſaiah* lx. 3. † Chap. lx. 6. ‖ Chap. lx. 19, 20.
‡ Chap. li. 6. and Chap. liv. 10.

WINDSOR FOREST.

TO THE RIGHT HON.

GEORGE LORD LANSDOWNE.

Non injuſſa cano: Te noſtræ, Vare, myricæ,
Te Nemus omne canet: nec Phœbo gratior ulla eſt,
Quam ſibi quæ Vari præſcripſit pagina nomen. VIRG.

THY foreſt, Windſor! and thy green retreats,
At once the Monarch's and the Muſes' ſeats,
Invite my lays. Be preſent, ſylvan Maids!
Unlock your ſprings, and open all your ſhades.
Granville commands; your aid, O Muſes! bring;
What Muſe for Granville can refuſe to ſing?
The groves of Eden, vaniſh'd now ſo long,
Live in deſcription, and look green in ſong:
Theſe, were my breaſt inſpir'd with equal flame,
Like them in beauty, ſhould be like in fame.
Here hills and vales, the woodland and the plain,
Here earth and water ſeem to ſtrive again;
Not chaos-like together cruſh'd and bruis'd,
But, as the world, harmoniouſly confus'd;
Where order in variety we ſee,
And where tho' all things differ all agree.
Here waving groves a chequer'd ſcene diſplay,
And part admit and part exclude the day;

As ſome coy nymph her lover's warm addreſs
Nor quite indulges nor can quite repreſs.
There, interſpers'd in lawns and op'ning glades,
Thin trees ariſe that ſhun each other's ſhades.
Here in full light the ruſſet plains extend;
There wrapp'd in clouds the bluiſh hills aſcend.
Ev'n the wild heath diſplays her purple dyes,
And 'midſt the deſert fruitful fields ariſe,
That, crown'd with tufted trees and ſpringing corn,
Like verdant iſles, the ſable waſte adorn.
Let India boaſt her plants, nor envy we
The weeping amber or the balmy tree,
While by our oaks the precious loads are borne,
And realms commanded which thoſe trees adorn.
Not proud Olympus yields a nobler ſight,
Tho' gods aſſembled grace his tow'ring height,
Than what more humble mountains offer here,
Where in their bleſſings all thoſe gods appear.
See Pan with flocks, with fruits Pomona crown'd,
Here bluſhing Flora paints th' enamell'd ground;
Here Ceres' gifts in waving proſpect ſtand,
And nodding tempt the joyful reaper's hand;
Rich Induſtry ſits ſmiling on the plains,
And Peace and Plenty tell a Stuart reigns.
  Not thus the land appear'd in ages paſt,
A dreary deſert, and a gloomy waſte,
To ſavage beaſts and ſavage laws a prey,
And kings more furious and ſevere than they;

Who claim'd the ſkies, diſpeopled air and floods,
The lonely lords of empty wilds and woods:
Cities laid waſte, they ſtorm'd the dens and caves,
(For wiſer brutes were backward to be ſlaves.)
What could be free when lawleſs beaſts obey'd,
And ev'n the elements a tyrant ſway'd?
In vain kind ſeaſons ſwell'd the teeming grain,
Soft ſhow'rs diſtill'd, and ſuns grew warm in vain;
The ſwain with tears his fruſtrate labour yields,
And famiſh'd dies amidſt his ripen'd fields.
What wonder then a beaſt or ſubject ſlain
Were equal crimes in a deſpotic reign?
Both doom'd alike, for ſportive tyrants bled,
But while the ſubject ſtarv'd the beaſt was fed.
Proud Nimrod firſt the bloody chaſe began,
A mighty hunter, and his prey was man:
Our haughty Norman boaſts that barb'rous name,
And makes his trembling ſlaves the royal game.
The fields are raviſh'd from th' induſtrious ſwains,
From men their cities, and from gods their fanes;
The levell'd towns with weeds lie cover'd o'er,
The hollow winds thro' naked temples roar;
Round broken columns claſping ivy twin'd;
O'er heaps of ruin ſtalk'd the ſtately hind;
The fox obſcene to gaping tombs retires,
And ſavage howlings fill the ſacred quires.
Aw'd by his nobles, by his commons curſt,
Th' oppreſſor rul'd tyrannic where he durſt,

Stretch'd o'er the poor and church his iron rod,
And ſerv'd alike his vaſſals and his God:
Whom ev'n the Saxon ſpar'd, and bloody Dane,
The wanton victims of his ſport remain.
But ſee, the man who ſpacious regions gave
A waſte for beaſts himſelf deny'd a grave!
Stretch'd on the lawn his ſecond hope ſurvey,
At once the chaſer and at once the prey:
Lo Rufus, tugging at the deadly dart,
Bleeds in the foreſt like a wounded hart.
Succeeding monarchs heard the ſubjects' cries,
Nor ſaw diſpleas'd the peaceful cottage riſe:
Then gath'ring flocks on unknown mountains fed,
O'er ſandy wilds were yellow harveſts ſpread,
The Foreſt wonder'd at th' unuſual grain,
And ſecret tranſports touch'd the conſcious ſwain.
Fair Liberty, Britannia's goddeſs, rears
Her cheerful head, and leads the golden years.
Ye vig'rous Swains! while youth ferments your blood,
And purer ſpirits ſwell the ſprightly flood,
Now range the hills, the gameful woods beſet,
Wind the ſhrill horn, or ſpread the waving net.
When milder autumn ſummer's heat ſucceeds,
And in the new-ſhorn field the partridge feeds,
Before his lord the ready ſpaniel bounds,
Panting with hope, he tries the furrow'd grounds;
But when the tainted gales the game betray,
Couch'd cloſe he lies, and meditates the prey;

Secure they truſt th' unfaithful field beſet,
Till hov'ring o'er them ſweeps the ſwelling net.
Thus (if ſmall things we may with great compare)
When Albion ſends her eager ſons to war,
Some thoughtleſs town, with eaſe and plenty bleſt,
Near, and more near, the cloſing lines inveſt;
Sudden they ſeize th' amaz'd, defenceleſs prize,
And high in air Britannia's ſtandard flies.

See! from the brake the whirring pheaſant ſprings,
And mounts exulting on triumphant wings:
Short is his joy; he feels the fiery wound,
Flutters in blood, and panting beats the ground.
Ah! what avail his gloſſy varying dyes,
His purple creſt and ſcarlet-circled eyes,
The vivid green his ſhining plumes unfold,
His painted wings, and breaſt that flames with gold?

Nor yet, when moiſt Arcturus clouds the ſky,
The woods and fields their pleaſing toils deny.
To plains with well-breath'd beagles we repair,
And trace the mazes of the circling hare:
(Beaſts, urg'd by us, their fellow-beaſts purſue,
And learn of man each other to undo.)
With ſlaught'ring guns th' unweary'd fowler roves,
When froſts have whiten'd all the naked groves;
Where doves in flocks the leafleſs trees o'erſhade,
And lonely woodcocks haunt the wat'ry glade.
He lifts the tube, and levels with his eye;
Straight a ſhort thunder breaks the frozen ſky:

Oft', as in airy rings they ſkim the heath,
The clam'rous lapwings feel the leaden death:
Oft', as the mounting larks their notes prepare,
They fall, and leave their little lives in air.
In genial ſpring, beneath the quiv'ring ſhade,
Where cooling vapours breathe along the mead,
The patient fiſher takes his ſilent ſtand,
Intent, his angle trembling in his hand;
With looks unmov'd he hopes the ſcaly breed,
And eyes the dancing cork and bending reed.
Our plenteous ſtreams a various race ſupply,
The bright-ey'd perch with fins of Tyrian dye,
The ſilver eel, in ſhining volumes roll'd,
The yellow carp, in ſcales bedropp'd with gold,
Swift trouts, diverſify'd with crimſon ſtains,
And pikes, the tyrants of the wat'ry plains.
Now Cancer glows with Phœbus' fiery car,
The youth ruſh eager to the ſylvan war,
Swarm o'er the lawns, the Foreſt walks ſurround,
Rouſe the fleet hart, and cheer the op'ning hound.
Th' impatient courſer pants in ev'ry vein,
And, pawing, ſeems to beat the diſtant plain:
Hills, vales, and floods, appear already croſs'd,
And ere he ſtarts a thouſand ſteps are loſt.
See the bold youth ſtrain up the threat'ning ſteep,
Ruſh thro' the thickets, down the vallies ſweep,
Hang o'er their courſers' heads with eager ſpeed,
And earth rolls back beneath the flying ſteed.

Let old Arcadia boaſt her ample plain,
Th' immortal huntreſs, and her virgin train;
Nor envy, Windſor! ſince thy ſhades have ſeen
As bright a goddeſs, and as chaſte a queen,
Whoſe care, like her's, protects the ſylvan reign,
The earth's fair light, and empreſs of the main.
Here, too, 't is ſung, of old Diana ſtray'd,
And Cynthus' top forſook for Windſor ſhade;
Here was ſhe ſeen o'er airy waſtes to rove,
Seek the clear ſpring, or haunt the pathleſs grove;
Here arm'd with ſilver bows, in early dawn
Her buſkin'd virgins trac'd the dewy lawn.
Above the reſt a rural nymph was fam'd,
Thy offspring, Thames! the fair Lodona nam'd;
(Lodona's fate, in long oblivion caſt,
The Muſe ſhall ſing, and what ſhe ſings ſhall laſt.)
Scarce could the goddeſs from her nymph be known
But by the creſcent and the golden zone.
She ſcorn'd the praiſe of Beauty, and the care;
A belt her waiſt, a fillet binds her hair;
A painted quiver on her ſhoulder ſounds,
And with her dart the flying deer ſhe wounds.
It chanc'd, as eager of the chaſe, the maid
Beyond the Foreſt's verdant limits ſtray'd,
Pan ſaw and lov'd, and, burning with deſire,
Purſu'd her flight; her flight increas'd his fire.
Not half ſo ſwift the trembling doves can fly,
When the fierce eagle cleaves the liquid ſky;

Not half fo fwiftly the fierce eagle moves,
When thro' the clouds he drives the trembling doves,
As from the god fhe flew with furious pace,
Or as the god, more furious, urg'd the chafe.
Now fainting, finking, pale, the nymph appears;
Now clofe behind his founding fteps fhe hears;
And now his fhadow reach'd her as fhe run,
His fhadow lengthen'd by the fetting fun;
And now his fhorter breath, with fultry air,
Pants on her neck, and fans her parting hair.
In vain on Father Thames fhe calls for aid,
Nor could Diana help her injur'd maid.
Faint, breathlefs, thus fhe pray'd, nor pray'd in vain;
" Ah, Cynthia! ah—tho' banifh'd from thy train,
" Let me, O let me, to the fhades repair,
" My native fhades--there weep, and murmur there."
She faid, and melting as in tears fhe lay,
In a foft filver ftream diffolv'd away;
The filver ftream her virgin coldnefs keeps,
For ever murmurs, and for ever weeps;
Still bears the name the haplefs virgin bore,
And bathes the Foreft where fhe rang'd before:
In her chafte current oft' the goddefs laves,
And with celeftial tears augments the waves:
Oft' in her glafs the mufing fhepherd fpies
The headlong mountains and the downward fkies;
The wat'ry landfcape of the pendant woods,
And abfent trees that tremble in the floods;

In the clear azure gleam the flocks are ſeen,
And floating foreſts paint the waves with green:
Thro' the fair ſcene roll ſlow the ling'ring ſtreams,
Then foaming pour along, and ruſh into the Thames.
  Thou, too, great father of the Britiſh floods!
With joyful pride ſurvey'ſt our lofty woods,
Where tow'ring oaks their growing honours rear,
And future navies on thy ſhores appear.
Not Neptune's ſelf from all her ſtreams receives
A wealthier tribute than to thine he gives:
No ſeas ſo rich; ſo gay no banks appear;
No lake ſo gentle, and no ſpring ſo clear:
Nor Po ſo ſwells the fabling poet's lays,
While led along the ſkies his current ſtrays,
As thine, which viſits Windſor's fam'd abodes,
To grace the manſion of our earthly gods;
Nor all his ſtars above a luſtre ſhow
Like the bright beauties on thy banks below,
Where Jove, ſubdu'd by mortal paſſion ſtill,
Might change Olympus for a nobler hill.
  Happy the man whom this bright court approves,
His ſov'reign favours, and his country loves;
Happy next him who to theſe ſhades retires,
Whom Nature charms, and whom the Muſe inſpires;
Whom humbler joys of home-felt quiet pleaſe,
Succeſſive ſtudy, exerciſe, and eaſe:
He gathers health from herbs the Foreſt yields,
And of their fragrant phyſic ſpoils the fields;

With chymic art exalts the min'ral pow'rs,
And draws the aromatic souls of flow'rs:
Now marks the course of rolling orbs on high;
O'er figur'd worlds now travels with his eye;
Of ancient writ unlocks the learned store,
Consults the dead, and lives past ages o'er:
Or wand'ring thoughtful in the silent wood,
Attends the duties of the wise and good,
T' observe a mean, be to himself a friend,
To follow Nature, and regard his end;
Or looks on Heav'n with more than mortal eyes,
Bids his free soul expatiate in the skies,
Amid her kindred stars familiar roam,
Survey the region, and confess her home!
Such was the life great Scipio once admir'd,
Thus Atticus, and Trumball thus retir'd.
Ye sacred Nine! that all my soul possess,
Whose raptures fire me, and whose visions bless,
Bear me, oh! bear me to sequester'd scenes,
The bow'ry mazes, and surrounding greens;
To Thames's banks, which fragrant breezes fill,
Or where ye Muses sport on Cooper's Hill.
(On Cooper's Hill eternal wreaths shall grow,
While lasts the mountain, or while Thames shall flow.)
I seem thro' consecrated walks to rove,
I hear soft music die along the grove;
Led by the sound, I roam from shade to shade,
By godlike poets venerable made:

Here his first lays majestic Denham sung;
There the last numbers flow'd from Cowley's tongue.
O early lost! what tears the river shed
When the sad pomp along his banks was led?
His drooping swans on ev'ry note expire,
And on his willows hung each Muse's lyre.
Since Fate relentless stopp'd their heav'nly voice,
No more the forests ring or groves rejoice;
Who now shall charm the shades where Cowley strung
His living harp, and lofty Denham sung?
But, hark! the groves rejoice, the Forest rings!
Are these reviv'd? or is it Granville sings?
'Tis your's, my Lord, to bless our soft retreats,
And call the Muses to their ancient seats;
To paint anew the flow'ry sylvan scenes,
To crown the forests with immortal greens;
Make Windsor hills in lofty numbers rise,
And lift her turrets nearer to the skies;
To sing those honours you deserve to wear,
And add new lustre to her silver star.
Here noble Surrey felt the sacred rage,
Surrey, the Granville of a former age:
Matchless his pen, victorious was his lance,
Bold in the lists, and graceful in the dance:
In the same shades the Cupids tun'd his lyre,
To the same notes of love and soft desire:
Fair Geraldine, bright object of his vow,
Then fill'd the groves, as heav'nly Mira now.

Oh! wouldſt thou ſing what heroes Windſor bore,
What kings firſt breath'd upon her winding ſhore,
Or raiſe old warriors, whoſe ador'd remains
In weeping vaults her hallow'd earth contains!
With Edward's acts adorn the ſhining page,
Stretch his long triumphs down thro' ev'ry age,
Draw monarchs chain'd, and Creſſi's glorious field,
The lilies blazing on the regal ſhield;
Then from her roofs when Verrio's colours fall,
And leave inanimate the naked wall,
Still in thy ſong ſhould vanquiſh'd France appear,
And bleed for ever under Britain's ſpear.
Let ſofter ſtrains ill-fated Henry mourn,
And palms eternal flouriſh round his urn.
Here o'er the martyr-king the marble weeps,
And faſt beſide him once fear'd Edward ſleeps:
Whom not th' extended Albion could contain;
From old Belerium to the northern main
The grave unites; where ev'n the great find reſt,
And blended lie th' oppreſſor and th' oppreſt!
Make ſacred Charles's tomb for ever known,
(Obſcure the place, and uninſcrib'd the ſtone)
Oh, fact accurs'd! what tears has Albion ſhed!
Heav'ns! what new wounds! and how her old have bled!
She ſaw her ſons with purple deaths expire,
Her ſacred domes involv'd in rolling fire,
A dreadful ſeries of inteſtine wars,
Inglorious triumphs, and diſhoneſt ſcars.

At length great Anna faid—"Let difcord ceafe!"
She faid, the world obey'd, and all was peace!
  In that blefs'd moment from his oozy bed
Old Father Thames advanc'd his rev'rend head,
His treffes dropp'd with dews, and o'er the ftream
His fhining horns diffus'd a golden gleam;
Grav'd on his urn appear'd the moon, that guides
His fwelling waters and alternate tides;
The figur'd ftreams in waves of filver roll'd,
And on their banks Augufta rofe in gold.
Around his throne the fea-born brothers ftood,
Who fwell with tributary urns his flood:
Firft the fam'd authors of his ancient name,
The winding Ifis, and the fruitful Thame;
The Kennet fwift, for filver eels renown'd;
The Lodden flow, with verdant alders crown'd;
Cole, whofe dark ftreams his flow'ry iflands lave;
And chalky Wey, that rolls a milky wave:
The blue tranfparent Vandalis appears;
The gulfy Lee his fedgy treffes rears;
And fullen Mole, that hides his diving flood;
And filent Darent, ftain'd with Danifh blood.
  High in the midft, upon his urn reclin'd,
(His fea-green mantle waving with the wind)
The god appear'd: he turn'd his azure eyes
Where Windfor domes and pompous turrets rife,
Then bow'd and fpoke; the winds forget to roar,
And the hufh'd waves glide foftly to the fhore.

" Hail, ſacred Peace! hail, long expected days,
That Thames's glory to the ſtars ſhall raiſe!
Tho' Tyber's ſtreams immortal Rome behold,
Tho' foaming Hermus ſwells with tides of gold,
From heav'n itſelf tho' ſev'nfold Nilus flows,
And harveſts on a hundred realms beſtows;
Theſe now no more ſhall be the Muſe's themes,
Loſt in my fame as in the ſea their ſtreams.
Let Volga's banks with iron ſquadrons ſhine,
And groves of lances glitter on the Rhine,
Let barb'rous Ganges arm a ſervile train;
Be mine the bleſſings of a peaceful reign.
No more my ſons ſhall dye with Britiſh blood
Red Iber's ſands, or Iſter's foaming flood:
Safe on my ſhore each unmoleſted ſwain
Shall tend the flocks, or reap the bearded grain;
The ſhady empire ſhall retain no trace
Of war or blood but in the ſylvan chaſe;
The trumpet ſleep while cheerful horns are blown,
And arms employ'd on birds and beaſts alone.
Behold! th' aſcending villas on my ſide
Project long ſhadows o'er the cryſtal tide;
Behold! Auguſta's glitt'ring ſpires increaſe,
And temples riſe, the beauteous works of Peace.
I ſee, I ſee, where two fair cities bend
Their ample bow, a new Whitehall aſcend!
There mighty nations ſhall inquire their doom,
The world's great oracle in times to come;

There kings ſhall ſue, and ſuppliant ſtates be ſeen
Once more to bend before a Britiſh Queen.
  Thy trees, fair Windſor! now ſhall leave their woods,
And half thy foreſts ruſh into thy floods,
Bear Britain's thunder, and her croſs diſplay
To the bright regions of the riſing day;
Tempt icy ſeas, where ſcarce the waters roll,
Where clearer flames glow round the frozen pole;
Or under ſouthern ſkies exalt their ſails,
Led by new ſtars, and borne by ſpicy gales!
For me the balm ſhall bleed and amber flow,
The coral redden, and the ruby glow,
The pearly ſhell its lucid globe infold,
And Phœbus warm the rip'ning ore to gold.
The time ſhall come when, free as ſeas or wind,
Unbounded Thames ſhall flow for all mankind,
Whole nations enter with each ſwelling tide,
And ſeas but join the regions they divide;
Earth's diſtant ends our glory ſhall behold,
And the new world lanch forth to ſeek the old.
Then ſhips of uncouth form ſhall ſtem the tide,
And feather'd people crowd my wealthy ſide,
And naked youths and painted chiefs admire
Our ſpeech, our colour, and our ſtrange attire!
Oh! ſtretch thy reign, fair Peace! from ſhore to ſhore,
Till conqueſt ceaſe, and ſlav'ry be no more;
Till the freed Indians in their native groves
Reap their own fruits, and woo their ſable loves;

Peru once more a race of kings behold,
And other Mexicos be roof'd with gold.
Exil'd by thee from earth to deepeſt hell,
In brazen bonds ſhall barb'rous Diſcord dwell:
Gigantic Pride, pale Terror, gloomy Care,
And mad Ambition ſhall attend her there:
There purple Vengeance, bath'd in gore, retires,
Her weapons blunted, and extinct her fires:
There hateful Envy her own ſnakes ſhall feel,
And Perſecution mourn her broken wheel:
There Faction roar, Rebellion bite her chain,
And gaſping Furies thirſt for blood in vain."
 Here ceaſe thy flight, nor with unhallow'd lays
Touch the fair fame of Albion's golden days:
The thoughts of gods let Granville's verſe recite,
And bring the ſcenes of op'ning fate to light.
My humble Muſe, in unambitious ſtrains,
Paints the green foreſts and the flow'ry plains,
Where Peace deſcending bids her olives ſpring,
And ſcatters bleſſings from her dove-like wing.
Ev'n I more ſweetly paſs my careleſs days,
Pleas'd in the ſilent ſhade with empty praiſe;
Enough for me that to the liſt'ning ſwains
Firſt in theſe fields I ſung the ſylvan ſtrains.

THE RAPE OF THE LOCK.

AN HEROÏ-COMICAL POEM.

IN FIVE CANTOS.

[*Written in the year* 1712.]

TO MRS. ARABELLA FERMOR.

MADAM,

It will be in vain to deny that I have ſome regard for this Piece, ſince I dedicate it to you. Yet you may bear me witneſs, it was intended only to divert a few young ladies, who have good ſenſe and good humour enough to laugh not only at their ſex's little unguarded follies, but at their own. But as it was communicated with the air of a ſecret, it ſoon found its way into the world. An imperfect copy having been offered to a bookſeller, you had the good nature, for my ſake, to conſent to the publication of one more correct: this I was forced to before I had executed half my deſign, for the machinery was entirely wanting to complete it.

The machinery, Madam, is a term invented by the critics, to ſignify that part which the deities, angels, or dæmons, are made to act in a poem: for the ancient poets are in one reſpect like many mo-

dern ladies, let an action be never so trivial in itself, they always make it appear of the utmost importance. These machines I determined to raise on a very new and odd foundation, the Rosicrusian doctrine of spirits.

I know how disagreeable it is to make use of hard words before a lady; but it is so much the concern of a poet to have his works understood, and particularly by your sex, that you must give me leave to explain two or three difficult terms.

The Rosicrusians are a people I must bring you acquainted with. The best account I know of them is in a French book called *Le Comte de Gabalis*, which, both in its title and size, is so like a novel, that many of the fair sex have read it for one by mistake. According to these gentlemen, the four elements are inhabited by spirits, which they call Sylphs, Gnomes, Nymphs, and Salamanders. The gnomes, or dæmons of earth, delight in mischief; but the sylphs, whose habitation is in the air, are the best-conditioned creatures imaginable: for they say any mortal may enjoy the most intimate familiarities with these gentle spirits upon a condition very easy to all true adepts, an inviolate preservation of chastity.

As to the following Cantos, all the passages of them are as fabulous as the Vision at the beginning, or the Transformation at the end; (except the loss of

your hair, which I always mention with reverence.) The human perſons are as fictitious as the airy ones; and the character of Belinda, as it is now managed, reſembles you in nothing but in beauty. If this Poem had as many graces as there are in your perſon, or in your mind, yet I could never hope it ſhould paſs through the world half ſo uncenſured as you have done. But let its fortune be what it will, mine is happy enough to have given me this occaſion of aſſuring you that I am, with the trueſt eſteem,

MADAM,

Your moſt obedient humble ſervant,

A. POPE.

THE RAPE OF THE LOCK.

> Nolueram, Belinda, tuos violare capillos;
> Sed juvat, hoc precibus me tribuiſſe tuis. MART.

CANTO I.

WHAT dire offence from am'rous cauſes ſprings,
What mighty conteſts riſe from trivial things,
I ſing—This verſe to Caryl, Muſe! is due;
This ev'n Belinda may vouchſafe to view:
Slight is the ſubject, but not ſo the praiſe
If ſhe inſpire, and he approve, my lays.
  Say what ſtrange motive, Goddeſs! could compel
A well-bred lord t' aſſault a gentle belle?
O ſay what ſtranger cauſe, yet unexplor'd,
Could make a gentle belle reject a lord?
In taſks ſo bold can little men engage,
And in ſoft boſoms dwell ſuch mighty rage?
  Sol thro' white curtains ſhot a tim'rous ray,
And op'd thoſe eyes that muſt eclipſe the day:
Now lapdogs give themſelves the rouſing ſhake,
And ſleepleſs lovers juſt at twelve awake.
Thrice rung the bell, the ſlipper knock'd the ground,
And the preſs'd watch return'd a ſilver ſound:
Belinda ſtill her downy pillow preſt,
Her guardian Sylph prolong'd the balmy reſt:

'Twas he had ſummon'd to her ſilent bed
The morning-dream that hover'd o'er her head:
A youth more glitt'ring than a birthnight beau,
(That ev'n in ſlumber caus'd her cheek to glow)
Seem'd to her ear his winning lips to lay,
And thus in whiſpers ſaid, or ſeem'd to ſay:
"Faireſt of mortals! thou diſtinguiſh'd care
Of thouſand bright inhabitants of air!
If e'er one viſion touch'd thy infant thought
Of all the nurſe and all the prieſt have taught,
Of airy elves by moonlight ſhadows ſeen,
The ſilver token and the circled green,
Or virgins viſited by angel pow'rs,
With golden crowns and wreaths of heav'nly flow'rs,
Hear and believe! thy own importance know,
Nor bound thy narrow views to things below.
Some ſecret truths, from learned pride conceal'd,
To maids alone and children are reveal'd:
What tho' no credit doubting wits may give?
The fair and innocent ſhall ſtill believe.
Know then, unnumber'd ſpirits round thee fly,
The light militia of the lower ſky;
Theſe, tho' unſeen, are ever on the wing,
Hang o'er the box, and hover round the ring.
Think what an equipage thou haſt in air,
And view with ſcorn two pages and a chair.
As now your own, our beings were of old,
And once inclos'd in woman's beauteous mould;

Thence by a ſoft tranſition we repair
From earthly vehicles to thoſe of air.
Think not when woman's tranſient breath is fled
That all her vanities at once are dead;
Succeeding vanities ſhe ſtill regards,
And tho' ſhe plays no more o'erlooks the cards.
Her joy in gilded chariots, when alive,
And love of Ombre, after death ſurvive;
For when the fair in all their pride expire,
To their firſt elements their ſouls retire:
The ſprites of fiery termagants in flame
Mount up, and take a Salamander's name:
Soft yielding minds to water glide away,
And ſip, with Nymphs, their elemental tea;
The graver prude ſinks downward to a Gnome,
In ſearch of miſchief ſtill on earth to roam;
The light coquettes in Sylphs aloft repair,
And ſport and flutter in the fields of air.
  Know farther yet; whoever fair and chaſte
Rejects mankind, is by ſome Sylph embrac'd;
For ſpirits, freed from mortal laws, with eaſe
Aſſume what ſexes and what ſhapes they pleaſe.
What guards the purity of melting maids,
In courtly balls and midnight maſquerades,
Safe from the treach'rous friend, the daring ſpark,
The glance by day, the whiſper in the dark,
When kind occaſion prompts their warm deſires,
When muſic ſoftens, and when dancing fires?

'Tis but their Sylph, the wiſe celeſtials know,
Tho' Honour is the word with men below.
Some nymphs there are, too conſcious of their face,
For life predeſtin'd to the Gnomes' embrace.
Theſe ſwell their proſpects and exalt their pride,
When offers are diſdain'd and love deny'd:
Then gay ideas crowd the vacant brain,
While peers, and dukes, and all their ſweeping train,
And garters, ſtars, and coronets, appear,
And in ſoft ſounds Your Grace ſalutes their ear.
'Tis theſe that early taint the female ſoul,
Inſtruct the eyes of young coquettes to roll,
Teach infant cheeks a bidden bluſh to know,
And little hearts to flutter at a beau.
Oft' when the world imagine women ſtray,
The Sylphs thro' myſtic mazes guide their way;
Thro' all the giddy circle they purſue,
And old impertinence expel by new.
What tender maid but muſt a victim fall
To one man's treat, but for another's ball?
When Florio ſpeaks what virgin could withſtand,
If gentle Damon did not ſqueeze her hand?
With varying vanities from ev'ry part
They ſhift the moving toyſhop of their heart;
Where wigs with wigs, with ſwordknots ſwordknots
Beaus baniſh beaus, and coaches coaches drive. [ſtrive,
This erring mortals levity may call;
Oh, blind to truth! the Sylphs contrive it all.

Of theſe am I, who thy protection claim,
A watchful ſprite, and Ariel is my name.
Late, as I rang'd the cryſtal wilds of air,
In the clear mirror of thy ruling ſtar
I ſaw, alas! ſome dread event impend,
Ere to the main this morning ſun deſcend,
But Heav'n reveals not what, or how, or where:
Warn'd by thy Sylph, oh, pious maid, beware!
This to diſcloſe is all thy guardian can:
Beware of all, but moſt beware of man!"
He ſaid; when Shock, who thought ſhe ſlept too long,
Leap'd up, and wak'd his miſtreſs with his tongue.
'Twas then, Belinda, if report ſay true,
Thy eyes firſt open'd on a billet-doux;
Wounds, charms, and ardours, were no ſooner read,
But all the viſion vaniſh'd from thy head.
And now, unvail'd, the toilette ſtands diſplay'd,
Each ſilver vaſe in myſtic order laid.
Firſt, rob'd in white, the nymph intent, adores,
With head uncover'd, the coſmetic pow'rs.
A heav'nly image in the glaſs appears,
To that ſhe bends, to that her eyes ſhe rears;
Th' inferior prieſteſs, at her altar's ſide,
Trembling begins the ſacred rites of Pride.
Unnumber'd treaſures ope at once, and here
The various off'rings of the world appear;
From each ſhe nicely culls with curious toil,
And decks the goddeſs with the glitt'ring ſpoil.

This casket India's glowing gems unlocks,
And all Arabia breathes from yonder box.
The tortoise here and elephant unite,
Transform'd to combs, the speckled and the white.
Here files of pins extend their shining rows,
Puffs, powders, patches, bibles, billet-doux.
Now awful Beauty puts on all its arms;
The fair each moment rises in her charms,
Repairs her smiles, awakens ev'ry grace,
And calls forth all the wonders of her face;
Sees by degrees a purer blush arise,
And keener lightnings quicken in her eyes.
The busy Sylphs surround their darling care,
These set the head, and those divide the hair;
Some fold the sleeve, whilst others plait the gown,
And Betty 's prais'd for labours not her own.

CANTO II.

Not with more glories in th' ethereal plain
The sun first rises o'er the purpled main,
Than, issuing forth, the rival of his beams
Lanch'd on the bosom of the silver Thames.
Fair nymphs and well-dress'd youths around her
But ev'ry eye was fix'd on her alone. [shone,
On her white breast a sparkling cross she wore,
Which Jews might kiss, and Infidels adore.
Her lively looks a sprightly mind disclose,
Quick as her eyes, and as unfix'd as those:

While ev'ry beam new tranſient colours flings,
Colours that change whene'er they wave their wings.
Amid the circle, on the gilded maſt,
Superior by the head, was Ariel plac'd;
His purple pinions op'ning to the ſun,
He rais'd his azure wand, and thus begun.
"Ye Sylphs and Sylphids! to your chief give ear,
Fays, Fairies, Genii, Elves, and Dæmons! hear:
Ye know the ſpheres, and various taſks aſſign'd
By laws eternal to th' aërial kind.
Some in the fields of pureſt ether play,
And baſk and whiten in the blaze of day;
Some guide the courſe of wand'ring orbs on high,
Or roll the planets thro' the boundleſs ſky;
Some, leſs refin'd, beneath the moon's pale light
Purſue the ſtars that ſhoot athwart the night,
Or ſuck the miſts in groſſer air below,
Or dip their pinions in the painted bow,
Or brew fierce tempeſts on the wintry main,
Or o'er the glebe diſtil the kindly rain:
Others on earth o'er human race preſide,
Watch all their ways, and all their actions guide:
Of theſe the chief the care of nations own,
And guard with arms divine the Britiſh throne.
Our humbler province is to tend the fair,
Not a leſs pleaſing tho' leſs glorious care;
To ſave the powder from too rude a gale,
Nor let th' impriſon'd eſſences exhale;

To draw fresh colours from the vernal flow'rs;
To steal from rainbows ere they drop in show'rs
A brighter wash; to curl their waving hairs,
Assist their blushes, and inspire their airs;
Nay oft', in dreams, invention we bestow
To change a flounce or add a furbelow.
 This day black omens threat the brightest fair
That e'er deserv'd a watchful spirit's care;
Some dire disaster or by force or sleight;
But what, or where, the Fates have wrapp'd in night:
Whether the nymph shall break Diana's law,
Or some frail china-jar receive a flaw;
Or stain her honour or her new brocade,
Forget her pray'rs, or miss a masquerade;
Or lose her heart or necklace at a ball,
Or whether Heav'n has doom'd that Shock must fall.
Haste then, ye Spirits! to your charge repair:
The flutt'ring fan be Zephyretta's care;
The drops to thee, Brillante, we consign;
And, Momentilla, let the watch be thine;
Do thou, Crispissa, tend her fav'rite Lock;
Ariel himself shall be the guard of Shock.
 To fifty chosen Sylphs, of special note,
We trust th' important charge the petticoat:
Oft' have we known that sev'nfold fence to fail
Tho' stiff with hoops, and arm'd with ribs of whale.
Form a strong line about the silver bound,
And guard the wide circumference around.

Whatever ſpirit, careleſs of his charge,
His poſt neglects, or leaves the fair at large,
Shall feel ſharp vengeance ſoon o'ertake his ſins,
Be ſtopp'd in vials, or transfix'd with pins;
Or plung'd in lakes of bitter waſhes lie,
Or wedg'd whole ages in a bodkin's eye:
Gums and pomatum ſhall his flight reſtrain,
While clogg'd he beats his ſilken wings in vain;
Or alum ſtyptics with contracting pow'r
Shrink his thin eſſence like a ſhrivell'd flow'r:
Or, as Ixion fix'd, the wretch ſhall feel
The giddy motion of the whirling mill,
In fumes of burning chocolate ſhall glow,
And tremble at the ſea that froths below!"
He ſpoke; the ſpirits from the ſails deſcend;
Some, orb in orb, around the nymph extend;
Some thrid the mazy ringlets of her hair;
Some hang upon the pendents of her ear;
With beating hearts the dire event they wait,
Anxious and trembling for the birth of Fate.

CANTO III.

Close by thoſe meads, for ever crown'd with flow'rs,
Where Thames with pride ſurveys his riſing tow'rs,
There ſtands a ſtructure of majeſtic frame,
Which from the neighb'ring Hampton takes its name.
Here Britain's ſtateſmen oft' the fall foredoom
Of foreign tyrants, and of nymphs at home;

Here thou, great Anna! whom three realms obey,
Doſt ſometimes counſel take—and ſometimes tea.
Hither the heroes and the nymphs reſort,
To taſte a while the pleaſures of a court;
In various talk th' inſtructive hours they paſt,
Who gave the ball, or paid the viſit laſt;
One ſpeaks the glory of the Britiſh Queen,
And one deſcribes a charming Indian ſcreen;
A third interprets motions, looks, and eyes;
At ev'ry word a reputation dies.
Snuff or the fan ſupply each pauſe of chat,
With ſinging, laughing, ogling, *and all that.*
Mean-while, declining from the noon of day
The ſun obliquely ſhoots his burning ray;
The hungry Judges ſoon the ſentence ſign,
And wretches hang that Jurymen may dine;
The merchant from th' Exchange returns in peace,
And the long labours of the toilette ceaſe.
Belinda now, whom thirſt of fame invites,
Burns to encounter two advent'rous knights,
At Ombre ſingly to decide their doom,
And ſwells her breaſt with conqueſts yet to come.
Straight the three bands prepare in arms to join,
Each band the number of the ſacred Nine.
Soon as ſhe ſpreads her hand th' aërial guard
Deſcend, and ſit on each important card:
Firſt Ariel perch'd upon a Matadore,
Then each according to the rank they bore;

For Sylphs, yet mindful of their ancient race,
Are, as when women, wondrous fond of place.
  Behold, four Kings in majeſty rever'd,
With hoary whiſkers and a forky beard,
And four fair Queens, whoſe hands ſuſtain a flow'r,
Th' expreſſive emblem of their ſofter pow'r;
Four Knaves, in garbs ſuccinct, a truſty band,
Caps on their heads, and halberts in their hand;
And party-colour'd troops, a ſhining train,
Drawn forth to combat on the velvet plain.
  The ſkilful nymph reviews her force with care:
Let Spades be trumps! ſhe ſaid, and trumps they were.
  Now move to war her ſable Matadores,
In ſhow like leaders of the ſwarthy Moors.
Spadillio firſt, unconquerable lord!
Led off two captive trumps, and ſwept the board.
As many more Manillio forc'd to yield,
And march'd a victor from the verdant field.
Him Baſto follow'd, but his fate more hard
Gain'd but one trump and one plebeian card.
With his broad ſabre next, a chief in years,
The hoary Majeſty of Spades appears,
Puts forth one manly leg, to ſight reveal'd,
The reſt his many-colour'd robe conceal'd.
The rebel Knave, who dares his prince engage,
Proves the juſt victim of his royal rage.
Ev'n mighty Pam, that kings and queens o'erthrew,
And mow'd down armies in the fights of Lu,

Sad chance of war! now deſtitute of aid,
Falls undiſtinguiſh'd by the victor Spade!
Thus far both armies to Belinda yield;
Now to the Baron Fate inclines the field.
His warlike Amazon her hoſt invades,
Th' imperial conſort of the crown of Spades.
The Club's black tyrant firſt her victim dy'd,
Spite of his haughty mien and barb'rous pride:
What boots the regal circle on his head,
His giant limbs, in ſtate unwieldy ſpread;
That long behind he trails his pompous robe,
And of all monarchs only graſps the globe?
The Baron now his Diamonds pours apace;
Th' embroider'd King who ſhews but half his face,
And his refulgent Queen, with pow'rs combin'd
Of broken troops an eaſy conqueſt find.
Clubs, Diamonds, Hearts, in wild diſorder ſeen,
With throngs promiſcuous ſtrow the level green.
Thus when diſpers'd a routed army runs
Of Aſia's troops and Afric's ſable ſons,
With like confuſion diff'rent nations fly,
Of various habit and of various dye;
The pierc'd battalions diſunited fall
In heaps on heaps; one fate o'erwhelms them all.
The Knave of Diamonds tries his wily arts,
And wins (oh, ſhameful chance!) the Queen of Hearts.
At this the blood the virgin's cheek forſook,
A livid paleneſs ſpreads o'er all her look;

She ſees, and trembles at th' approaching ill,
Juſt in the jaws of ruin and Codille.
And now (as oft' in ſome diſtemper'd ſtate)
On one nice trick depends the gen'ral fate,
An Ace of Hearts ſteps forth: the King unſeen
Lurk'd in her hand, and mourn'd his captive Queen:
He ſprings to vengeance with an eager pace,
And falls like thunder on the proſtrate Ace.
The nymph, exulting, fills with ſhouts the ſky;
The walls, the woods, and long canals, reply.
O thoughtleſs mortals! ever blind to Fate,
Too ſoon dejected, and too ſoon elate.
Sudden theſe honours ſhall be ſnatch'd away,
And curs'd for ever this victorious day.
For, lo! the board with cups and ſpoons is crown'd,
The berries crackle, and the mill turns round;
On ſhining altars of Japan they raiſe
The ſilver lamp; the fiery ſpirits blaze:
From ſilver ſpouts the grateful liquors glide,
While China's earth receives the ſmoking tide:
At once they gratify their ſcent and taſte,
And frequent cups prolong the rich repaſt.
Straight hover round the Fair her airy band;
Some, as ſhe ſipp'd, the fuming liquor fann'd,
Some o'er her lap their careful plumes diſplay'd,
Trembling, and conſcious of the rich brocade.
Coffee (which makes the politician wiſe,
And ſee thro' all things with his half-ſhut eyes)

Sent up in vapours to the Baron's brain
New ſtratagems the radiant Lock to gain.
Ah ceaſe, raſh Youth! deſiſt ere 't is too late,
Fear the juſt gods, and think of Scylla's fate!
Chang'd to a bird, and ſent to flit in air,
She dearly pays for Niſus' injur'd hair!
  But when to miſchief mortals bend their will,
How ſoon they find fit inſtruments of ill!
Juſt then Clariſſa drew, with tempting grace,
A two-edg'd weapon from her ſhining caſe:
So ladies, in romance, aſſiſt their knight,
Preſent the ſpear, and arm him for the fight.
He takes the gift with rev'rence, and extends
The little engine on his fingers' ends;
This juſt behind Belinda's neck he ſpread,
As o'er the fragrant ſteams ſhe bends her head.
Swift to the Lock a thouſand ſprites repair,
A thouſand wings, by turns, blow back the hair;
And thrice they twitch'd the diamond in her ear;
Thrice ſhe look'd back, and thrice the foe drew near.
Juſt in that inſtant, anxious Ariel ſought
The cloſe receſſes of the virgin's thought:
As on the noſegay in her breaſt reclin'd
He watch'd th' ideas riſing in her mind,
Sudden he view'd, in ſpite of all her art,
An earthly lover lurking at her heart.
Amaz'd, confus'd, he found his pow'r expir'd,
Reſign'd to fate, and with a ſigh retir'd.

The Peer now ſpreads the glitt'ring forfex wide
T' incloſe the Lock; now joins it to divide.
Ev'n then, before the fatal engine clos'd,
A wretched Sylph too fondly interpos'd;
Fate urg'd the ſheers, and cut the Sylph in twain,
(But airy ſubſtance ſoon unites again)
The meeting points the ſacred hair diſſever
From the fair head, for ever, and for ever!
Then flaſh'd the living lightning from her eyes,
And ſcreams of horror rend th' affrighted ſkies!
Not louder ſhrieks to pitying Heav'n are caſt
When huſbands or when lapdogs breathe their laſt;
Or when rich China veſſels, fall'n from high,
In glitt'ring duſt and painted fragments lie!
"Let wreaths of triumph now my temples twine,
(The victor cry'd) the glorious prize is mine!
While fiſh in ſtreams, or birds delight in air,
Or in a coach and ſix the Britiſh fair,
As long as Atalantis ſhall be read,
Or the ſmall pillow grace a lady's bed;
While viſits ſhall be paid on ſolemn days,
When num'rous wax-lights in bright order blaze;
While nymphs take treats, or aſſignations give,
So long my honour, name, and praiſe, ſhall live!
What Time would ſpare from ſteel receives it date,
And monuments, like men, ſubmit to Fate!
Steel could the labour of the gods deſtroy,
And ſtrike to duſt th' imperial tow'rs of Troy;

Steel could the works of mortal pride confound,
And hew triumphal arches to the ground:
What wonder then, fair Nymph! thy hair ſhould feel
The conqu'ring force of unreſiſted ſteel?"

CANTO IV.

But anxious cares the penſive nymph oppreſt,
And ſecret paſſions labour'd in her breaſt.
Not youthful kings in battle ſeiz'd alive,
Not ſcornful virgins who their charms ſurvive;
Not ardent lovers robb'd of all their bliſs,
Not ancient ladies when refus'd a kiſs;
Not tyrants fierce, that unrepenting die,
Not Cynthia when her mantua 's pinn'd awry,
E'er felt ſuch rage, reſentment, and deſpair,
As thou, ſad Virgin! for thy raviſh'd hair.
For that ſad moment when the Sylphs withdrew,
And Ariel weeping from Belinda flew,
Umbriel, a duſky melancholy ſprite
As ever ſully'd the fair face of light,
Down to the central earth, his proper ſcene,
Repair'd to ſearch the gloomy cave of Spleen.
Swift on his ſooty pinions flits the Gnome,
And in a vapour reach'd the diſmal dome.
No cheerful breeze this ſullen region knows,
The dreaded Eaſt is all the wind that blows.
Here in a grotto, ſhelter'd cloſe from air,
And ſcreen'd in ſhades from day's deteſted glare,

She ſighs for ever on her penſive bed,
Pain at her ſide, and Megrim at her head.
  Two handmaids wait the throne; alike in place,
But diff'ring far in figure and in face.
Here ſtood Ill-nature, like an ancient maid,
Her wrinkled form in black and white array'd:
With ſtore of pray'rs for mornings, nights, and noons,
Her hand is fill'd; her boſom with lampoons.
There Affectation, with a ſickly mien,
Shows in her cheek the roſes of eighteen,
Practis'd to liſp, and hang the head aſide,
Faints into airs, and languiſhes with pride,
On the rich quilt ſinks with becoming woe,
Wrapp'd in a gown, for ſickneſs and for ſhow.
The fair ones feel ſuch maladies as theſe
When each new night-dreſs gives a new diſeaſe.
  A conſtant vapour o'er the palace flies,
Strange phantoms riſing as the miſts ariſe;
Dreadful as hermits' dreams in haunted ſhades,
Or bright as viſions of expiring maids:
Now glaring fiends, and ſnakes on rolling ſpires,
Pale ſpectres, gaping tombs, and purple fires:
Now lakes of liquid gold, Elyſian ſcenes,
And cryſtal domes, and angels in machines.
  Unnumber'd throngs on ev'ry ſide are ſeen,
Of bodies chang'd to various forms by ſpleen.
Here living teapots ſtand, one arm held out,
One bent; the handle this, and that the ſpout:

A pipkin there, like Homer's tripod, walks;
Here ſighs a jar, and there a gooſe-pye talks;
Men prove with child, as pow'rful fancy works,
And maids, turn'd bottles, call aloud for corks.
  Safe paſt the Gnome thro' this fantaſtic band,
A branch of healing ſpleenwort in his hand;
Then thus addreſs'd the pow'r—" Hail, wayward
Who rule the ſex to fifty from fifteen: [Queen!
Parent of vapours and of female wit,
Who give th' hyſteric or poetic fit,
On various tempers act by various ways,
Make ſome take phyſic, others ſcribble plays;
Who cauſe the proud their viſits to delay,
And ſend the godly in a pet to pray;
A nymph there is that all thy pow'r diſdains,
And thouſands more in equal mirth maintains:
But, oh! if e'er thy Gnome could ſpoil a grace,
Or raiſe a pimple on a beauteous face,
Like citron-waters matrons' cheeks inflame,
Or change complexions at a loſing game;
If e'er with airy horns I planted heads,
Or rumpled petticoats, or tumbled beds,
Or cauſ'd ſuſpicion when no ſoul was rude,
Or diſcompos'd the head-dreſs of a prude,
Or e'er to coſtive lapdog gave diſeaſe,
Which not the tears of brighteſt eyes could eaſe,
Hear me, and touch Belinda with chagrin;
That ſingle act gives half the world the ſpleen."

The goddeſs, with a diſcontented air,
Seems to reject him, tho' ſhe grants his pray'r.
A wondrous bag with both her hands ſhe binds,
Like that where once Ulyſſes held the winds;
There ſhe collects the force of female lungs,
Sighs, ſobs, and paſſions, and the war of tongues.
A vial next ſhe fills with fainting fears,
Soft ſorrows, melting griefs, and flowing tears.
The Gnome rejoicing bears her gifts away,
Spreads his black wings, and ſlowly mounts to day.
Sunk in Thaleſtris' arms the nymph he found,
Her eyes dejected, and her hair unbound.
Full o'er their heads the ſwelling bag he rent,
And all the Furies iſſu'd at the vent.
Belinda burns with more than mortal ire,
And fierce Thaleſtris fans the riſing fire.
"O wretched maid!" ſhe ſpread her hands, and cry'd,
(While Hampton's echoes, Wretched maid! reply'd)
"Was it for this you took ſuch conſtant care
The bodkin, comb, and eſſence, to prepare?
For this your Locks in paper durance bound?
For this with tort'ring irons wreath'd around?
For this with fillets ſtrain'd your tender head,
And bravely bore the double loads of lead?
Gods! ſhall the raviſher diſplay your hair,
While the fops envy, and the ladies ſtare?
Honour forbid! at whoſe unrivall'd ſhrine
Eaſe, pleaſure, virtue, all, our ſex reſign.

Methinks already I your tears ſurvey,
Already hear the horrid things they ſay,
Already ſee you a degraded toaſt,
And all your honour in a whiſper loſt!
How ſhall I, then, your hapleſs fame defend?
'Twill then be infamy to ſeem your friend!
And ſhall this prize, th' ineſtimable prize!
Expos'd thro' cryſtal to the gazing eyes,
And heighten'd by the diamond's circling rays,
On that rapacious hand for ever blaze?
Sooner ſhall graſs in Hyde Park circus grow,
And wits take lodgings in the ſound of Bow;
Sooner let earth, air, ſea, to chaos fall,
Men, monkeys, lapdogs, parrots, periſh all!"
She ſaid; then, raging, to Sir Plume repairs,
And bids her beau demand the precious hairs:
(Sir Plume, of amber ſnuff-box juſtly vain,
And the nice conduct of a clouded cane)
With earneſt eyes, and round unthinking face,
He firſt the ſnuff-box open'd, then the caſe,
And thus broke out—"My Lord, why, what the devil!
"Z—ds! damn the Lock! 'fore Gad you muſt be civil!
"Plague on 't! 't is paſt a jeſt—nay, prithee, pox!
"Give her the hair"—He ſpoke, and rapp'd his box."
"It grieves me much," reply'd the peer again,
"Who ſpeaks ſo well ſhould ever ſpeak in vain:
"But by this Lock, this ſacred Lock! I ſwear,
"(Which never more ſhall join its parted hair;

"Which never more its honours ſhall renew,
"Clipp'd from the lovely head where late it grew)
"That while my noſtrils draw the vital air,
"This hand which won it ſhall for ever wear."
He ſpoke, and, ſpeaking, in proud triumph ſpread
The long-contended honours of her head.
But Umbriel, hateful Gnome! forbears not ſo;
He breaks the vial whence the ſorrows flow.
Then, ſee! the nymph in beauteous grief appears,
Her eyes half languiſhing, half drown'd in tears;
On her heav'd boſom hung her drooping head,
Which with a ſigh ſhe rais'd, and thus ſhe ſaid:
"For ever curs'd be this deteſted day,
Which ſnatch'd my beſt, my fav'rite, Curl away!
Happy! ah! ten times happy had I been
If Hampton-Court theſe eyes had never ſeen!
Yet am not I the firſt miſtaken maid
By love of courts to num'rous ills betray'd.
Oh! had I rather unadmir'd remain'd
In ſome lone iſle, or diſtant northern land,
Where the gilt chariot never marks the way,
Where none learn Ombre, none e'er taſte Bohea!
There kept my charms conceal'd from mortal eye,
Like roſes, that in deſerts bloom and die.
What mov'd my mind with youthful lords to roam?
O had I ſtay'd and ſaid my pray'rs at home!
'Twas this the morning omens' ſeem'd to tell,
Thrice from my trembling hand the patchbox fell;

The tott'ring China ſhook without a wind,
Nay, Poll ſat mute, and Shock was moſt unkind!
A Sylph, too, warn'd me of the threats of Fate
In myſtic viſions, now believ'd too late!
See the poor remnants of theſe ſlighted hairs!
My hands ſhall rend what ev'n thy rapine ſpares:
Theſe in two ſable ringlets taught to break,
Once gave new beauties to the ſnowy neck;
The ſiſter-Lock now ſits uncouth, alone,
And in its fellow's fate foreſees its own;
Uncurl'd it hangs, the fatal ſhears demands,
And tempts once more thy ſacrilegious hands.
Oh hadſt thou, cruel! been content to ſeize
Hairs leſs in ſight, or any hairs but theſe!"

CANTO V.

SHE ſaid: the pitying audience melt in tears;
But Fate and Jove had ſtopp'd the Baron's ears.
In vain Thaleſtris with reproach aſſails,
For who can move when fair Belinda fails?
Not half ſo fix'd the Trojan could remain
While Anna begg'd and Dido rag'd in vain.
Then grave Clariſſa graceful wav'd her fan;
Silence enſu'd, and thus the nymph began:
"Say, why are beauties prais'd and honour'd moſt,
The wiſe man's paſſion, and the vain man's toaſt?
Why deck'd with all that land and ſea afford,
Why Angels call'd, and angel-like ador'd?

Why round our coaches crowd the white-glov'd beaus?
Why bows the ſidebox from its inmoſt rows?
How vain are all theſe glories, all our pains,
Unleſs good ſenſe preſerve what beauty gains?
That men may ſay, when we the frontbox grace,
Behold the firſt in virtue as in face!
Oh! if to dance all night, and dreſs all day,
Charm'd the ſmall-pox, or chas'd old age away,
Who would not ſcorn what houſewives' cares produce,
Or who would learn one earthly thing of uſe?
To patch, nay ogle, might become a ſaint,
Nor could it, ſure, be ſuch a ſin to paint:
But ſince, alas! frail beauty muſt decay,
Curl'd or uncurl'd ſince Locks will turn to gray;
Since painted or not painted all ſhall fade,
And ſhe who ſcorns a man muſt die a maid:
What then remains but well our pow'r to uſe,
And keep good humour ſtill whate'er we loſe?
And truſt me, Dear! good humour can prevail
When airs, and flights, and ſcreams, and ſcolding, fail.
Beauties in vain their pretty eyes may roll;
Charms ſtrike the ſight, but merit wins the ſoul."
 So ſpoke the dame, but no applauſe enſu'd;
Belinda frown'd, Thaleſtris call'd her Prude.
"To arms, to arms!" the fierce virago cries,
And ſwift as lightning to the combat flies.
All ſide in parties, and begin th' attack;
Fans clap, ſilks ruſtle, and tough whalebones crack;

Heroes' and heroines' ſhouts confus'dly riſe,
And baſs and treble voices ſtrike the ſkies.
No common weapon's in their hands are found;
Like gods they fight, nor dread a mortal wound.
  So when bold Homer makes the gods engage,
And heav'nly breaſts with human paſſions rage,
'Gainſt Pallas Mars, Latona Hermes arms,
And all Olympus rings with loud alarms;
Jove's thunder roars, heav'n trembles all around,
Blue Neptune ſtorms, the bellowing deeps reſound;
Earth ſhakes her nodding tow'rs, the ground gives way,
And the pale ghoſts ſtart at the flaſh of day!
  Triumphant Umbriel, on a ſconce's height,
Clapp'd his glad wings, and ſat to view the fight:
Propp'd on their bodkin ſpears the ſprites ſurvey
The growing combat, or aſſiſt the fray.
  While thro' the preſs enrag'd Thaleſtris flies,
And ſcatters death around from both her eyes,
A beau and witling periſh'd in the throng,
One dy'd in metaphor, and one in ſong.
"O cruel Nymph! a living death I bear,"
Cry'd Dapperwit, and ſunk beſide his chair.
A mournful glance Sir Fopling upwards caſt,
"Thoſe eyes are made ſo killing"—was his laſt.
Thus on Mæander's flow'ry margin lies
Th' expiring ſwan, and as he ſings he dies.
  When bold Sir Plume had drawn Clariſſa down,
Chloe ſtepp'd in, and kill'd him with a frown;

She ſmil'd to ſee the doughty hero ſlain,
But at her ſmile the beau reviv'd again.
Now Jove ſuſpends his golden ſcales in air,
Weighs the men's wits againſt the lady's hair;
The doubtful beam long nods from ſide to ſide,
At length the wits mount up, the hairs ſubſide.
See fierce Belinda on the Baron flies
With more than uſual lightning in her eyes;
Nor fear'd the chief th' unequal fight to try,
Who ſought no more than on his foe to die.
But this bold lord, with manly ſtrength endu'd,
She with one finger and a thumb ſubdu'd:
Juſt where the breath of life his noſtrils drew
A charge of ſnuff the wily virgin threw;
The Gnomes direct, to ev'ry atom juſt,
The pungent grains of titillating duſt:
Sudden with ſtarting tears each eye o'erflows,
And the high dome re-echoes to his noſe.
"Now meet thy fate," incens'd Belinda cry'd,
And drew a deadly bodkin from her ſide.
(The ſame, his ancient perſonage to deck,
Her great-great grandſire wore about his neck
In three ſeal-rings; which after, melted down,
Form'd a vaſt buckle for his widow's gown:
Her infant grandam's whiſtle next it grew,
The bells ſhe gingled, and the whiſtle blew;
Then in a bodkin grac'd her mother's hairs,
Which long ſhe wore, and now Belinda wears.)

"Boaſt not my fall," he cry'd, "inſulting foe!
Thou by ſome other ſhalt be laid as low:
Nor think to die dejects my lofty mind;
All that I dread is leaving you behind!
Rather than ſo, ah! let me ſtill ſurvive,
And burn in Cupid's flames—but burn alive."
"Reſtore the Lock!" ſhe cries; and all around
"Reſtore the Lock!" the vaulted roofs rebound.
Not fierce Othello in ſo loud a ſtrain
Roar'd for the handkerchief that caus'd his pain.
But ſee how oft' ambitious aims are croſs'd,
And chiefs contend till all the prize is loſt!
The Lock, obtain'd with guilt, and kept with pain,
In ev'ry place is ſought, but ſought in vain:
With ſuch a prize no mortal muſt be bleſt;
So Heav'n decrees! with Heav'n who can conteſt?
Some thought it mounted to the lunar ſphere,
Since all things loſt on earth are treaſur'd there:
There heroes' wits are kept in pond'rous vaſes,
And beaus' in ſnuff-boxes and tweezer-caſes:
There broken vows and deathbed alms are found,
And lovers' hearts with ends of ribband bound;
The courtier's promiſes and ſick man's pray'rs,
The ſmiles of harlots and the tears of heirs;
Cages for gnats, and chains to yoke a flea,
Dry'd butterflies, and tomes of caſuiſtry.
But truſt the Muſe—ſhe ſaw it upward riſe,
Tho' mark'd by none but quick poetic eyes:

(So Rome's great founder to the heav'ns withdrew,
To Proculus alone confefs'd in view)
A fudden ftar, it fhot thro' liquid air,
And drew behind a radiant trail of hair.
Not Berenice's locks firft rofe fo bright,
The heav'ns befpangling with difhevell'd light.
The Sylphs behold it kindling as it flies,
And, pleas'd, purfue its progrefs thro' the fkies.
This the beau-monde fhall from the Mall furvey,
And hail with mufic its propitious ray;
This the blefs'd lover fhall for Venus take,
And fend up vows from Rofamonda's lake;
This Partridge foon fhall view in cloudlefs fkies,
When next he looks thro' Galilæo's eyes;
And hence th' egregious wizard fhall foredoom
The fate of Louis, and the fall of Rome.
Then ceafe, bright Nymph! to mourn thy ravifh'd hair,
Which adds new glory to the fhining fphere.
Not all the treffes that fair head can boaft
Shall draw fuch envy as the Lock you loft:
For after all the murders of your eye,
When, after millions flain, yourfelf fhall die;
When thofe fair funs fhall fet, as fet they muft,
And all thofe treffes fhall be laid in duft;
This Lock the Mufe fhall confecrate to fame,
And 'midft the ftars infcribe Belinda's name.

SAPPHO TO PHAON.

The Argument.

PHAON, a youth of exquiſite beauty, was deeply enamoured of Sappho, a lady of Leſbos, from whom he met with the tendereſt returns of paſſion: but his affection afterwards decaying, he left her, and failed for Sicily. She, unable to bear the loſs of her lover, hearkened to all the mad ſuggeſtions of deſpair; and ſeeing no other remedy for her preſent miſeries, reſolved to throw herſelf into the ſea, from Leucate, a promontory of Epirus, which was thought a cure in caſes of obſtinate love, and therefore had obtained the name of the Lover's Leap. But before ſhe ventured upon this laſt ſtep, entertaining ſtill ſome fond hopes that ſhe might be able to reclaim her inconſtant, ſhe wrote him this Epiſtle, in which ſhe gives him a ſtrong picture of her diſtreſs and miſery occaſioned by his abſence; and endeavours, by all the artful inſinuations and moving expreſſions ſhe is miſtreſs of, to ſooth him to ſoftneſs and a mutual feeling. [*Anon.*]

Say, lovely Youth! that doſt my heart command,
Can Phaon's eyes forget his Sappho's hand?
Muſt then her name the wretched writer prove,
To thy remembrance loſt, as to thy love?
Aſk not the cauſe that I new numbers chuſe,
The lute neglected, and the lyric Muſe;
Love taught my tears in ſadder notes to flow,
And tun'd my heart to elegies of woe.

Ecquid, ut inſpecta eſt ſtudioſæ littera dextræ,
Protinus eſt oculis cognita noſtra tuis?
An, niſi legiſſes auctoris nomina Sapphûs,
Hoc breve neſcires unde movetur opus?
Forſitan et quare mea ſint alterna requiras
Carmina, cum lyricis ſim magis apta modis.
Flendus amor meus eſt: elegeïa flebile carmen;
Non facit ad lacrymas barbitos ulla meas.

I burn, I burn, as when thro' ripen'd corn
By driving winds the ſpreading flames are borne!
Phaon to Ætna's ſcorching fields retires,
While I conſume with more than Ætna's fires!
No more my ſoul a charm in muſic finds;
Muſic has charms alone for peaceful minds.
Soft ſcenes of ſolitude no more can pleaſe,
Love enters there, and I'm my own diſeaſe.
No more the Leſbian dames my paſſions move,
Once the dear objects of my guilty love;
All other loves are loſt in only thine,
Ah! youth ungrateful to a flame like mine.
Whom would not all thoſe blooming charms ſurpriſe,
Thoſe heav'nly looks, and dear deluding eyes?

Uror, ut, indomitis ignem exercentibus Euris,
Fertilis accenſis meſſibus ardet ager.
Arva Phaon celebrat diverſa Typhoïdos Ætnæ,
Me calor Ætnæo non minor igne coquit.
Nec mihi, diſpoſitis quæ jungam carmina nervis,
Proveniunt; vacuæ carmina mentis opus.
Nec me Pyrrhiades Methymniadeſve puellæ,
Nec me Leſbiadum cætera turba juvant.
Vilis Anactorie, vilis mihi candida Cydno:
Non oculis grata eſt Atthis, ut ante, meis;
Atque aliæ centum, quas non ſine crimine amavi:
Improbe, multarum quod ſuit, unus habes.
Eſt in te facies, ſunt apti luſibus anni.
O facies oculis inſidioſa meis!

The harp and bow would you like Phœbus bear,
A brighter Phœbus Phaon might appear:
Would you with ivy wreath your flowing hair,
Not Bacchus' ſelf with Phaon could compare:
Yet Phœbus lov'd, and Bacchus felt the flame;
One Daphne warm'd, and one the Cretan dame;
Nymphs that in verſe no more could rival me
Than ev'n thoſe gods contend in charms with thee.
The Muſes teach me all their ſofteſt lays,
And the wide world reſounds with Sappho's praiſe.
Tho' great Alcæus more ſublimely ſings,
And ſtrikes with bolder rage the ſounding ſtrings,
No leſs renown attends the moving lyre
Which Venus tunes, and all her Loves inſpire:
To me what Nature has in charms deny'd,
Is well by Wit's more laſting flames ſupply'd.
Tho' ſhort my ſtature, yet my name extends
To heav'n itſelf, and earth's remoteſt ends.

Sume fidem et pharetram; fies manifeſtus Apollo:
Accedant capiti cornua; Bacchus eris.
Et Phœbus Daphnen, et Gnoſida Bacchus amavit;
Nec norat lyricos illa, vel illa modos.
At mihi Pegaſides blandiſſima carmina dictant;
Jam canitur toto nomen in orbe meum.
Nec plus Alcæus, conſors patriæque lyræque,
Laudis habet, quamvis grandius ille ſonet.
Si mihi difficilis formam Natura negavit;
Ingenio formæ damna rependo meæ.

Brown as I am, an Ethiopian dame
Infpir'd young Perfeus with a gen'rous flame.
Turtles and doves of diff'rent hues unite,
And gloffy jet is pair'd with fhining white.
If to no charms thou wilt thy heart refign
But fuch as merit, fuch as equal, thine,
By none, alas! by none thou can'ft be mov'd;
Phaon alone by Phaon muft be lov'd!
Yet once thy Sappho could thy cares employ,
Once in her arms you centred all your joy:
No time the dear remembrance can remove,
For, oh! how vaft a memory has Love?
My mufic, then, you could for ever hear,
And all my words were mufic to your ear.
You ftopp'd with kiffes my enchanting tongue,
And found my kiffes fweeter than my fong.

Sum brevis; at nomen, quod terras impleat omnes,
Eft mihi; menfuram nominis ipfa fero.
Candida fi non fum, placuit Cepheïa Perfeo
Adromede, patriæ fufca colore fuæ:
Et variis albæ junguntur fæpe columbæ,
Et niger a viridi turtur amatur ave.
Si, nifi quæ facie peterit te digna videri,
Nulla futura tua eft; nulla futura tua eft.
At me cum legeres, etiam formofa videbar;
Unam jurabas ufque decere loqui.
Cantabam, memini (meminerunt omnia amantes)
Ofcula cantanti tu mihi rapta dabas.

In all I pleas'd, but moſt in what was beſt;
And the laſt joy was dearer than the reſt.
Then with each word, each glance, each motion, fir'd,
You ſtill enjoy'd, and yet you ſtill deſir'd,
Till, all diſſolving, in the trance we lay,
And in tumultuous raptures dy'd away.
The fair Sicilians now thy ſoul inflame;
Why was I born, ye Gods! a Leſbian dame?
But, ah! beware, Sicilian Nymphs! nor boaſt
That wand'ring heart which I ſo lately loſt;
Nor be with all thoſe tempting words abus'd,
Thoſe tempting words were all to Sappho us'd.
And you that rule Sicilia's happy plains,
Have pity, Venus! on your poet's pains.

Hæc quoque laudabas; omnique a parte placebam,
Sed tum præcipue, cum ſit amoris opus.
Tunc te plus ſolito laſcivia noſtra juvabat,
Crebraque mobilitas, aptaque verba joco;
Quique, ubi jam amborum fuerat confuſa voluptas,
Plurimus in laſſo corpore languor erat.
Nunc tibi Sicelides veniunt nova præda puellæ;
Quid mihi cum Leſbo? Sicelis eſſe volo.
At vos erronem tellure remittite noſtrum,
Niſiades matres, Niſiadeſque nurus.
Neu vos decipiant blandæ mendacia linguæ:
Quæ dicit vobis, dixerat ante mihi.
Tu quoque quæ montes celebras, Erycina, Sicanos,
(Nam tua ſum) vati conſule, diva, tuæ.

Shall fortune ſtill in one ſad tenor run,
And ſtill increaſe the woes ſo ſoon begun?
Inur'd to ſorrow from my tender years,
My parents' aſhes drank my early tears;
My brother next, neglecting wealth and fame,
Ignobly burn'd in a deſtructive flame.
An infant daughter late my griefs increas'd,
And all a mother's cares diſtract my breaſt.
Alas! what more could Fate itſelf impoſe,
But thee, the laſt, and greateſt of my woes?
No more my robes in waving purple flow,
Nor on my hand the ſparkling di'monds glow;

An gravis inceptum peragit fortuna tenorem?
Et manet in curſu ſemper acerba ſuo?
Sex mihi natales ierant, cum lecta parentis
Ante diem lacrymas oſſa bibere meas.
Arſit inops frater, victus meretricis amore;
Miſtaque cum turpi damna pudore tulit.
Factus inops agili peragit freta cœrula remo:
Quaſque male amiſit, nunc male quærit opes:
Me quoque, quod monui bene multa fideliter, odit.
Hoc mihi libertas, hoc pia lingua dedit.
Et tanquam deſint, quæ me ſine fine fatigent,
Accumulat curas filia parva meas.
Ultima tu noſtris accedis cauſa querelis:
Non agitur vento noſtra carina ſuo.
Ecce, jacent collo ſparſi ſine lege capilli;
Nec premit articulos lucida gemma meos.

No more my locks in ringlets curl'd diffuſe
The coſtly ſweetneſs of Arabian dews;
Nor braids of gold the vary'd treſſes bind,
That fly diſorder'd with the wanton wind:
For whom ſhould Sappho uſe ſuch arts as theſe?
He 's gone whom only ſhe deſir'd to pleaſe!
Cupid's light darts my tender boſom move;
Still is there cauſe for Sappho ſtill to love:
So from my birth the Siſters fix'd my doom,
And gave to Venus all my life to come;
Or, while my Muſe in melting notes complains,
My yielding heart keeps meaſure to my ſtrains.
By charms like thine which all my ſoul have won,
Who might not—ah! who would not, be undone?
For thoſe Aurora Cephalus might ſcorn,
And with freſh bluſhes paint the conſcious Morn:

Veſte tegor vili: nullum eſt in crinibus aurum:
Non Arabo noſter rore capillus olet.
Cui colar infelix? aut cui placuiſſe laborem?
Ille mihi cultus unicus auctor abeſt.
Molle meum levibus cor eſt violabile telis;
Et ſemper cauſa eſt, cur ego ſemper amem.
Sive ita naſcenti legem dixere Sorores,
Nec data ſunt vitæ fila ſevera meæ;
Sive abeunt ſtudia in mores, arteſque magiſtræ,
Ingenium nobis molle Thalia facit.
Quid mirum, ſi me primæ lanuginis ætas
Abſtulit, atque anni, quos vir amare poteſt?

For thoſe might Cynthia lengthen Phaon's ſleep,
And bid Endymion nightly tend his ſheep:
Venus for thoſe had rapt thee to the ſkies,
But Mars on thee might look with Venus' eyes.
O ſcarce a youth, yet ſcarce a tender boy!
O uſeful time for lovers to employ!
Pride of thy age, and glory of thy race,
Come to theſe arms, and melt in this embrace!
The vows you never will return receive,
And take at leaſt the love you will not give.
See, while I write my words are loſt in tears!
The leſs my ſenſe the more my love appears.
Sure 't was not much to bid one kind adieu,
(At leaſt to feign was never hard to you.)

Hunc ne pro Cephalo raperes, Aurora, timebam:
Et faceres; ſed te prima rapina tenet.
Hunc ſi conſpiciat quæ conſpicit omnia, Phœbe;
Juſſus erit ſomnos continuare Phaon.
Hunc Venus in cœlum curru vexiſſet eburno;
Sed videt et Marti poſſe placere ſuo.
O nec adhuc juvenis, nec jam puer! utilis ætas!
O decus, atque ævi gloria magna tui!
Huc ades, inque ſinus, formoſe! relabere noſtros:
Non ut ames oro, verum ut amare ſinas.
Scribimus, et lacrymis oculi rorantur abortis:
Aſpice, quam ſit in hoc multa litura loco.
Si tam certus eras hinc ire, modeſtius iſſes,
Et modo dixiſſes: Leſbi puella, vale.

"Farewell, my Leſbian love!" you might have ſaid;
Or coldly thus, "Farewell, oh, Leſbian maid!"
No tear did you, no parting kiſs, receive,
Nor knew I then how much I was to grieve.
No lover's gift your Sappho could confer,
And wrongs and woes were all you left with her.
No charge I gave you, and no charge could give,
But this, "Be mindful of our loves, and live."
Now by the Nine, thoſe pow'rs ador'd by me,
And Love, the god that ever waits on thee,
When firſt I heard (from whom I hardly knew)
That you were fled, and all my joys with you,
Like ſome ſad ſtatue, ſpeechleſs, pale, I ſtood,
Grief chill'd my breaſt, and ſtopp'd my freezing blood;
No ſigh to riſe, no tear had pow'r to flow,
Fix'd in a ſtupid lethargy of woe:

Non tecum lacrymas, non oſcula ſumma tuliſti;
Denique non timui, quod dolitura fui.
Nil de te mecum eſt, niſi tantum injuria: nec tu,
Admoneat quod te, pignus amantis habes.
Non mandata dedi; neque enim mandata dediſſem
Ulla, niſi ut nolles immemor eſſe mei.
Per tibi, qui nunquam longe diſcedat; Amorem,
Perque Novem juro, numina noſtra, Deas;
Cum mihi neſcio quis, fugiunt tua gaudia, dixit:
Nec me flere diu, nec potuiſſe loqui:
Et lacrymæ deerant oculis, et lingua palato:
Aſtrictum gelido frigore pectus erat.

But when its way th' impetuous paſſion found,
I rend my treſſes, and my breaſt I wound;
I rave, then weep; I curſe, and then complain;
Now ſwell to rage, now melt in tears again.
Not fiercer pangs diſtract the mournful dame
Whoſe firſt-born infant feeds the fun'ral flame.
My ſcornful brother with a ſmile appears,
Inſults my woes, and triumphs in my tears;
His hated image ever haunts my eyes;
" And why this grief? thy daughter lives," he cries.
Stung with my love, and furious with deſpair,
All torn my garments, and my boſom bare,
My woes, thy crimes, I to the world proclaim;
Such inconſiſtent things are love and ſhame!
'Tis thou art all my care and my delight,
My daily longing, and my dream by night:

Poſtquam ſe dolor invenit; nec pectora plangi,
Nec puduit ſciſſis exululare comis.
Non aliter quàm ſi nati pia mater adempti
Portet ad extructos corpus inane rogos.
Gaudet, et e noſtro creſcit mœrore Charaxus
Frater; et ante oculos itque reditque meos.
Utque pudenda mei videatur cauſa doloris;
Quid dolet hæc? certe filia vivit, ait.
Non veniunt in idem pudor atque amor: omne videbat
Vulgus; eram lacero pectus aperta ſinu.
Tu mihi cura, Phaon; te ſomnia noſtra reducunt;
Somnia formoſo candidiora die.

Oh! night more pleaſing than the brighteſt day,
When fancy gives what abſence takes away,
And, dreſs'd in all its viſionary charms,
Reſtores my fair deſerter to my arms!
Then round your neck in wanton wreaths I twine,
Then you, methinks, as fondly circle mine:
A thouſand tender words I hear and ſpeak;
A thouſand melting kiſſes give and take:
Then fiercer joys, I bluſh to mention theſe,
Yet while I bluſh confeſs how much they pleaſe.
But when with day the ſweet deluſions fly,
And all things wake to life and joy but I,
As if once more forſaken, I complain,
And cloſe my eyes to dream of you again;

Illic te invenio, quanquam regionibus abſis;
Sed non longa ſatis gaudia ſomnus habet.
Sæpe tuos noſtra cervice onerare lacertos,
Sæpe tuæ videor ſuppoſuiſſe meos.
Blandior interdum, veriſque ſimillima verba
Eloquor; et vigilant ſenſibus ora meis.
Oſcula cognoſco; quæ tu committere linguæ,
Aptaque conſuêras accipere, apta dare.
Ulteriora pudet narrare; ſed omnia fiunt,
Et juvat, et ſine te non libet eſſe mihi.
At cum ſe Titan oſtendit, et omnia ſecum;
Tam cito me ſomnos deſtituiſſe queror.
Antra nemuſque peto, tanquam nemus antraque pro-
Conſcia deliciis illa fuere tuis. [ſint.

Then frantic rife, and like fome Fury rove
Thro' lonely plains, and thro' the filent grove,
As if the filent grove and lonely plains,
That knew my pleafures, could relieve my pains.
I view the grotto, once the fcene of love,
The rocks around, the hanging roofs above,
That charm'd me more, with native mofs o'ergrown,
Than Phrygian marble or the Parian ftone.
I find the fhades that veil'd our joys before;
But, Phaon gone! thofe fhades delight no more.
Here the prefs'd herbs with bending tops betray
Where oft' entwin'd in am'rous folds we lay;
I kifs that earth which once was prefs'd by you,
And all with tears the with'ring herbs bedew.
For thee the fading trees appear to mourn,
And birds defer their fongs till thy return:

Illuc mentis inops, ut quam furialis Erichtho
Impulit, in collo crine jacente feror.
Antra vident oculi fcabro pendentia topho,
Quæ mihi Mygdonii marmoris inftar erant.
Invenio fylvam, quæ fæpe cubilia nobis
Præbuit, et multa texit opaca coma.
At non invenio dominum fylvæque, meumque.
Vile folum locus eft: dos erat ille loci.
Agnovi preffas noti mihi cefpitis herbas:
De noftro curvum pondere gramen erat.
Incubui, tetigique locum qua parte fuifti;
Grata prius lacrymas combibit herba meas.

Night ſhades the groves, and all in ſilence lie,
All but the mournful Philomel and I:
With mournful Philomel I join my ſtrain,
Of Tereus ſhe, of Phaon I complain.
 A ſpring there is whoſe ſilver waters ſhow,
Clear as a glaſs, the ſhining ſands below:
A flow'ry lotos ſpreads its arms above,
Shades all the banks, and ſeems itſelf a grove;
Eternal greens the moſſy margin grace,
Watch'd by the ſylvan genius of the place:
Here as I lay, and ſwell'd with tears the flood,
Before my ſight a wat'ry Virgin ſtood:
She ſtood and cry'd, " O you that love in vain!
" Fly hence, and ſeek the fair Leucadian main;

Quinetiam rami poſitis lugere videntur
Frondibus; et nullæ dulce queruntur aves.
Sola virum non ulta pie mœſtiſſima mater
Concinit Iſmarium Daulias ales Ityn.
Ales Ityn, Sappho deſertos cantat amores:
Hactenus, ut media cætera nocte ſilent.
Eſt nitidus, vitroque magis perlucidus omni,
Fons ſacer; hunc multi numen habere putant.
Quem ſupra ramos expandit aquatica lotos,
Una nemus; tenero ceſpite terra viret.
Hic ego cum laſſos poſuiſſem fletibus artus,
Conſtitit ante oculos Naïas una meos.
Conſtitit, et dixit, " Quoniam non ignibus æquis
" Ureris, Ambracias terra petenda tibi.

" There stands a rock, from whose impending steep
" Apollo's fane surveys the rolling deep;
" There injur'd lovers, leaping from above,
" Their flames extinguish, and forget to love.
" Deucalion once with hopeless fury burn'd,
" In vain he lov'd, relentless Pyrrha scorn'd;
" But when from hence he plung'd into the main,
" Deucalion scorn'd, and Pyrrha lov'd in vain.
" Haste, Sappho, haste, from high Leucadia throw
" Thy wretched weight, nor dread the deeps below!"
She spoke, and vanish'd with the voice—I rise,
And silent tears fall trickling from my eyes.
I go, ye Nymphs! those rocks and seas to prove;
How much I fear; but, ah, how much I love!
I go, ye Nymphs! where furious love inspires;
Let female fears submit to female fires.

" Phœbus ab excelso, quantum patet, aspicit æquor:
" Actiacum populi Leucadiumque vocant.
" Hinc se Deucalion Pyrrhæ succensus amore
" Misit, et illæso corpore pressit aquas.
" Nec mora: versus amor tetigit lentissima Pyrrhæ
" Pectora; Deucalion igne levatus erat.
" Hanc legem locus ille tenet, pete protinus altam
" Leucada; nec saxo desiluisse time."
Ut monuit, cum voce abiit. Ego frigida surgo;
Nec gravidæ lacrymas continuere genæ.
Ibimus, O Nymphæ, monstrataque saxa petemus.
Sit procul insano victus amore timor.

To rocks and ſeas I fly from Phaon's hate,
And hope from ſeas and rocks a milder fate.
Ye gentle Gales! beneath my body blow,
And ſoftly lay me on the waves below;
And thou, kind Love! my ſinking limbs ſuſtain,
Spread thy ſoft wings, and waft me o'er the main,
Nor let a lover's death the guiltleſs flood profane!
On Phœbus' ſhrine my harp I'll then beſtow,
And this inſcription ſhall be plac'd below:
"Here ſhe who ſung to him that did inſpire,
"Sappho to Phœbus conſecrates her lyre;
"What ſuits with Sappho, Phœbus, ſuits with thee;
"The gift, the giver, and the god agree."
  But why, alas! relentleſs youth, ah! why
To diſtant ſeas muſt tender Sappho fly?

Quicquid erit, melius quam nunc erit: aura, ſubito.
Et mea non magnum corpora pondus habent.
Tu quoque mollis amor, pennas ſuppone cadenti:
Ne ſim Leucadiæ mortua crimen aquæ.
Inde chelyn Phœbo communia munera ponam:
Et ſub ea verſus unus et alter erunt.
"Grata lyram poſui tibi, Phœbe, poëtria Sappho:
"Convenit illa mihi, convenit illa tibi."
Cur tamen Actiacas miſeram me mittis ad oras,
Cum profugum poſſis ipſe referre pedem?
Tu mihi Leucadia potes eſſe ſalubrior unda:
Et forma et meritis tu mihi Phœbus eris.

Thy charms than thoſe may far more pow'rful be,
And Phœbus' ſelf is leſs a god to me.
Ah! canſt thou doom me to the rocks and ſea,
Oh! far more faithleſs and more hard than they?
Ah! canſt thou rather ſee this tender breaſt
Daſh'd on theſe rocks than to thy boſom preſt?
This breaſt which once, in vain, you lik'd ſo well,
Where the Loves play'd, and where the Muſes dwell.
Alas! the Muſes now no more inſpire,
Untun'd my lute, and ſilent is my lyre;
My languid numbers have forgot to flow,
And fancy ſinks beneath a weight of woe.
Ye Leſbian Virgins, and ye Leſbian Dames!
Themes of my verſe, and objects of my flames,

An potes, ô ſcopulis undaque ferocior illa,
Si moriar, titulum mortis habere meæ?
At quanto melius jungi mea pectora tecum,
Quam poterant ſaxis præcipitanda dari!
Hæc ſunt illa, Phaon, quæ tu laudare ſolebas;
Viſaque ſunt toties ingenioſa tibi.
Nunc vellem facunda forent: dolor artibus obſtat;
Ingeniumque meis ſubſtitit omne malis.
Non mihi reſpondent veteres in carmina vires.
Plectra dolore tacent: muta dolore lyra eſt.
Leſbides æquoreæ, nupturaque nuptaque proles;
Leſbides, Æolia nomina dicta lyra;
Leſbides, infamem quæ me feciſtis amatæ;
Deſinite ad citharas turba venire meas.

No more your groves with my glad ſongs ſhall ring,
No more theſe hands ſhall touch the trembling ſtring:
My Phaon 's fled, and I thoſe arts reſign,
(Wretch that I am! to call that Phaon mine.)
Return, fair Youth! return, and bring along
Joy to my ſoul, and vigour to my ſong:
Abſent from thee, the poet's flame expires;
But, ah! how fiercely burn the lover's fires?
Gods! can no pray'rs, no ſighs, no numbers, move
One ſavage heart, or teach it how to love?
The winds my pray'rs, my ſighs, my numbers, bear,
The flying winds have loſt them all in air!
Oh, when, alas! ſhall more auſpicious gales
To theſe fond eyes reſtore thy welcome ſails!
If you return—ah! why theſe long delays?
Poor Sappho dies while careleſs Phaon ſtays.

Abſtulit omne Phaon, quod vobis ante placebat.
(Me miſeram! dixi quam modo pene, meus!)
Efficite ut redeat: vates quoque veſtra redibit.
Ingenio vires ille dat, ille rapit.
Ecquid ago precibus? pectuſne agreſte movetur?
An riget? et zephyri verba caduca ferunt?
Qui mea verba ferunt, vellem tua vela referrent.
Hoc te, ſi ſaperes, lente, decebat opus.
Sive redis, puppique tuæ votiva parantur
Munera; quid laceras pectora noſtra mora?

O lanch thy bark, nor fear the wat'ry plain;
Venus for thee ſhall ſmooth her native main.
O lanch thy bark, ſecure of proſp'rous gales;
Cupid for thee ſhall ſpread the ſwelling ſails.
If you will fly—(yet, ah! what cauſe can be,
Too cruel Youth! that you ſhould fly from me?)
If not from Phaon I muſt hope for eaſe,
Ah! let me ſeek it from the raging ſeas:
To raging ſeas unpity'd I 'll remove,
And either ceaſe to live or ceaſe to love!

Solve ratem: Venus orta mari, mare præſtat eunti.
Aura dabit curſum; tu modo ſolve ratem.
Ipſe gubernabit reſidens in puppe Cupido:
Ipſe dabit tenera vela legetque manu.
Sive juvat longe fugiſſe Pelaſgida Sappho;
(Non tamen invenies, cur ego digna fuga.)
[O ſaltem miſeræ, Crudelis, epiſtola dicat:
Ut mihi Leucadiæ fata petantur aquæ.]

ELOISA TO ABELARD.

The Argument.

ABELARD and Eloiſa flouriſhed in the twelfth century; they were two of the moſt diſtinguiſhed perſons of their age in learning and beauty, but for nothing more famous than for their unfortunate paſſion. After a long courſe of calamities they retired each to a ſeveral convent, and conſecrated the remainder of their days to religion. It was many years after this ſeparation that a letter of Abelard's to a friend, which contained the hiſtory of his misfortune, fell into the hands of Eloiſa. This awakening all her tenderneſs, occaſioned thoſe celebrated Letters, (out of which the following is partly extracted) which give ſo lively a picture of the ſtruggles of Grace and Nature, Virtue and Paſſion. [P.]

In theſe deep ſolitudes and awful cells,
Where heav'nly-penſive Contemplation dwells,
And ever-muſing Melancholy reigns,
What means this tumult in a Veſtal's veins?
Why rove my thoughts beyond this laſt retreat?
Why feels my heart its long-forgotten heat?
Yet, yet I love!—From Abelard it came,
And Eloïſa yet muſt kiſs the name.
Dear fatal name! reſt ever unreveal'd,
Nor paſs theſe lips in holy ſilence ſeal'd:
Hide it, my heart! within that cloſe diſguiſe,
Where mix'd with God's his lov'd idea lies:
O write it not, my hand—the name appears
Already written—waſh it out, my tears!
In vain loſt Eloïſa weeps and prays,
Her heart ſtill dictates, and her hand obeys.

Relentlefs walls! whofe darkfome round contains
Repentant fighs and voluntary pains:
Ye rugged Rocks! which holy knees have worn;
Ye Grots and Caverns! fhagg'd with horrid thorn;
Shrines! where their vigils pale-ey'd virgins keep,
And pitying faints, whofe ftatues learn to weep!
Tho' cold like you, unmov'd and filent grown,
I have not yet forgot myfelf to ftone.
All is not Heav'n's while Abelard has part;
Still rebel Nature holds out half my heart:
Nor pray'rs nor fafts its ftubborn pulfe reftrain,
Nor tears for ages taught to flow in vain.
Soon as thy letters trembling I unclofe,
That well-known name awakens all my woes.
Oh, name for ever fad! for ever dear!
Still breath'd in fighs, ftill ufher'd with a tear.
I tremble too where'er my own I find,
Some dire misfortune follows clofe behind.
Line after line my gufhing eyes o'erflow,
Led thro' a fad variety of woe:
Now warm in love, now with'ring in my bloom,
Loft in a convent's folitary gloom!
There ftern Religion quench'd th' unwilling flame;
There dy'd the beft of paffions, love and fame.
Yet write, oh! write me all, that I may join
Griefs to thy griefs, and echo fighs to thine.
Nor foes nor fortune take this pow'r away;
And is my Abelard lefs kind than they?

Tears ſtill are mine, and thoſe I need not ſpare,
Love but demands what elſe were ſhed in pray'r;
No happier taſk theſe faded eyes purſue;
To read and weep is all they now can do.
  Then ſhare thy pain, allow that ſad relief;
Ah! more than ſhare it, give me all thy grief.
Heav'n firſt taught letters for ſome wretch's aid,
Some baniſh'd lover, or ſome captive maid;
They live, they ſpeak, they breathe what love inſpires,
Warm from the ſoul, and faithful to its fires;
The virgin's wiſh without her fears impart,
Excuſe the bluſh, and pour out all the heart,
Speed the ſoft intercourſe from ſoul to ſoul,
And waft a ſigh from Indus to the pole.
  Thou know'ſt how guiltleſs firſt I met thy flame,
When Love approach'd me under Friendſhip's name;
My fancy form'd thee of angelic kind,
Some emanation of th' all-beauteous Mind.
Thoſe ſmiling eyes, attemp'ring ev'ry ray,
Shone ſweetly lambent with celeſtial day.
Guiltleſs I gaz'd; Heav'n liſten'd while you ſung,
And truths divine came mended from that tongue.
From lips like thoſe what precept fail'd to move?
Too ſoon they taught me 'twas no ſin to love:
Back thro' the paths of pleaſing ſenſe I ran,
Nor wiſh'd an angel whom I lov'd a man.
Dim and remote the joys of ſaints I ſee,
Nor envy them that heav'n I loſe for thee.

How oft', when preſs'd to marriage, have I ſaid,
Curſe on all laws but thoſe which Love has made!
Love, free as air, at ſight of human ties
Spreads his light wings, and in a moment flies.
Let wealth, let honour, wait the wedded dame,
Auguſt her deed, and ſacred be her fame;
Before true paſſion all thoſe views remove;
Fame, wealth, and honour! what are you to love?
The jealous god, when we profane his fires,
Thoſe reſtleſs paſſions in revenge inſpires,
And bids them make miſtaken mortals groan,
Who ſeek in love for aught but love alone.
Should at my feet the world's great maſter fall,
Himſelf, his throne, his world, I 'd ſcorn 'em all:
Not Cæſar's empreſs would I deign to prove;
No, make me miſtreſs to the man I love:
If there be yet another name more free,
More fond, than Miſtreſs, make me that to thee!
Oh, happy ſtate! when ſouls each other draw,
When love is liberty, and nature law:
All then is full, poſſeſſing and poſſeſt,
No craving void left aching in the breaſt:
Ev'n thought meets thought ere from the lips it part,
And each warm wiſh ſprings mutual from the heart.
This ſure is bliſs, (if bliſs on earth there be)
And once the lot of Abelard and me.
Alas, how chang'd! what ſudden horrors riſe!
A naked lover bound and bleeding lies!

Where, where was Eloïse? her voice, her hand,
Her poniard, had oppos'd the dire command.
Barbarian, ſtay! that bloody ſtroke reſtrain;
The crime was common, common be the pain.
I can no more; by ſhame, by rage, ſuppreſt,
Let tears and burning bluſhes ſpeak the reſt.
  Canſt thou forget that ſad, that ſolemn, day
When victims at yon' altar's foot we lay?
Canſt thou forget what tears that moment fell,
When, warm in youth, I bade the world farewell?
As with cold lips I kiſs'd the ſacred veil,
The ſhrines all trembled, and the lamps grew pale;
Heav'n ſcarce believ'd the conqueſt it ſurvey'd,
And ſaints with wonder heard the vows I made.
Yet then, to thoſe dread altars as I drew,
Not on the Croſs my eyes were fix'd, but you:
Not grace, or zeal, love only was my call,
And if I loſe thy love I loſe my all.
Come! with thy looks, thy words, relieve my woe;
Thoſe ſtill at leaſt are left thee to beſtow.
Still on that breaſt enamour'd let me lie,
Still drink delicious poiſon from thy eye,
Pant on thy lip, and to thy heart be preſt:
Give all thou canſt—and let me dream the reſt.
Ah! no; inſtruct me other joys to prize,
With other beauties charm my partial eyes;
Full in my view ſet all the bright abode,
And make my ſoul quit Abelard for God.

Ah! think at leaſt thy flock deſerves thy care,
Plants of thy hand, and children of thy pray'r.
From the falſe world in early youth they fled,
By thee to mountains, wilds, and deſerts led.
You rais'd theſe hallow'd walls; the deſert ſmil'd,
And Paradiſe was open'd in the wild.
No weeping orphan ſaw his father's ſtores
Our ſhrines irradiate, or emblaze the floors;
No ſilver ſaints, by dying miſers giv'n,
Here brib'd the rage of ill-requited Heav'n;
But ſuch plain roofs as piety could raiſe,
And only vocal with the maker's praiſe.
In theſe lone walls, (their days' eternal bound)
Theſe moſs-grown domes with ſpiry turrets crown'd,
Where awful arches make a noon-day night,
And the dim windows ſhed a ſolemn light,
Thy eyes diffus'd a reconciling ray,
And gleams of glory brighten'd all the day.
But now no face divine contentment wears,
'Tis all blank ſadneſs, or continual tears.
See how the force of others' pray'rs I try,
(O pious fraud of am'rous charity!)
But why ſhould I on others' pray'rs depend?
Come thou, my father, brother, huſband, friend!
Ah! let thy handmaid, ſiſter, daughter, move,
And all thoſe tender names in one, thy love!
The darkſome pines that o'er yon' rocks reclin'd
Wave high, and murmur to the hollow wind,

The wand'ring ſtreams that ſhine between the hills,
The grots that echo to the tinkling rills,
The dying gales that pant upon the trees,
The lakes that quiver to the curling breeze;
No more theſe ſcenes my meditation aid,
Or lull to reſt the viſionary maid;
But o'er the twilight groves and duſky caves,
Long-ſounding aiſles and intermingled graves,
Black Melancholy ſits, and round her throws
A death-like ſilence and a dread repoſe;
Her gloomy preſence ſaddens all the ſcene,
Shades ev'ry flow'r, and darkens ev'ry green,
Deepens the murmur of the falling floods,
And breathes a browner horror on the woods.
 Yet here for ever, ever, muſt I ſtay;
Sad proof how well a lover can obey!
Death, only death, can break the laſting chain;
And here, even then, ſhall my cold duſt remain;
Here all its frailties, all its flames, reſign,
And wait till 't is no ſin to mix with thine.
 Ah, wretch! believ'd the ſpouſe of God in vain,
Confeſs'd within the ſlave of love and man!
Aſſiſt me, Heav'n! but whence aroſe that pray'r?
Sprung it from piety or from deſpair?
Ev'n here, where frozen Chaſtity retires,
Love finds an altar for forbidden fires.
I ought to grieve, but cannot what I ought;
I mourn the lover, not lament the fault;

I view my crime, but kindle at the view,
Repent old pleafures, and folicit new;
Now, turn'd to Heav'n, I weep my paft offence;
Now think of thee, and curfe my innocence.
Of all affliction taught a lover yet
'Tis fure the hardeft fcience to forget!
How fhall I lofe the fin yet keep the fenfe,
And love th' offender yet deteft th' offence?
How the dear object from the crime remove,
Or how diftinguifh penitence from love?
Unequal tafk! a paffion to refign,
For hearts fo touch'd, fo pierc'd, fo loft, as mine.
Ere fuch a foul regains its peaceful ftate,
How often muft it love, how often hate!
How often hope, defpair, refent, regret,
Conceal, difdain—do all things but forget!
But let Heav'n feize it, all at once 't is fir'd;
Not touch'd, but rapt; not waken'd, but infpir'd!
Oh, come! oh! teach me Nature to fubdue,
Renounce my love, my life, myfelf—and you;
Fill my fond heart with God alone, for he
Alone can rival, can fucceed to thee.
 How happy is the blamelefs Veftal's lot,
The world forgetting, by the world forgot?
Eternal funfhine of the fpotlefs mind!
Each pray'r accepted, and each wifh refign'd:
Labour and reft, that equal periods keep,
"Obedient flumbers that can wake and weep;"

Desires compos'd, affections ever ev'n.
Tears that delight, and sighs that waft to heav'n;
Grace shines around her with serenest beams,
And whisp'ring angels prompt her golden dreams:
For her th' unfading rose of Eden blooms,
And wings of seraphs shed divine perfumes;
For her the spouse prepares the bridal ring,
For her white virgins Hymenæals sing;
To sounds of heav'nly harps she dies away,
And melts in visions of eternal day.
  Far other dreams my erring soul employ,
Far other raptures of unholy joy:
When at the close of each sad sorrowing day
Fancy restores what Vengeance snatch'd away,
Then Conscience sleeps, and, leaving Nature free,
All my loose soul unbounded springs to thee.
Oh! curs'd dire horrors of all-conscious night!
How glowing guilt exalts the keen delight!
Provoking Dæmons all restraint remove,
And stir within me ev'ry source of love.
I hear thee, view thee, gaze o'er all thy charms,
And round thy phantom glue my clasping arms.
I wake—no more I hear, no more I view,
The phantom flies me, as unkind as you.
I call aloud; it hears not what I say:
I stretch my empty arms; it glides away.
To dream once more I close my willing eyes;
Ye soft Illusions! dear Deceits! arise;

Alas! no more, methinks, we wand'ring go
Thro' dreary waſtes, and weep each other's woe,
Where round ſome mould'ring tow'r pale ivy creeps,
And low-brow'd rocks hang nodding o'er the deeps;
Sudden you mount, you beckon from the ſkies;
Clouds interpoſe, waves roar, and winds ariſe:
I ſhriek, ſtart up, the ſame ſad proſpect find,
And wake to all the griefs I left behind.
  For thee the Fates, ſeverely kind, ordain
A cool ſuſpenſe from pleaſure and from pain;
Thy life a long dead calm of fix'd repoſe,
No pulſe that riots, and no blood that glows;
Still as the ſea ere winds were taught to blow,
Or moving Spirit bade the waters flow;
Soft as the ſlumbers of a ſaint forgiv'n,
And mild as op'ning gleams of promis'd heav'n.
  Come, Abelard! for what haſt thou to dread?
The torch of Venus burns not for the dead.
Nature ſtands check'd; Religion diſapproves;
Ev'n thou art cold—yet Eloïſa loves.
Ah! hopeleſs, laſting flames; like thoſe that burn
To light the dead, and warm th' unfruitful urn.
  What ſcenes appear where'er I turn my view?
The dear ideas where I fly purſue,
Riſe in the grove, before the altar riſe,
Stain all my ſoul, and wanton in my eyes.
I waſte the matin lamp in ſighs for thee;
Thy image ſteals between my God and me;

Thy voice I ſeem in ev'ry hymn to hear;
With ev'ry bead I drop too ſoft a tear.
When from the cenſer clouds of fragrance roll,
And ſwelling organs lift the riſing ſoul,
One thought of thee puts all the pomp to flight,
Prieſts, tapers, temples, ſwim before my ſight:
In ſeas of flame my plunging ſoul is drown'd,
While altars blaze, and angels tremble round.
While proſtrate here in humble grief I lie,
Kind virtuous drops juſt gath'ring in my eye,
While praying, trembling, in the duſt I roll,
And dawning grace is op'ning on my ſoul;
Come, if thou dar'ſt, all charming as thou art!
Oppoſe thyſelf to Heav'n; diſpute my heart;
Come, with one glance of thoſe deluding eyes
Blot out each bright idea of the ſkies;
Take back that grace, thoſe ſorrows, and thoſe tears;
Take back my fruitleſs penitence and pray'rs;
Snatch me, juſt mounting, from the bleſs'd abode;
Aſſiſt the fiends, and tear me from my God!
No, fly me, fly me, far as pole from pole!
Riſe Alps between us! and whole oceans roll!
Ah! come not, write not, think not once of me,
Nor ſhare one pang of all I felt for thee.
Thy oaths I quit, thy memory reſign;
Forget, renounce me, hate whate'er was mine.
Fair eyes, and tempting looks, (which yet I view)
Long lov'd, ador'd, ideas, all adieu!

O Grace ſerene! O Virtue heav'nly fair!
Divine oblivion of low-thoughted care!
Freſh blooming Hope, gay daughter of the Sky!
And Faith, our early immortality!
Enter each mild, each amicable, gueſt;
Receive, and wrap me in eternal reſt!
  See in her cell ſad Eloïſa ſpread,
Propp'd on ſome tomb, a neighbour of the dead.
In each low wind methinks a ſpirit calls,
And more than Echoes talk along the walls.
Here as I watch'd the dying lamps around,
From yonder ſhrine I heard a hollow ſound:
"Come, Siſter, come!" (it ſaid, or ſeem'd to ſay)
"Thy place is here, ſad Siſter! come away;
"Once, like thyſelf, I trembled, wept, and pray'd,
"Love's victim then, tho' now a ſainted maid:
"But all is calm in this eternal ſleep;
"Here Grief forgets to groan and Love to weep;
"Ev'n Superſtition loſes ev'ry fear;
"For God, not man, abſolves our frailties here."
  I come, I come! prepare your roſeate bow'rs,
Celeſtial palms, and ever-blooming flow'rs.
Thither, where ſinners may have reſt, I go,
Where flames refin'd in breaſts ſeraphic glow:
Thou, Abelard! the laſt ſad office pay,
And ſmooth my paſſage to the realms of day;
See my lips tremble and my eyeballs roll!
Suck my laſt breath, and catch my flying ſoul.

Ah! no—in ſacred veſtments may'ſt thou ſtand,
The hallow'd taper trembling in thy hand,
Preſent the Croſs before my lifted eye,
Teach me at once, and learn of me to die.
Ah! then thy once-lov'd Eloïſa ſee!
It will be then no crime to gaze on me.
See from my cheek the tranſient roſes fly!
See the laſt ſparkle languiſh in my eye!
Till ev'ry motion, pulſe, and breath, be o'er,
And ev'n my Abelard be lov'd no more.
Oh! Death all-eloquent! you only prove
What duſt we dote on when 't is man we love.

Then, too, when Fate ſhall thy fair frame deſtroy,
(That cauſe of all my guilt and all my joy)
In trance eceſtatic may thy pangs be drown'd,
Bright clouds deſcend, and angels watch thee round;
From op'ning ſkies may ſtreaming glories ſhine,
And ſaints embrace thee with a love like mine.

May one kind grave unite each hapleſs name,
And graft my love immortal on thy fame!
Then, ages hence, when all my woes are o'er,
When this rebellious heart ſhall beat no more,
If ever Chance two wand'ring lovers brings
To Paraclete's white walls and ſilver ſprings,
O'er the pale marble ſhall they join their heads,
And drink the falling tears each other ſheds,
Then ſadly ſay, with mutual pity mov'd,
"Oh! may we never love as theſe have lov'd!"

From the full choir when loud hoſannas riſe,
And ſwell the pomp of dreadful ſacrifice,
Amid that ſcene if ſome relenting eye
Glance on the ſtone where our cold relics lie,
Devotion's ſelf ſhall ſteal a thought from Heav'n,
One human tear ſhall drop, and be forgiv'n.
And, ſure, if Fate ſome future bard ſhall join
In ſad ſimilitude of griefs to mine,
Condemn'd whole years in abſence to deplore,
And image charms he muſt behold no more;
Such if there be, who loves ſo long, ſo well,
Let him our ſad, our tender, ſtory tell;
The well-ſung woes will ſooth my penſive ghoſt:
He beſt can paint 'em who ſhall feel 'em moſt.

TWO CHORUSES

TO THE TRAGEDY OF BRUTUS.

CHORUS OF ATHENIANS.

STROPHE I.

Ye shades where sacred truth is sought,
Groves where immortal sages taught,
Where heav'nly visions Plato fir'd,
And Epicurus lay inspir'd!
In vain your guiltless laurels stood
Unspotted long with human blood:
War, horrid war! your thoughtful walks invades,
And steel now glitters in the Muses' shades.

ANTISTROPHE I.

Oh, heav'n-born Sisters! source of art!
Who charm the sense or mend the heart,
Who lead fair Virtue's train along,
Moral Truth and mystic Song!
To what new clime, what distant sky,
Forsaken, friendless, shall ye fly?
Say, will ye bless the bleak Atlantic shore,
Or bid the furious Gaul be rude no more?

STROPHE II.

When Athens sinks by fates unjust,
When wild Barbarians spurn her dust,
Perhaps ev'n Britain's utmost shore
Shall cease to blush with strangers' gore:

See Arts her ſavage ſons control,
And Athens riſing near the pole!
Till ſome new tyrant lifts his purple hand,
And civil madneſs tears them from the land.

ANTISTROPHE II.

Ye Gods! what juſtice rules the ball?
Freedom and arts together fall;
Fools grant whate'er Ambition craves,
And men, once ignorant, are ſlaves.
Oh! curs'd effects of civil hate,
In ev'ry age, in ev'ry ſtate!
Still when the luſt of tyrant pow'r ſucceeds,
Some Athens periſhes, ſome Tully bleeds.

CHORUS OF YOUTHS AND VIRGINS.

SEMICHORUS.

Oh! tyrant Love! haſt thou poſſeſt
The prudent, learn'd, and virtuous breaſt?
Wiſdom and wit in vain reclaim,
And arts but ſoften us to feel thy flame.
Love, ſoft intruder, enters here,
But, ent'ring, learns to be ſincere.
Marcus with bluſhes owns he loves,
And Brutus tenderly reproves.
Why, Virtue, doſt thou blame deſire
Which Nature hath impreſt?
Why, Nature, doſt thou ſooneſt fire
The mild and gen'rous breaſt?

CHORUS.

Love's purer flames the gods approve;
The gods and Brutus bend to love:
Brutus for abſent Porcia ſighs,
And ſterner Caſſius melts at Junia's eyes.
What is looſe love? a tranſient guſt,
Spent in a ſudden ſtorm of luſt,
A vapour fed from wild deſire,
A wand'ring ſelf-conſuming fire:
But Hymen's kinder flames unite,
And burn for ever one,
Chaſte as cold Cynthia's virgin light,
Productive as the ſun.

SEMICHORUS.

Oh! ſource of ev'ry ſocial tie,
United wiſh and mutual joy!
What various joys on one attend,
As ſon, as father, brother, huſband, friend!
Whether his hoary ſire he ſpies,
While thouſand grateful thoughts ariſe,
Or meets his ſpouſe's fonder eye,
Or views his ſmiling progeny;
What tender paſſions take their turns,
What home-felt raptures move!
His heart now melts, now leaps, now burns,
With rev'rence, hope, and love.

CHORUS.

Hence guilty joys, diſtaſtes, ſurmiſes,
Hence falſe tears, deceits, diſguiſes,
Dangers, doubts, delays, ſurpriſes,
Fires that ſcorch, yet dare not ſhine:
Pureſt love's unwaſting treaſure,
Conſtant faith, fair hope, long leiſure,
Days of eaſe, and nights of pleaſure;
Sacred Hymen! theſe are thine.

ELEGY

To the Memory of

AN UNFORTUNATE LADY.

WHAT beck'ning ghoſt along the moonlight ſhade
Invites my ſteps, and points to yonder glade?
'Tis ſhe!—but why that bleeding boſom gor'd?
Why dimly gleams the viſionary ſword?
Oh! ever beauteous, ever friendly! tell,
Is it in heav'n a crime to love too well?
To bear too tender or too firm a heart,
To act a lover's or a Roman's part?
Is there no bright reverſion in the ſky
For thoſe who greatly think or bravely die?
Why bade ye elſe, ye Pow'rs! her ſoul aſpire
Above the vulgar flight of low deſire?
Ambition firſt ſprung from your bleſs'd abodes,
The glorious fault of angels and of gods;
Thence to their images on earth it flows,
And in the breaſts of kings and heroes glows.
Moſt ſouls, 't is true, but peep out once an age,
Dull ſullen pris'ners in the body's cage:
Dim lights of life, that burn a length of years
Uſeleſs, unſeen, as lamps in ſepulchres:

Like eaſtern kings a lazy ſtate they keep,
And, cloſe confin'd to their own palace, ſleep.
From theſe, perhaps, (ere Nature bade her die)
Fate ſnatch'd her early to the pitying ſky.
As into air the purer ſpirits flow,
And ſep'rate from their kindred dregs below,
So flew the ſoul to its congenial place,
Nor left one virtue to redeem her race.
But thou, falſe guardian of a charge too good,
Thou mean deſerter of thy brother's blood!
See on theſe ruby lips the trembling breath,
Theſe cheeks now fading at the blaſt of death:
Cold is that breaſt which warm'd the world before,
And thoſe love-darting eyes muſt roll no more.
Thus, if eternal Juſtice rules the ball,
Thus ſhall your wives and thus your children fall:
On all the line a ſudden vengeance waits,
And frequent herſes ſhall beſiege your gates:
There paſſengers ſhall ſtand, and, pointing, ſay,
(While the long fun'rals blacken all the way)
Lo! theſe were they whoſe ſouls the Furies ſteel'd,
And curs'd with hearts unknowing how to yield.
Thus unlamented paſs the proud away,
The gaze of fools, and pageant of a day!
So periſh all whoſe breaſt ne'er learn'd to glow
For others' good, or melt at others' woe.
What can atone, (oh, ever-injur'd Shade!)
Thy fate unpity'd, and thy rites unpaid?

No friend's complaint, no kind domeſtic tear,
Pleas'd thy pale ghoſt, or grac'd thy mournful bier.
By foreign hands thy dying eyes were clos'd,
By foreign hands thy decent limbs compos'd;
By foreign hands thy humble grave adorn'd,
By ſtrangers honour'd, and by ſtrangers mourn'd!
What tho' no friends in ſable weeds appear,
Grieve for an hour, perhaps, then mourn a year,
And bear about the mockery of woe
To midnight dances and the public ſhow?
What tho' no weeping Loves thy aſhes grace,
Nor poliſh'd marble emulate thy face?
What tho' no ſacred earth allow thee room,
Nor hallow'd dirge be mutter'd o'er thy tomb?
Yet ſhall thy grave with riſing flow'rs be dreſt,
And the green turf lie lightly on thy breaſt:
There ſhall the Morn her earlieſt tears beſtow,
There the firſt roſes of the year ſhall blow,
While angels with their ſilver wings o'erſhade
The ground, now ſacred by thy relics made.
So peaceful reſts, without a ſtone, a name,
What once had beauty, titles, wealth, and fame.
How lov'd, how honour'd once, avails thee not,
To whom related, or by whom begot:
A heap of duſt alone remains of thee;
'Tis all thou art, and all the proud ſhall be!
Poets themſelves muſt fall like thoſe they ſung,
Deaf the prais'd ear, and mute the tuneful tongue:

Ev'n he whoſe ſoul now melts in mournful lays
Shall ſhortly want the gen'rous tear he pays;
Then from his cloſing eyes thy form ſhall part,
And the laſt pang ſhall tear thee from his heart;
Life's idle bus'neſs at one gaſp be o'er,
The Muſe forgot, and thou belov'd no more!

PROLOGUE

To Mr. Addiſon's

TRAGEDY OF CATO.

To wake the ſoul by tender ſtrokes of art,
To raiſe the genius, and to mend the heart;
To make mankind in conſcious virtue bold,
Live o'er each ſcene, and be what they behold:
For this the Tragic Muſe firſt trod the ſtage,
Commanding tears to ſtream thro' ev'ry age;
Tyrants no more their ſavage nature kept,
And foes to virtue wonder'd how they wept.
Our Author ſhuns by vulgar ſprings to move
The hero's glory or the virgin's love;
In pitying love we but our weakneſs ſhow,
And wild ambition well deſerves its woe.
Here tears ſhall flow from a more gen'rous cauſe,
Such tears as patriots ſhed for dying laws:
He bids your breaſts with ancient ardour riſe,
And calls forth Roman drops from Britiſh eyes.
Virtue confeſs'd in human ſhape he draws,
What Plato thought, and godlike Cato was:
No common object to your ſight diſplays,
But what with pleaſure Heav'n itſelf ſurveys,
A brave man ſtruggling in the ſtorms of fate,
And greatly falling with a falling ſtate.

While Cato gives his little Senate laws,
What boſom beats not in his country's cauſe?
Who ſees him act but envies ev'ry deed?
Who hears him groan, and does not wiſh to bleed?
Ev'n when proud Cæſar 'midſt triumphal cars,
The ſpoils of nations and the pomp of wars,
Ignobly vain, and impotently great,
Show'd Rome her Cato's figure drawn in ſtate,
As her dead father's rev'rend image paſt,
The pomp was darken'd, and the day o'ercaſt;
The triumph ceas'd, tears guſh'd from ev'ry eye;
The world's great victor paſs'd unheeded by;
Her laſt good man dejected Rome ador'd,
And honour'd Cæſar's leſs than Cato's ſword.
Britons! attend: be worth like this approv'd,
And ſhow you have the virtue to be mov'd.
With honeſt ſcorn the firſt fam'd Cato view'd
Rome learning arts from Greece, whom ſhe ſubdu'd.
Your ſcene precariouſly ſubſiſts too long
On French tranſlation and Italian ſong.
Dare to have ſenſe yourſelves; aſſert the ſtage;
Be juſtly warm'd with your own native rage.
Such plays alone ſhould win a Britiſh ear
As Cato's ſelf had not diſdain'd to hear.

EPILOGUE

TO MR. ROWE'S JANE SHORE.

DESIGNED FOR MRS. OLDFIELD.

PRODIGIOUS this! the frail-one of our Play
From her own ſex ſhould mercy find to-day!
You might have held the pretty head aſide,
Peep'd in your fans, been ſerious, thus, and cry'd,
"ThePlay may paſs--but that ſtrange creature, Shore,
I can't—Indeed now—I ſo hate a whore—"
Juſt asa blockhead rubs his thoughtleſs ſkull,
And thanks his ſtars he was not born a fool;
So, from a ſiſter ſinner, you ſhall hear
"How ſtrangely you expoſe yourſelf, my Dear!"
But let me die, all raillery apart,
Our ſex are ſtill forgiving at their heart;
And, did not wicked cuſtom ſo contrive,
We'd be the beſt good-natur'd things alive.
  There are, 't is true, who tell another tale,
That virtuous ladies envy while they rail:
Such rage without betrays the fire within;
In ſome cloſe corner of the ſoul they ſin,
Still hoarding up, moſt ſcandalouſly nice,
Amidſt their virtues a reſerve of vice.
The godly dame, who fleſhly failings damns,
Scolds with her maid, or with her chaplain crams.
Would you enjoy ſoft nights and ſolid dinners?
Faith, Gallants! board with ſaints and bed with ſin-
ners.

Well, if our Author in the Wife offends,
He has a Hufband that will make amends:
He draws him gentle, tender, and forgiving;
And fure fuch kind good creatures may be living.
In days of old they pardon'd breach of vows;
Stern Cato's felf was no relentlefs fpoufe:
Plu—Plutarch, what 's his name that writes his life?
Tells us that Cato dearly lov'd his wife;
Yet if a friend, a night or fo, fhould need her,
He 'd recommend her as a fpecial breeder.
To lend a wife few here would fcruple make;
But, pray, which of you all would take her back?
Tho' with the Stoic Chief our ftage may ring,
The Stoic Hufband was the glorious thing.
The man had courage, was a fage, 'tis true,
And lov'd his country—but what 's that to you?
Thofe ftrange examples ne'er were made to fit ye,
But the kind cuckold might inftruct the City:
There many an honeft man may copy Cato
Who ne'er faw naked fword or look'd in Plato.
If, after all, you think it a difgrace
That Edward's Mifs thus perks it in your face;
To fee a piece of failing flefh and blood
In all the reft fo impudently good;
Faith, let the modeft Matrons of the Town
Come here in crowds, and ftare the ftrumpet down.

TRANSLATIONS & IMITATIONS.

Advertisement.

The following Tranflations were felected from many others done by the Author in his youth; for the moft part, indeed, but a fort of Exercifes, while he was improving himfelf in the languages, and carried, by his early bent to Poetry, to perform them rather in verfe than profe. Mr. Dryden's Fables came out about that time, which occafioned the tranflations from Chaucer. They were firft feparately printed in Mifcellanies by J. Tonfon and B. Lintot, and afterwards collected in the Quarto edition of 1717. The imitations of Englifh Authors were done as early, fome of them at fourteen or fifteen years old. [P.]

THE TEMPLE OF FAME *.

[*Written in the year* 1711.]

In that foft feafon when defcending fhow'rs
Call forth the greens, and wake the rifing flow'rs;
When op'ning buds falute the welcome day,
And earth relenting feels the genial ray;

* The hint of the following piece was taken from Chaucer's Houfe of Fame. The defign is in a manner entirely altered, the defcriptions and moft of the particular thoughts my own; yet I could not fuffer it to be printed without this acknowledgment. The reader who would compare this with Chaucer, may begin with this Third book of Fame, there being nothing in the two firft books that anfwer to their title. [P.]

As balmy ſleep had charm'd my cares to reſt,
And love itſelf was baniſh'd from my breaſt,
(What time the morn myſterious viſions brings,
While purer ſlumbers ſpread their golden wings)
A train of phantoms in wild order roſe,
And, join'd, this intellectual ſcene compoſe.
I ſtood, methought, betwixt earth, ſeas, and ſkies,
The whole creation open to my eyes:
In air ſelf-balanc'd hung the globe below,
Where mountains riſe and circling oceans flow;
Here naked rocks and empty waſtes were ſeen,
There tow'ry cities and the foreſts green;
Here ſailing ſhips delight the wand'ring eyes,
There trees and intermingled temples riſe;
Now a clear ſun the ſhining ſcene diſplays,
The tranſient landſcape now in clouds decays.
O'er the wide proſpect as I gaz'd around,
Sudden I heard a wild promiſcuous ſound,
Like broken thunders that at diſtance roar,
Or billows murm'ring on the hollow ſhore;
Then gazing up a glorious pile beheld,
Whoſe tow'ring ſummit ambient clouds conceal'd.
High on a rock of ice the ſtructure lay,
Steep its aſcent, and ſlipp'ry was the way;
The wondrous rock like Parian marble ſhone,
And ſeem'd, to diſtant ſight, of ſolid ſtone.
Inſcriptions here of various names I view'd,
The greater part by hoſtile Time ſubdu'd;

Yet wide was ſpread their fame in ages paſt,
And poets once had promis'd they ſhould laſt.
Some freſh engrav'd appear'd of wits renown'd;
I look'd again, nor could their trace be found.
Critics I ſaw that other names deface,
And fix their own with labour in their place:
Their own, like others, ſoon their place reſign'd,
Or diſappear'd, and left the firſt behind.
Nor was the work impair'd by ſtorms alone,
But felt th' approaches of too warm a ſun;
For fame, impatient of extremes, decays
Not more by envy than exceſs of praiſe.
Yet part no injuries of heav'n could feel,
Like cryſtal faithful to the graving ſteel:
The rock's high ſummit in the temple's ſhade
Nor heat could melt nor beating ſtorm invade.
Their names inſcrib'd unnumber'd ages paſt
From Time's firſt birth with Time itſelf ſhall laſt;
Theſe ever new, nor ſubject to decays,
Spread and grow brighter with the length of days.
So Zembla's rocks (the beauteous work of Froſt)
Riſe white in air, and glitter o'er the coaſt;
Pale ſuns, unfelt, at diſtance roll away,
And on th' impaſſive ice the lightnings play;
Eternal ſnows the growing maſs ſupply,
Till the bright mountains prop th' incumbent ſky:
As Atlas fix'd, each hoary pile appears,
The gather'd winter of a thouſand years.

On this foundation Fame's high temple ftands,
Stupendous pile! not rear'd by mortal hands.
Whate'er proud Rome or artful Greece beheld,
Or elder Babylon, its frame excell'd.
Four faces had the dome, and ev'ry face
Of various ftructure, but of equal grace:
Four brazen gates, on columns lifted high,
Salute the diff'rent quarters of the fky.
Here fabled chiefs in darker ages born,
Or worthies old, whom arms or arts adorn,
Who cities rais'd, or tam'd a monftrous race,
The walls in venerable order grace:
Heroes in animated marble frown,
And legiflators feem to think in ftone.
  Weftward a fumptuous frontifpiece appear'd,
On Doric pillars of white marble rear'd,
Crown'd with an architrave of antique mould,
And fculpture rifing on the roughen'd gold.
In fhaggy fpoils here Thefeus was beheld,
And Perfeus dreadful with Minerva's fhield;
There great Alcides, ftooping with his toil,
Refts on his club, and holds th' Hefperian fpoil:
Here Orpheus fings; trees moving to the found
Start from their roots, and form a fhade around:
Amphion there the loud-creating lyre
Strikes, and behold a fudden Thebes afpire!
Cythæron's echoes anfwer to his call,
And half the mountain rolls into a wall:

There might you ſee the length'ning ſpires aſcend,
The domes ſwell up, the wid'ning arches bend,
The growing tow'rs like exhalations riſe,
And the huge columns heave into the ſkies.
  The eaſtern front was glorious to behold,
With di'mond flaming and Barbaric gold.
There Ninus ſhone, who ſpread th' Aſſyrian fame,
And the great founder of the Perſian name:
There in long robes the royal Magi ſtand,
Grave Zoroaſter waves the circling wand:
The ſage Chaldeans rob'd in white appear'd,
And Brachmans, deep in deſert woods rever'd.
Theſe ſtopp'd the moon, and call'd th' unbody'd ſhades
To midnight banquets in the glimm'ring glades;
Made viſionary fabrics round them riſe,
And airy ſpectres ſkim before their eyes;
Of taliſmans and ſigils knew the pow'r,
And careful watch'd the planetary hour.
Superior, and alone, Confucius ſtood,
Who taught that uſeful ſcience to be good.
  But on the ſouth a long majeſtic race
Of Egypt's prieſts the gilded niches grace,
Who meaſur'd earth, deſcrib'd the ſtarry ſpheres,
And trac'd the long records of lunar years.
High on his car Seſoſtris ſtruck my view,
Whom ſceptred ſlaves in golden harneſs drew:
His hands a bow and pointed jav'lin hold;
His giant limbs are arm'd in ſcales of gold.

Between the ſtatues obeliſks were plac'd,
And the learn'd walls with hieroglyphics grac'd.
Of Gothic ſtructure was the northern ſide,
O'erwrought with ornaments of barb'rous pride.
There huge Coloſſes roſe, with trophies crown'd,
And Runic characters were grav'd around:
There ſat Zamolxis with erected eyes,
And Odin here in mimic trances dies.
There, on rude iron columns ſmear'd with blood,
The horrid forms of Scythian heroes ſtood,
Druids and bards, (their once-loud harps unſtrung)
And youths that dy'd to be by poets ſung.
Theſe, and a thouſand more of doubtful fame,
To whom old fables gave a laſting name,
In ranks adorn'd the temple's outward face;
The wall in luſtre and effect like glaſs,
Which o'er each object caſting various dyes,
Enlarges ſome, and others multiplies:
Nor void of emblem was the myſtic wall,
For thus romantic Fame increaſes all.
The temple ſhakes, the ſounding gates unfold,
Wide vaults appear, and roofs of fretted gold,
Rais'd on a thouſand pillars, wreath'd around
With laurel foliage and with eagles crown'd:
Of bright tranſparent beryl were the walls,
The freezes gold, and gold the capitals:
As heav'n with ſtars the roof with jewels glows,
And ever-living lamps depend in rows.

Full in the paſſage of each ſpacious gate
The ſage hiſtorians in white garments wait;
Grav'd o'er their ſeats the form of Time was found,
His ſithe revers'd, and both his pinions bound.
Within ſtood heroes, who thro' loud alarms
In bloody fields purſu'd renown in arms.
High on a throne, with trophies charg'd, I view'd
The youth that all things but himſelf ſubdu'd;
His feet on ſceptres and tiaras trod,
And his horn'd head bely'd the Libyan god.
There Cæſar, grac'd with both Minervas, ſhone;
Cæſar! the world's great maſter and his own;
Unmov'd, ſuperior ſtill in ev'ry ſtate,
And ſcarce deteſted in his country's fate.
But chief were thoſe who not for empire fought,
But with their toils their people's ſafety bought:
High o'er the reſt Epaminondas ſtood;
Timoleon, glorious in his brother's blood;
Bold Scipio, ſaviour of the Roman ſtate,
Great in his triumphs, in retirement great;
And wiſe Aurelius, in whoſe well-taught mind
With boundleſs pow'r unbounded virtue join'd,
His own ſtrict judge, and patron of mankind.
Much-ſuff'ring heroes next their honours claim,
Thoſe of leſs noiſy and leſs guilty fame,
Fair Virtue's ſilent train: ſupreme of theſe
Here ever ſhines the godlike Socrates;

He whom ungrateful Athens could expel,
At all times juſt but when he ſign'd the ſhell:
Here his abode the martyr'd Phocion claims,
With Agis, not the laſt of Spartan names:
Unconquer'd Cato ſhews the wound he tore,
And Brutus his ill genius meets no more.

But in the centre of the hallow'd choir
Six pompous columns o'er the reſt aſpire;
Around the ſhrine itſelf of Fame they ſtand,
Hold the chief honours, and the fane command.
High on the firſt the mighty Homer ſhone,
Eternal adamant compos'd his throne;
Father of Verſe! in holy fillets dreſt,
His ſilver beard wav'd gently o'er his breaſt;
Tho' blind, a boldneſs in his looks appears;
In years he ſeem'd, but not impair'd by years.
The wars of Troy were round the pillars ſeen;
Here fierce Tydides wounds the Cyprian queen:
Here Hector glorious from Patroclus' fall,
Here dragg'd in triumph round the Trojan wall.
Motion and life did ev'ry part inſpire,
Bold was the work, and prov'd the maſter's fire;
A ſtrong expreſſion moſt he ſeem'd t' affect,
And here and there diſclos'd a brave neglect.

A golden column next in rank appear'd,
On which a ſhrine of pureſt gold was rear'd;
Finiſh'd the whole, and labour'd ev'ry part,
With patient touches of unweary'd art:

The Mantuan there in ſober triumph ſate,
Compos'd his poſture, and his look ſedate;
On Homer ſtill he fix'd a rev'rend eye,
Great without pride, in modeſt majeſty.
In living ſculpture on the ſides were ſpread
The Latian wars, and haughty Turnus dead;
Eliza ſtretch'd upon the fun'ral pyre,
Æneas bending with his aged ſire:
Troy flam'd in burning gold, and o'er the throne
Arms and the Man in golden ciphers ſhone.
  Four ſwans ſuſtain a car of ſilver bright,
With heads advanc'd, and pinions ſtretch'd for flight:
Here, like ſome furious prophet, Pindar rode,
And ſeem'd to labour with th' inſpiring god.
Acroſs the harp a careleſs hand he flings,
And boldly ſinks into the ſounding ſtrings.
The figur'd games of Greece the column grace;
Neptune and Jove ſurvey the rapid race:
The youths hang o'er their chariots as they run;
The fiery ſteeds ſeem ſtarting from the ſtone:
The champions in diſtorted poſtures threat,
And all appear'd irregularly great.
  Here happy Horace tun'd th' Auſonian lyre
To ſweeter ſounds, and temper'd Pindar's fire;
Pleas'd with Alcæus' manly rage t' infuſe
The ſofter ſpirit of the Sapphic Muſe.
The poliſh'd pillar diff'rent ſculptures grace,
A work outlaſting monumental braſs.

Here ſmiling Loves and Bacchanals appear,
The Julian ſtar, and great Auguſtus here:
The doves, that round the infant poet ſpread
Myrtles and bays, hang hov'ring o'er his head.
Here, in a ſhrine that caſt a dazzling light,
Sate fix'd in thought the mighty Stagirite;
His ſacred head a radiant zodiac crown'd,
And various animals his ſides ſurround;
His piercing eyes, erect, appear to view
Superior worlds, and look all Nature thro'.
With equal rays immortal Tully ſhone,
The Roman roſtra deck'd the conſul's throne:
Gath'ring his flowing robe, he ſeem'd to ſtand
In act to ſpeak, and graceful ſtretch'd his hand.
Behind, Rome's genius waits with civic crowns,
And the great father of his country owns.
Theſe maſſy columns in a circle riſe,
O'er which a pompous dome invades the ſkies;
Scarce to the top I ſtretch'd my aching ſight,
So large it ſpread, and ſwell'd to ſuch a height.
Full in the midſt proud Fame's imperial ſeat
With jewels blaz'd, magnificently great;
The vivid em'ralds there revive the eye,
The flaming rubies ſhew their ſanguine dye,
Bright azure rays from lively ſapphires ſtream,
And lucid amber caſts a golden gleam.
With various-colour'd light the pavement ſhone,
And all on fire appear'd the glowing throne;

The dome's high arch reflects the mingled blaze,
And forms a rainbow of alternate rays.
When on the Goddeſs firſt I caſt my ſight,
Scarce ſeem'd her ſtature of a cubit's height,
But ſwell'd to larger ſize the more I gaz'd,
Till to the roof her tow'ring front ſhe rais'd.
With her the temple ev'ry moment grew,
And ampler viſtas open'd to my view:
Upward the columns ſhoot, the roofs aſcend,
And arches widen, and long aiſles extend.
Such was her form, as ancient bards have told,
Wings raiſe her arms, and wings her feet infold;
A thouſand buſy tongues the Goddeſs bears,
A thouſand open eyes, and thouſand liſt'ning ears.
Beneath, in order rang'd, the tuneful Nine
(Her virgin handmaids) ſtill attend the ſhrine;
With eyes on Fame for ever fix'd they ſing;
For Fame they raiſe the voice and tune the ſtring;
With Time's firſt birth began the heav'nly lays,
And laſt, eternal, thro' the length of days.
  Around theſe wonders as I caſt a look
The trumpet ſounded and the temple ſhook,
And all the nations, ſummon'd at the call,
From diff'rent quarters fill the crowded hall:
Of various tongues the mingled ſounds were heard;
In various garbs promiſcuous throngs appear'd;
Thick as the bees, that with the ſpring renew
Their flow'ry toils, and ſip the fragrant dew,

When the wing'd colonies firſt tempt the ſky,
O'er duſky fields and ſhaded waters fly,
Or ſettling, ſeize the ſweets the bloſſoms yield,
And a low murmur runs along the field.
Millions of ſuppliant crowds the ſhrine attend,
And all degrees before the Goddeſs bend;
The poor, the rich, the valiant, and the ſage,
And boaſting youth, and narrative old age:
Their pleas were diff'rent, their requeſt the ſame;
For good and bad alike are fond of Fame.
Some ſhe diſgrac'd, and ſome with honours crown'd;
Unlike ſucceſſes equal merits found.
Thus her blind ſiſter, fickle Fortune, reigns,
And, undiſcerning, ſcatters crowns and chains.
 First at the ſhrine the learned world appear,
And to the Goddeſs thus prefer their pray'r.
"Long have we ſought t' inſtruct and pleaſe mankind,
With ſtudies pale, with midnight vigils blind;
But thank'd by few, rewarded yet by none,
We here appeal to thy ſuperior throne:
On Wit and Learning the juſt prize beſtow,
For fame is all we muſt expect below."
 The Goddeſs heard, and bade the Muſes raiſe
The golden trumpet of eternal praiſe:
From pole to pole the winds diffuſe the ſound
That fills the circuit of the world around:
Not all at once, as thunder breaks the cloud;
The notes at firſt were rather ſweet than loud:

By just degrees they ev'ry moment rise,
Fill the wide earth, and gain upon the skies.
At ev'ry breath were balmy odours shed,
Which still grew sweeter as they wider spread;
Less fragrant scents th' unfolding rose exhales,
Or spices breathing in Arabian gales.
Next these the good and just, an awful train,
Thus on their knees address the sacred fane.
"Since living virtue is with envy curs'd,
And the best men are treated like the worst,
Do thou, just Goddess! call our merits forth,
And give each deed th' exact intrinsic worth."
"Not with bare justice shall your act be crown'd,"
Said Fame, "but high above desert renown'd:
Let fuller notes th' applauding world amaze,
And the loud clarion labour in your praise."
This band dismiss'd, behold another crowd
Preferr'd the same request, and lowly bow'd,
The constant tenor of whose well-spent days
No less deserv'd a just return of praise.
But straight the direful trump of Slander sounds;
Thro' the big dome the doubling thunder bounds;
Loud, as the burst of cannon rends the skies,
The dire report thro' ev'ry region flies,
In ev'ry ear incessant rumours rung,
And gath'ring scandals grew on ev'ry tongue.
From the black trumpet's rusty concave broke
Sulphureous flames, and clouds of rolling smoke:

The pois'nous vapour blots the purple ſkies,
And withers all before it as it flies.
A troop came next who crowns and armour wore,
And proud defiance in their looks they bore:
"For thee," they cry'd, "amidſt alarms and ſtrife
We ſail'd in tempeſts down the ſtream of life;
For thee whole nations fill'd with flames and blood,
And ſwam to empire thro' the purple flood.
Thoſe ills we dar'd thy inſpiration own,
What virtue ſeem'd was done for thee alone."
"Ambitious fools!" the Queen reply'd, and frown'd,
"Be all your acts in dark oblivion drown'd;
There ſleep forgot, with mighty tyrants gone,
Your ſtatues moulder'd, and your names unknown!"
A ſudden cloud ſtraight ſnatch'd them from my ſight,
And each majeſtic phantom ſunk in night.
Then came the ſmalleſt tribe I yet had ſeen;
Plain was their dreſs, and modeſt was their mien.
"Great Idol of mankind! we neither claim
The praiſe of merit nor aſpire to fame!
But ſafe in deſerts from th' applauſe of men
Would die unheard-of, as we liv'd unſeen;
'Tis all we beg thee to conceal from ſight
Thoſe acts of goodneſs which themſelves requite:
O let us ſtill the ſecret joy partake
To follow virtue ev'n for virtue's ſake."
"And live there men who ſlight immortal fame?
Who then with incenſe ſhall adore our name?

But, Mortals! know, 't is ſtill our greateſt pride
To blaze thoſe virtues which the good would hide.
Riſe, Muſes! riſe! add all your tuneful breath;
Theſe muſt not ſleep in darkneſs and in death."
She ſaid; in air the trembling muſic floats,
And on the winds triumphant ſwell the notes;
So ſoft, tho' high, ſo loud, and yet ſo clear,
Ev'n liſt'ning angels lean'd from heav'n to hear:
To fartheſt ſhores th' ambroſial ſpirit flies,
Sweet to the world, and grateful to the ſkies.
Next theſe a youthful train their vows expreſs'd,
With feathers crown'd, with gay embroid'ry dreſs'd:
"Hither," they cry'd, "direct your eyes, and ſee
The men of pleaſure, dreſs, and gallantry;
Ours is the place at banquets, balls, and plays,
Sprightly our nights, polite are all our days;
Courts we frequent, where 't is our pleaſing care
To pay due viſits, and addreſs the fair:
In fact, 't is true, no nymph we could perſuade,
But ſtill in fancy vanquiſh'd ev'ry maid;
Of unknown ducheſſes lewd tales we tell,
Yet would the world believe us all were well.
The joy let others have, and we the name,
And what we want in pleaſure grant in fame."
The Queen aſſents; the trumpet rends the ſkies,
And at each blaſt a lady's honour dies.
Pleas'd with the ſtrange ſucceſs, vaſt numbers preſt
Around the ſhrine, and made the ſame requeſt:

"What, you!" ſhe cry'd, "unlearn'd in arts to pleaſe,
Slaves to yourſelves, and ev'n fatigu'd with eaſe,
Who loſe a length of undeſerving days,
Would you uſurp the lover's dear-bought praiſe?
To juſt contempt, ye vain Pretenders! fall,
The people's fable, and the ſcorn of all."
Straight the black clarion ſends a horrid ſound,
Loud laughs burſt out, and bitter ſcoffs fly round,
Whiſpers are heard, with taunts reviling loud,
And ſcornful hiſſes run thro' all the crowd.
  Laſt thoſe who boaſt of mighty miſchiefs done,
Enſlave their country, or uſurp a throne;
Or who their glory's dire foundation laid
On ſov'reigns ruin'd, or on friends betray'd;
Calm-thinking villains, whom no faith could fix
Of crooked counſels and dark politics;
Of theſe a gloomy tribe ſurround the throne,
And beg to make th' immortal treaſons known.
The trumpet roars, long flaky flames expire
With ſparks that ſeem'd to ſet the world on fire.
At the dread ſound pale mortals ſtood aghaſt,
And ſtartled Nature trembled with the blaſt.
  This having heard and ſeen, ſome pow'r unknown
Straight chang'd the ſcene, and ſnatch'd me from the [throne.
Before my view appear'd a ſtructure fair,
Its ſite uncertain if in earth or air;
With rapid motion turn'd the manſion round;
With ceaſeleſs noiſe the ringing walls reſound;

Not leſs in number were the ſpacious doors
Than leaves on trees or ſands upon the ſhores,
Which ſtill unfolded ſtand by night, by day,
Pervious to winds, and open ev'ry way.
As flames by nature to the ſkies aſcend,
As weighty bodies to the centre tend,
As to the ſea returning rivers roll,
And the touch'd needle trembles to the pole;
Hither, as to their proper place, ariſe
All various ſounds from earth, and ſeas, and ſkies,
Or ſpoke aloud or whiſper'd in the ear;
Nor ever ſilence, reſt, or peace, is here.
As on the ſmooth expanſe of cryſtal lakes
The ſinking ſtone at firſt a circle makes,
The trembling ſurface, by the motion ſtirr'd,
Spreads in a ſecond circle, then a third,
Wide and more wide the floating rings advance,
Fill all the wat'ry plain, and to the margin dance:
Thus ev'ry voice and ſound, when firſt they break,
On neighb'ring air a ſoft impreſſion make;
Another ambient circle then they move,
That in its turn impels the next above;
Thro' undulating air the ſounds are ſent,
And ſpread o'er all the fluid element.
There various news I heard of love and ſtrife,
Of peace and war, health, ſickneſs, death, and life;
Of loſs and gain, of famine and of ſtore,
Of ſtorms at ſea, and travels on the ſhore;

Of prodigies, and portents seen in air,
Of fires and plagues, and stars with blazing hair;
Of turns of fortune, changes in the state,
The falls of fav'rites, projects of the great;
Of old mismanagements, taxations new,
All neither wholly false nor wholly true.
Above, below, without, within, around,
Confus'd, unnumber'd multitudes are found,
Who pass, repass, advance, and glide away,
Hosts rais'd by fear, and phantoms of a day:
Astrologers that future fates foreshew,
Projectors quacks, and lawyers, not a few;
And priests, and party zealots, num'rous bands,
With home-born lies, or tales from foreign lands;
Each talk'd aloud, or in some secret place,
And wild impatience star'd in ev'ry face.
They flying rumours gather'd as they roll'd;
Scarce any tale was sooner heard than told,
And all who told it added something new,
And all who heard it made enlargements too;
In ev'ry ear it spread, on ev'ry tongue it grew.
Thus flying east and west, and north and south,
News travell'd with increase from mouth to mouth;
So from a spark, that kindled first by chance,
With gath'ring force the quick'ning flames advance,
Till to the clouds their curling heads aspire,
And tow'rs and temples sink in floods of fire.

When thus ripe lies are to perfection ſprung,
Full grown, and fit to grace a mortal tongue,
Thro' thouſand vents, impatient, forth they flow,
And ruſh in millions on the world below.
Fame ſits aloft, and points them out their courſe,
Their date determines, and preſcribes their force;
Some to remain, and ſome to periſh ſoon,
Or wane and wax alternate like the moon.
Around a thouſand winged wonders fly,
Borne by the trumpet's blaſt, and ſcatter'd thro' the ſky.
There, at one paſſage, oft' you might ſurvey
A lie and truth contending for the way;
And long 't was doubtful, both ſo cloſely pent,
Which firſt ſhould iſſue thro' the narrow vent:
At laſt agreed, together out they fly,
Inſeparable now the truth and lie;
The ſtrict companions are for ever join'd,
And this or that unmix'd no mortal e'er ſhall find.
While thus I ſtood, intent to ſee and hear,
One came, methought, and whiſper'd in my ear,
" What could thus high thy raſh ambition raiſe?
Art thou, fond Youth! a candidate for praiſe?"
" 'Tis true," ſaid I, " not void of hopes I came,
For who ſo fond as youthful bards of fame?
But few, alas! the caſual bleſſing boaſt,
So hard to gain, ſo eaſy to be loſt.
How vain that ſecond life in others' breath,
Th' eſtate which wits inherit after death!

Eaſe, health, and life, for this they muſt reſign,
(Unſure the tenure, but how vaſt the fine!)
The great man's curſe, without the gains, endure,
Be envy'd wretched, and be flatter'd poor;
All luckleſs wits their enemies profeſt,
And all ſucceſsful jealous friends at beſt.
Nor Fame I ſlight, nor for her favours call;
She comes unlook'd-for if ſhe comes at all:
But if the purchaſe coſts ſo dear a price,
As ſoothing folly or exalting vice;
Oh! if the Muſe muſt flatter lawleſs ſway,
And follow ſtill where Fortune leads the way;
Or if no baſis bear my riſing name
But the fall'n ruins of another's fame;
Then teach me, Heav'n! to ſcorn the guilty bays,
Drive from my breaſt that wretched luſt of praiſe;
Unblemiſh'd let me live, or die unknown:
Oh! grant an honeſt Fame, or grant me none!

JANUARY AND MAY:

OR,

THE MERCHANT'S TALE.

FROM CHAUCER.

THERE liv'd in Lombardy, as authors write,
In days of old, a wiſe and worthy knight,
Of gentle manners, as of gen'rous race,
Bleſs'd with much ſenſe, more riches, and ſome grace;
Yet led aſtray by Venus' ſoft delights,
He ſcarce could rule ſome idle appetites;
For long ago, let prieſts ſay what they could,
Weak ſinful laymen were but fleſh and blood.
But in due time, when ſixty years were o'er,
He vow'd to lead this vicious life no more;
Whether pure holineſs inſpir'd his mind,
Or dotage turn'd his brain, is hard to find;
But his high courage prick'd him forth to wed,
And try the pleaſures of a lawful bed.
This was his nightly dream, his daily care,
And to the heav'nly pow'rs his conſtant pray'r,
Once, ere he dy'd, to taſte the bliſsful life
Of a kind huſband and a loving wife.
Theſe thoughts he fortify'd with reaſons ſtill,
(For none want reaſons to confirm their will.)
Grave authors ſay, and witty poets ſing,
That honeſt wedlock is a glorious thing;

But depth of judgment moſt in him appears
Who wiſely weds in his maturer years:
Then let him chuſe a damſel young and fair,
To bleſs his age, and bring a worthy heir;
To ſooth his cares, and, free from noiſe and ſtrife,
Conduct him gently to the verge of life.
Let ſinful bachelors their woes deplore,
Full well they merit all they feel, and more:
Unaw'd by precepts human or divine,
Like birds and beaſts promiſcuouſly they join,
Nor know to make the preſent bleſſing laſt,
To hope the future, or eſteem the paſt;
But vainly boaſt the joys they never try'd,
And find divulg'd the ſecrets they would hide.
The marry'd man may bear his yoke with eaſe,
Secure at once himſelf and Heav'n to pleaſe,
And paſs his inoffenſive hours away
In bliſs all night, and innocence all day;
Tho' fortune change his conſtant ſpouſe remains,
Augments his joys, or mitigates his pains.
But what ſo pure which envious tongues will ſpare?
Some wicked wits have libell'd all the fair:
With matchleſs impudence they ſtyle a wife
The dear-bought curſe and lawful plague of life;
A boſom ſerpent, a domeſtic evil,
A night invaſion, and a mid-day devil.
Let not the wife theſe ſland'rous words regard,
But curſe the bones of ev'ry lying bard.

All other goods by Fortune's hand are giv'n;
A wife is the peculiar gift of Heav'n.
Vain Fortune's favours, never at a ſtay,
Like empty ſhadows paſs and glide away;
One ſolid comfort, our eternal wife,
Abundantly ſupplies us all our life:
This bleſſing laſts (if thoſe who try ſay true)
As long as heart can wiſh—and longer too.
Our grandſire Adam, ere of Eve poſſeſs'd,
Alone, and ev'n in Paradiſe unbleſs'd,
With mournful looks the bliſsful ſcenes ſurvey'd,
And wander'd in the ſolitary ſhade:
The Maker ſaw, took pity, and beſtow'd
Woman, the laſt, the beſt, reſerv'd of God.
A wife! ah, gentle Deities! can he
That has a wife e'er feel adverſity?
Would men but follow what the ſex adviſe,
All things would proſper, all the world grow wiſe.
'Twas by Rebecca's aid that Jacob won
His father's bleſſing from an elder ſon;
Abuſive Nabal ow'd his forfeit life
To the wiſe conduct of a prudent wife;
Heroic Judith, as old Hebrews ſhow,
Preſerv'd the Jews, and ſlew th'Aſſyrian foe:
At Heſter's ſuit the perſecuting ſword
Was ſheath'd, and Iſrael liv'd to bleſs the Lord.
Theſe weighty motives January the ſage
Maturely ponder'd in his riper age;

And, charm'd with virtuous joys and ſober life,
Would try that Chriſtian comfort call'd a Wife.
His friends were ſummon'd on a point ſo nice
To paſs their judgment, and to give advice;
But fix'd before, and well reſolv'd was he
(As men that aſk advice are wont to be.)
"My friends," he cry'd, (and caſt a mournful look
Around the room, and ſigh'd before he ſpoke;)
"Beneath the weight of threeſcore years I bend,
And, worn with cares, am haſt'ning to my end;
How I have liv'd, alas! you know too well,
In worldly follies which I bluſh to tell;
But gracious Heav'n has ope'd my eyes at laſt,
With due regret I view my vices paſt,
And as the precept of the Church decrees,
Will take a wife, and live in holy eaſe:
But ſince by counſel all things ſhould be done,
And many heads are wiſer ſtill than one,
Chuſe you for me, who beſt ſhall be content
When my deſire 's approv'd by your conſent.
One caution yet is needful to be told
To guide your choice; this wife muſt not be old:
There goes a ſaying, and 't was ſhrewdly ſaid,
Old fiſh at table, but young fleſh in bed.
My ſoul abhors the taſtleſs, dry, embrace
Of a ſtale virgin with a winter face:
In that cold ſeaſon Love but treats his gueſt
With bean-ſtraw and tough forage at the beſt.

No crafty widows ſhall approach my bed;
Thoſe are too wiſe for bachelors to wed.
As ſubtle clerks by many ſchools are made,
Twice marry'd dames are miſtreſſes o' th' trade;
But young and tender virgins, rul'd with eaſe,
We form like wax, and mould them as we pleaſe.
Conceive me, Sirs, nor take my ſenſe amiſs;
'Tis what concerns my ſoul's eternal bliſs;
Since if I found no pleaſure in my ſpouſe,
As fleſh is frail, and who (God help me!) knows?
Then ſhould I live in lewd adultery,
And ſink downright to Satan when I die;
Or were I curs'd with an unfruitful bed,
The righteous end were loſt for which I wed;
To raiſe up ſeed to bleſs the Pow'rs above,
And not for pleaſure only, or for love.
Think not I dote; 't is time to take a wife
When vig'rous blood forbids a chaſter life:
Thoſe that are bleſs'd with ſtore of grace divine
May live like ſaints by Heav'n's conſent and mine.
And ſince I ſpeak of wedlock, let me ſay
(As, thank my ſtars, in modeſt truth I may)
My limbs are active, ſtill I'm ſound at heart,
And a new vigour ſprings in ev'ry part.
Think not my virtue loſt, tho' Time has ſhed
Theſe rev'rend honours on my hoary head;
Thus trees are crown'd with bloſſoms white as ſnow,
The vital ſap then riſing from below.

Old as I am my luſty limbs appear
Like winter greens that flouriſh all the year.
Now, Sirs, you know to what I ſtand inclin'd,
Let ev'ry friend with freedom ſpeak his mind."
He ſaid; the reſt in diff'rent parts divide;
The knotty point was urg'd on either ſide:
Marriage, the theme on which they all declaim'd,
Some prais'd with wit, and ſome with reaſon blam'd;
Till, what with proofs, objections, and replies,
Each wondrous poſitive and wondrous wiſe,
There fell between his brothers a debate,
Placebo this was call'd, and Juſtin that.
Firſt to the Knight Placebo thus begun,
(Mild were his looks, and pleaſing was his tone)
"Such prudence, Sir, in all your words appears,
As plainly proves experience dwells with years!
Yet you purſue ſage Solomon's advice,
To work by counſel when affairs are nice;
But, with the Wiſe Man's leave, I muſt proteſt,
So may my ſoul arrive at eaſe and reſt,
As ſtill I hold your own advice the beſt.
Sir, I have liv'd a courtier all my days,
And ſtudy'd men, their manners, and their ways;
And have obſerv'd this uſeful maxim ſtill,
To let my betters always have their will.
Nay, if my Lord affirm'd that black was white,
My word was this, "Your Honour's in the right."
Th' aſſuming wit, who deems himſelf ſo wiſe
As his miſtaken patron to adviſe,

Let him not dare to vent his dang'rous thought;
A noble fool was never in a fault.
This, Sir, affects not you, whose ev'ry word
Is weigh'd with judgment, and befits a lord:
Your will is mine; and is (I will maintain)
Pleasing to God, and should be so to man;
At least, your courage all the world must praise,
Who dare to wed in your declining days.
Indulge the vigour of your mounting blood,
And let gray fools be indolently good,
Who, past all pleasure, damn the joys of sense
With rev'rend dulness and grave impotence."
  Justin, who silent sat, and heard the man,
Thus with a philosophic frown began:
  "A Heathen author of the first degree
(Who tho' not faith, had sense as well as we)
Bids us be certain our concerns to trust
To those of gen'rous principles and just.
The venture's greater, I'll presume to say,
To give your person than your goods away;
And therefore, Sir, as you regard your rest,
First learn your lady's qualities at least:
Whether she's chaste or rampant, proud or civil,
Meek as a saint, or haughty as the devil;
Whether an easy, fond, familiar, fool,
Or such a wit as no man e'er can rule.
'Tis true, perfection none must hope to find
In all this world, much less in womankind;

But if her virtues prove the larger ſhare,
Bleſs the kind Fates, and think your fortune rare.
Ah! gentle Sir, take warning of a friend,
Who knows too well the ſtate you thus commend;
And, ſpite of all his praiſes, muſt declare
All he can find is bondage, coſt, and care.
Heav'n knows I ſhed full many a private tear,
And ſigh in ſilence leſt the world ſhould hear,
While all my friends applaud my bliſsful life,
And ſwear no mortal's happier in a wife,
Demure and chaſte as any Veſtal nun,
The meekeſt creature that beholds the ſun!
But by th' immortal Pow'rs I feel the pain,
And he that ſmarts has reaſon to complain.
Do what you liſt for me; you muſt be ſage
And cautious, ſure; for wiſdom is in age:
But at theſe years to venture on the fair!
By him who made the ocean, earth, and air,
To pleaſe a wife when her occaſions call
Would buſy the moſt vig'rous of us all;
And truſt me, Sir, the chaſteſt you can chuſe
Will aſk obſervance, and exact her dues.
If what I ſpeak my noble Lord offend,
My tedious ſermon here is at an end."
"'Tis well, 't is wondrous well," the Knight replies,
"Moſt worthy kinſman, faith you're mighty wiſe!
We, Sirs, are fools; and muſt reſign the cauſe
To Heath'niſh authors, proverbs, and old ſaws."

He spoke with scorn, and turn'd another way—
What does my friend, my dear Placebo, say?
"I say," quoth he, "by Heav'n the man's to blame
To slander wives, and wedlock's holy name."
At this the council rose without delay;
Each in his own opinion went his way;
With full consent that, all disputes appeas'd,
The Knight should marry when and where he pleas'd.
Who now but January exults with joy?
The charms of wedlock all his soul employ:
Each nymph by turns his wav'ring mind possest,
And reign'd the short-liv'd tyrant of his breast;
While Fancy pictur'd ev'ry lively part,
And each bright image wander'd o'er his heart.
Thus, in some public forum fix'd on high,
A mirror shows the figures moving by;
Still one by one, in swift succession, pass
The gliding shadows o'er the polish'd glass.
This lady's charms the nicest could not blame,
But vile suspicions had aspers'd her fame;
That was with sense but not with virtue blest;
And one had grace that wanted all the rest.
Thus doubting long what nymph he should obey,
He fix'd at last upon the youthful May:
Her faults he knew not, Love is always blind,
But ev'ry charm revolv'd within his mind:
Her tender age, her form divinely fair,
Her easy motion, her attractive air,

Her ſweet behaviour, her enchanting face,
Her moving ſoftneſs, and majeſtic grace.
Much in his prudence did our Knight rejoice,
And thought no mortal could diſpute his choice:
Once more in haſte he ſummon'd ev'ry friend,
And told them all their pains were at an end.
" Heav'n, that (ſaid he) inſpir'd me firſt to wed,
Provides a conſort worthy of my bed:
Let none oppoſe th' election, ſince on this
Depends my quiet and my future bliſs.
A dame there is, the darling of my eyes,
Young, beauteous, artleſs, innocent, and wiſe;
Chaſte, tho' not rich; and, tho' not nobly born,
Of honeſt parents, and may ſerve my turn.
Her will I wed, if gracious Heav'n ſo pleaſe,
To paſs my age in ſanctity and eaſe;
And thank the Pow'rs I may poſſeſs alone
The lovely prize, and ſhare my bliſs with none!
If you, my friends, this virgin can procure
My joys are full, my happineſs is ſure.
One only doubt remains: Full oft' I 've heard,
By caſuiſts grave and deep divines aver'd,
That 't is too much for human race to know
The bliſs of heav'n above and earth below:
Now ſhould the nuptial pleaſures prove ſo great
To match the bleſſings of the future ſtate,
Thoſe endleſs joys were ill exchang'd for theſe;
Then clear this doubt, and ſet my mind at eaſe."

This Juſtin heard, nor could his ſpleen control,
Touch'd to the quick, and tickled at the ſoul.
"Sir Knight," he cry'd, "if this be all you dread,
Heav'n put it paſt your doubt whene'er you wed,
And to my fervent pray'rs ſo far conſent,
That ere the rites are o'er you may repent!
Good Heav'n, no doubt, the nuptial ſtate approves,
Since it chaſtiſes ſtill what beſt it loves.
Then be not, Sir, abandon'd to deſpair;
Seek, and perhaps you'll find among the fair
One that may do your bus'neſs to a hair;
Not ev'n in wiſh your happineſs delay,
But prove the ſcourge to laſh you on your way:
Then to the ſkies your mounting ſoul ſhall go,
Swift as an arrow ſoaring from the bow!
Provided ſtill you moderate your joy,
Nor in your pleaſures all your might employ;
Let Reaſon's rule your ſtrong deſires abate,
Nor pleaſe too laviſhly your gentle mate.
Old wives there are, of judgment moſt acute,
Who ſolve theſe queſtions beyond all diſpute;
Conſult with thoſe, and be of better cheer;
Marry, do pennance, and diſmiſs your fear."
So ſaid, they roſe, nor more the work delay'd;
The match was offer'd, the propoſals made.
The parents, you may think, would ſoon comply;
The old have int'reſt ever in their eye:

Nor was it hard to move the lady's mind;
When Fortune favours ſtill the fair are kind.
I paſs each previous ſettlemênt and deed,
Too long for me to write, or you to read;
Nor will with quaint impertinence diſplay
The pomp, the pageantry, the proud array.
The time approach'd, to church the parties went,
At once with carnal and devout intent:
Forth came the prieſt, and bade th' obedient wife
Like Sarah or Rebecca lead her life;
Then pray'd the Pow'rs the fruitful bed to bliſs,
And made all ſure enough with holineſs.
And now the palace-gates are open'd wide,
The gueſts appear in order ſide by ſide,
And plac'd in ſtate the bridegroom and the bride.
The breathing flute's ſoft notes are heard around,
And the ſhrill trumpets mix their ſilver ſound;
The vaulted roofs with echoing muſic ring,
Theſe touch the vocal ſtops, and thoſe the trembling [ſtring.
Not thus Amphion tun'd the warbling lyre,
Nor Joab the ſounding clarion could inſpire,
Nor fierce Theodomas, whoſe ſprightly ſtrain
Could ſwell the ſoul to rage, and fire the martial train.
Bacchus himſelf, the nuptial feaſt to grace,
(So poets ſing) was preſent on the place;
And lovely Venus, goddeſs of delight,
Shook high her flaming torch in open ſight,
And danc'd around, and ſmil'd on ev'ry knight;

Pleas'd her beſt ſervant would his courage try
No leſs in wedlock than in liberty
Full many an age old Hymen had not ſpy'd
So kind a bridegroom or ſo bright a bride.
Ye Bards! renown'd among the tuneful throng
For gentle lays, and joyous nuptial ſong,
Think not your ſofteſt numbers can diſplay
The matchleſs glories of this bliſsful day;
The joys are ſuch as far tranſcend your rage
When tender Youth has wedded ſtooping Age.

The beauteous dame ſat ſmiling at the board,
And darted am'rous glances at her lord.
Not Heſter's ſelf, whoſe charms the Hebrews ſing,
E'er look'd ſo lovely on her Perſian king:
Bright as the riſing ſun in ſummer's day,
And freſh and blooming as the month of May,
The joyful Knight ſurvey'd her by his ſide,
Nor envy'd Paris with the Spartan bride:
Still as his mind revolv'd with vaſt delight
Th' entrancing raptures of th' approaching night,
Reſtleſs he ſat, invoking ev'ry pow'r
To ſpeed his bliſs, and haſte the happy hour.
Mean-time the vig'rous dancers beat the ground,
And ſongs were ſung, and flowing bowls went round:
With od'rous ſpices they perfum'd the place,
And mirth and pleaſure ſhone in ev'ry face.

Damian alone, of all the menial train,
Sad in the midſt of triumphs, ſigh'd for pain;

Damian alone, the Knight's obſequious ſquire,
Conſum'd at heart, and fed a ſecret fire.
His lovely miſtreſs all his ſoul poſſeſt,
He look'd, he languiſh'd, and could take no reſt:
His taſk perform'd, he ſadly went his way,
Fell on his bed, and loath'd the light of day.
There let him lie, till his relenting dame
Weep in her turn, and waſte in equal flame.

The weary ſun, as learned poets write,
Forſook th' horizon, and roll'd down the light,
While glitt'ring ſtars his abſent beams ſupply,
And Night's dark mantle overſpread the ſky.
Then roſe the gueſts, and, as the time requir'd,
Each paid his thanks, and decently retir'd.

The foe once gone, our Knight prepar'd t' undreſs,
So keen he was, and eager to poſſeſs;
But firſt thought fit th' aſſiſtance to receive
Which grave phyſicians ſcruple not to give;
Satyrion near with hot eringoes ſtood,
Cantharides to fire the lazy blood,
Whoſe uſe old bards deſcribe in luſcious rhymes,
And critics learn'd explain to modern times.

By this the ſheets were ſpread, the bride undreſs'd,
The room was ſprinkled, and the bed was bleſs'd.
What next enſu'd beſeems not me to ſay;
'Tis ſung he labour'd till the dawning day,
Then briſkly ſprung from bed, with heart ſo light,
As all were nothing he had done by night,
And ſipp'd his cordial as he ſat upright.

He kiſs'd his balmy ſpouſe with wanton play,
And feebly ſung a luſty roundelay;
Then on the couch his weary limbs he caſt;
For ev'ry labour muſt have reſt at laſt.
But anxious cares the penſive Squire oppreſt,
Sleep fled his eyes, and peace forſook his breaſt;
The raging flames that in his boſom dwell
He wanted art to hide, and means to tell;
Yet hoping time th' occaſion might betray,
Compos'd a ſonnet to the lovely May,
Which, writ and folded with the niceſt art,
He wrapt in ſilk, and laid upon his heart.
When now the fourth revolving day was run,
('Twas June, and Cancer had receiv'd the ſun)
Forth from her chamber came the beauteous bride,
The good old Knight mov'd ſlowly by her ſide.
High maſs was ſung; they feaſted in the hall;
The ſervants round ſtood ready at their call:
The Squire alone was abſent from the board,
And much his ſickneſs griev'd his worthy lord,
Who pray'd his ſpouſe, attended with her train,
To viſit Damian, and divert his pain.
Th' obliging dames obey'd with one conſent;
They left the hall, and to his lodging went.
The female tribe ſurround him as he lay,
And cloſe beſide him ſat the gentle May,
Where, as ſhe try'd his pulſe, he ſoftly drew
A heaving ſigh, and caſt a mournful view!

Then gave his bill, and brib'd the pow'rs divine
With ſecret vows to favour his deſign.
  Who ſtudies now but diſcontented May?
On her ſoft couch uneaſily ſhe lay;
The lumpiſh huſband ſnor'd away the night,
Till coughs awak'd him near the morning light.
What then he did I'll not preſume to tell,
Nor if ſhe thought herſelf in heav'n or hell:
Honeſt and dull in nuptial bed they lay
Till the bell toll'd, and all aroſe to pray.
  Were it by forceful Deſtiny decreed,
Or did from Chance or Nature's pow'r proceed,
Or that ſome ſtar, with aſpect kind to love,
Shed its ſelecteſt influence from above;
Whatever was the cauſe, the tender dame
Felt the firſt motions of an infant flame;
Receiv'd th' impreſſions of the love-ſick Squire,
And waſted in the ſoft infectious fire.
  Ye Fair! draw near, let May's example move
Your gentle minds to pity thoſe who love!
Had ſome fierce tyrant in her ſtead been found,
The poor adorer ſure had hang'd or drown'd;
But ſhe, your ſex's mirror, free from pride,
Was much too meek to prove a homicide.
  But to my Tale. Some ſages have defin'd
Pleaſure the ſov'reign bliſs of human-kind:
Our Knight (who ſtudy'd much, we may ſuppoſe)
Deriv'd his high philoſophy from thoſe;

For, like a prince, he bore the vaſt expenſe
Of laviſh pomp and proud magnificence:
His houſe was ſtately, his retinue gay,
Large was his train, and gorgeous his array.
His ſpacious garden, made to yield to none,
Was compaſs'd round with walls of ſolid ſtone;
Priapus could not half deſcribe the grace
(Tho' god of Gardens) of this charming place;
A place to tire the rambling wits of France
In long deſcriptions, and exceed romance;
Enough to ſhame the gentleſt bard that ſings
Of painted meadows and of purling ſprings.
Full in the centre of the flow'ry ground
A cryſtal fountain ſpread its ſtreams around,
The fruitful banks with verdant laurels crown'd:
About this ſpring (if ancient Fame ſay true)
The dapper elves their moonlight ſports purſue;
Their pigmy king, and little fairy queen,
In circling dances gamboll'd on the green,
While tuneful ſprites a merry concert made,
And airy muſic warbled thro' the ſhade.
Hither the noble Knight would oft' repair,
(His ſcene of pleaſure and peculiar care)
For this he held it dear, and always bore
The ſilver key that lock'd the garden-door.
To this ſweet place in ſummer's ſultry heat
He us'd from noiſe and bus'neſs to retreat;

And here in daliance ſpend the live-long day,
Solus cum ſola, with his ſprightly May;
For whate'er work was undiſcharg'd a-bed
The duteous Knight in this fair garden ſped.
But, ah! what mortal lives of bliſs ſecure?
How ſhort a ſpace our worldly joys endure!
O Fortune! fair, like all thy treach'rous kind,
But faithleſs ſtill, and wav'ring as the wind!
O painted monſter! form'd mankind to cheat
With pleaſing poiſon and with ſoft deceit!
This rich, this am'rous, venerable Knight,
Amidſt his eaſe, his ſolace, and delight,
Struck blind by thee, reſigns his days to grief,
And calls on death, the wretch's laſt relief.
The rage of jealouſy then ſeiz'd his mind,
For much he fear'd the faith of womankind.
His wife not ſuffer'd from his ſide to ſtray,
Was captive kept, he watch'd her night and day,
Abridg'd her pleaſures, and confin'd her ſway.
Full oft' in tears did hapleſs May complain,
And ſigh'd full oft'; but ſigh'd and wept in vain:
She look'd on Damian with a lover's eye;
For, oh, 't was fix'd; ſhe muſt poſſeſs or die!
Nor leſs impatience vex'd her am'rous Squire,
Wild with delay, and burning with deſire.
Watch'd as ſhe was, yet could he not refrain
By ſecret writing to diſcloſe his pain;

The dame by figns reveal'd her kind intent,
Till both were confcious what each other meant.
Ah! gentle Knight, what would thy eyes avail,
Tho' they could fee as far as fhips can fail?
'Tis better, fure, when blind, deceiv'd to be,
Than be deluded when a man can fee!
Argus himfelf, fo cautious and fo wife,
Was over-watch'd, for all his hundred eyes:
So many' an honeft hufband may, 't is known,
Who, wifely, never thinks the cafe his own.
The dame at laft, by diligence and care,
Procur'd the key her Knight was wont to bear;
She took the wards in wax before the fire,
And gave th' impreffion to the trufty Squire:
By means of this fome wonder fhall appear,
Which in due place and feafon you may hear.
Well fung fweet Ovid, in the days of yore,
What flight is that which Love will not explore?
And Pyramus and Thifbe plainly fhow
The feats true lovers, when they lift, can do:
Tho' watch'd and captive, yet, in fpite of all,
They found the art of kiffing thro' a wall.
But now no longer from our Tale to ftray,
It happ'd that once, upon a fummer's day,
Our rev'rend Knight was urg'd to am'rous play;
He rais'd his fpoufe ere matin-bell was rung,
And thus his morning canticle he fung.

"Awake, my love! diſcloſe thy radiant eyes;
Ariſe, my wife! my beauteous lady! riſe:
Hear how the doves with penſive notes complain,
And in ſoft murmurs tell the trees their pain:
The winter 's paſt, the clouds and tempeſts fly,
The ſun adorns the fields and brightens all the ſky.
Fair without ſpot, whoſe ev'ry charming part
My boſom wounds, and captivates my heart,
Come, and in mutual pleaſures let 's engage,
Joy of my life, and comfort of my age."

This heard, to Damian ſtraight a ſign ſhe made
To haſte before; the gentle Squire obey'd:
Secret and undeſcry'd he took his way,
And ambuſh'd cloſe behind an arbour lay.

It was not long ere January came,
And hand in hand with him his lovely dame;
Blind as he was, not doubting all was ſure,
He turn'd the key, and made the gate ſecure.

"Here let us walk," he ſaid, "obſerv'd by none,
Conſcious of pleaſures to the world unknown:
So may my ſoul have joy, as thou, my wife,
Art far the deareſt ſolace of my life;
And rather would I chuſe, by Heav'n above,
To die this inſtant than to loſe thy love.
Reflect what truth was in my paſſion ſhown,
When, unendow'd, I took thee for my own,
And ſought no treaſure but thy heart alone.

Old as I am, and now depriv'd of ſight,
Whilſt thou art faithful to thy own true Knight,
Nor age nor blindneſs rob me of delight.
Each other loſs with patience I can bear;
The loſs of thee is what I only fear.
  Conſider then, my lady and my wife,
The ſolid comforts of a virtuous life.
As firſt, the love of Chriſt himſelf you gain;
Next your own honour undefil'd maintain;
And, laſtly, that which ſure your mind muſt move,
My whole eſtate ſhall gratify your love:
Make your own terms, and ere to-morrow's ſun
Diſplays his light by Heav'n it ſhall be done.
I ſeal the contract with a holy kiſs,
And will perform, by this—my dear, and this—
Have comfort, ſpouſe, nor think thy lord unkind;
'Tis love, not jealouſy, that fires my mind:
For when thy charms my ſober thoughts engage,
And join'd to them my own unequal age,
From thy dear ſide I have no pow'r to part,
Such ſecret tranſports warm my melting heart:
For who that once poſſeſs'd thoſe heav'nly charms
Could live one moment abſent from thy arms?"
  He ceas'd; and May with modeſt grace reply'd,
(Weak was her voice, as while ſhe ſpoke ſhe cry'd)
"Heav'n knows," with that a tender ſigh ſhe drew,
"I have a ſoul to ſave as well as you;

And, what no leſs you to my charge commend,
My deareſt honour will to death defend.
To you in holy church I gave my hand,
And join'd my heart in wedlock's ſacred band;
Yet after this, if you diſtruſt my care,
Then hear, my Lord, and witneſs what I ſwear:
First may the yawning earth her boſom rend,
And let me hence to hell alive deſcend,
Or die the death I dread no leſs than hell,
Sew'd in a ſack, and plung'd into a well,
Ere I my fame by one lewd act diſgrace,
Or once renounce the honour of my race:
For know, Sir Knight, of gentle blood I came;
I loath a whore, and ſtartle at the name:
But jealous men on their own crimes reflect,
And learn from thence their ladies to ſuſpect;
Elſe why theſe needleſs cautions, Sir, to me?
Theſe doubts and fears of female conſtancy?
This chime ſtill rings in ev'ry lady's ear,
The only ſtrain a wife muſt hope to hear."
Thus while ſhe ſpoke a ſidelong glance ſhe caſt
Where Damian, kneeling, worſhipp'd as ſhe paſt:
She ſaw him watch the motions of her eye,
And ſingled out a pear-tree planted nigh:
'Twas charg'd with fruit that made a goodly ſhow,
And hung with dangling pears was ev'ry bough.
Thither th' obſequious Squire addreſs'd his pace,
And, climbing, in the ſummit took his place;

The Knight and Lady walk'd beneath in view,
Where let us leave them, and our Tale purſue.
'Twas now the ſeaſôn when the glorious ſun
His heav'nly progreſs thro' the Twins had run,
And Jove, exalted, his mild influence yields,
To glad the glebe, and paint the flow'ry fields:
Clear was the day, and Phœbus, riſing bright,
Had ſtreak'd the azure firmament with light;
He pierc'd the glitt'ring clouds with golden ſtreams,
And warm'd the womb of Earth with genial beams.
It ſo befell, in that fair morning-tide,
The Fairies ſported on the garden-ſide,
And in the midſt their monarch and his bride.
So featly tripp'd the light-foot ladies round,
The knights ſo nimbly o'er the greenſword bound,
That ſcarce they bent the flow'rs, or touch'd the ground.
The dances ended, all the fairy train
For pinks and daiſies ſearch'd the flow'ry plain;
While on a bank reclin'd of riſing green
Thus, with a frown the King beſpoke his Queen.
"'Tis too apparent, argue what you can,
The treachery you women uſe to man;
A thouſand authors have this truth made out,
And ſad experience leaves no room for doubt.
Heav'n reſt thy ſpirit, noble Solomon,
A wiſer monarch never ſaw the ſun:

All wealth, all honours, the ſupreme degree
Of earthly bliſs, was well beſtow'd on thee!
For ſagely haſt thou ſaid, “ Of all mankind
One only juſt and righteous hope to find;
But ſhouldſt thou ſearch the ſpacious world around,
Yet one good woman is not to be found.”
Thus ſays the King who knew your wickedneſs;
The ſon of Sirach teſtifies no leſs.
So may ſome wildfire on your bodies fall,
Or ſome devouring plague conſume you all,
As well you view the leacher in the tree,
And well this honourable Knight you ſee;
But, ſince he 's blind and old, (a helpleſs caſe)
His Squire ſhall cuckold him before your face.
Now by my own dread majeſty I ſwear,
And by this awful ſceptre which I bear,
No impious wretch ſhall 'ſcape unpuniſh'd long
That in my preſence offers ſuch a wrong.
I will this inſtant undeceive the Knight,
And in the very act reſtore his ſight:
And ſet the ſtrumpet here in open view,
A warning to theſe ladies and to you,
And all the faithleſs ſex for ever to be true.”
“ And will you ſo,” reply'd the Queen, “ in-
Now by my mother's ſoul it is decreed [deed?
She ſhall not want an anſwer at her need.
For her and for her daughters I'll engage,
And all the ſex in each ſucceeding age;

Art ſhall be theirs to varniſh an offence,
And fortify their crimes with confidence.
Nay, were they taken in a ſtrict embrace,
Seen with both eyes, and pinion'd on the place,
All they ſhall need is to proteſt and ſwear,
Breathe a ſoft ſigh, and drop a tender tear,
Till their wiſe huſbands, gull'd by arts like theſe,
Grow gentle, tractable, and tame as geeſe.
  What tho' this ſland'rous Jew, this Solomon,
Call'd women fools, and knew full many a one,
The wiſer wits of later times declare
How conſtant, chaſte, and virtuous, women are;
Witneſs the martyrs, who reſign'd their breath,
Serene in torments, unconcern'd in death;
And witneſs next what Roman authors tell,
How Arria, Porcia, and Lucretia, fell.
  But ſince the ſacred leaves to all are free,
And men interpret texts, why ſhould not we?
By this no more was meant than to have ſhown
That ſov'reign goodneſs dwells in him alone
Who only Is, and is but only One.
But grant the worſt: ſhall women then be weigh'd
By ev'ry word that Solomon hath ſaid?
What tho' this king (as ancient ſtory boaſts)
Built a fair temple to the Lord of Hoſts,
He ceas'd at laſt his Maker to adore,
And did as much for idol gods, or more.

Beware what lavish praises you confer
On a rank leacher and idolater,
Whose reign indulgent God, says holy writ,
Did but for David's righteous sake permit;
David! the monarch after Heav'n's own mind,
Who lov'd our sex, and honour'd all our kind.
  Well, I'm a woman, and as such must speak;
Silence would swell me, and my heart would break.
Know then I scorn your dull authorities,
Your idle wits, and all their learned lies.
By Heav'n those authors are our sex's foes,
Whom in our right I must and will oppose."
  "Nay," quoth the King, "dear Madam be not wroth;
I yield it up; but since I gave my oath
That this much-injur'd Knight again should see,
It must be done—I am a King," said he,
"And one whose faith has ever sacred been"—
  "And so has mine," she said—"I am a Queen;
Her answer she shall have, I undertake;
And thus an end of all dispute I make.
Try when you list, and you shall find, my Lord,
It is not in our sex to break our word."
  We leave them here in this heroic strain,
And to the Knight our story turns again,
Who in the garden, with his lovely May,
Sung merrier than the cuckoo or the jay:
This was his song; "Oh! kind and constant be,
"Constant and kind I'll ever prove to thee."

Thus ſinging as he went, at laſt he drew,
By eaſy ſteps, to where the pear-tree grew:
The longing dame look'd up, and ſpy'd her love
Full fairly perch'd among the boughs above.
She ſtopp'd, and ſighing; "Oh! good Gods!" ſhe cry'd,
"What pangs, what ſudden ſhoots diſtend my ſide?
O for that tempting fruit, ſo freſh, ſo green;
Help, for the love of Heav'n's immortal Queen!
Help, deareſt Lord! and ſave at once the life
Of thy poor infant and thy longing wife!"
Sore ſigh'd the Knight to hear his lady's cry,
But could not climb, and had no ſervant nigh:
Old as he was, and void of eyeſight too,
What could, alas! a helpleſs huſband do?
"And muſt I languiſh then," ſhe ſaid, "and die,
Yet view the lovely fruit before my eye?
At leaſt, kind Sir, for Charity's ſweet ſake,
Vouchſafe the trunk between your arms to take;
Then from your back I might aſcend the tree;
Do you but ſtoop, and leave the reſt to me."
"With all my ſoul," he thus reply'd again,
"I'd ſpend my deareſt blood to eaſe thy pain."
With that his back againſt the trunk he bent,
She ſeiz'd a twig, and up the tree ſhe went.
Now prove your patience, gentle ladies all!
Nor let on me your heavy anger fall:
'Tis truth I tell, tho' not in phraſe refin'd;
Tho' blunt my tale, yet honeſt is my mind.

What feats the lady in the tree might do
I paſs, as gambols never known to you;
But ſure it was a merrier fit, ſhe ſwore,
Than in her life ſhe ever felt before.
In that nice moment, lo! the wond'ring Knight
Look'd out, and ſtood reſtor'd to ſudden ſight.
Straight on the tree his eager eyes he bent,
As one whoſe thoughts were on his ſpouſe intent;
But when he ſaw his boſom-wife ſo dreſs'd,
His rage was ſuch as cannot be expreſs'd:
Not frantic mothers when their infants die
With louder clamours rend the vaulted ſky:
He cry'd, he roar'd, he ſtorm'd, he tore his hair;
Death! Hell! and Furies! what doſt thou do there?
"What ails my Lord?" the trembling dame reply'd;
"I thought your patience had been better try'd:
Is this your love, ungrateful and unkind,
This my reward for having cur'd the blind?
Why was I taught to make my huſband ſee,
By ſtruggling with a man upon a tree?
Did I for this the pow'r of magic prove?
Unhappy wife, whoſe crime was too much love!"
"If this be ſtruggling, by this holy light
'Tis ſtruggling with a vengeance," quoth the Knight;
"So Heav'n preſerve the ſight it has reſtor'd,
As with theſe eyes I plainly ſaw thee whor'd;
Whor'd by my ſlave—perfidious wretch! may Hell
As ſurely ſeize thee as I ſaw too well."

"Guard me, good Angels!" cry'd the gentle May,
"Pray Heav'n this magic work the proper way!
Alas, my love! 't is certain, could you ſee,
You ne'er had us'd theſe killing words to me:
So help me, Fates! as 't is no perfect ſight,
But ſome faint glimm'ring of a doubtful light."
"What I have ſaid," quoth he, "I muſt maintain,
"For by th' immortal Pow'rs it *ſeem'd* too plain."—
"By all thoſe Pow'rs, ſome frenzy ſeiz'd your mind,"
Reply'd the dame; "are theſe the thanks I find?
Wretch that I am, that e'er I was ſo kind!"
She ſaid; a riſing ſigh expreſs'd her woe,
The ready tears apace began to flow,
And as they fell ſhe wip'd from either eye
The drops, (for women when they liſt can cry.)
The Knight was touch'd; and in his looks appear'd
Signs of remorſe, while thus his ſpouſe he cheer'd:
"Madam, 't is paſt, and my ſhort anger o'er!
Come down, and vex your tender heart no more:
Excuſe me, Dear! if aught amiſs was ſaid,
For on my ſoul amends ſhall ſoon be made;
Let my repentance your forgiveneſs draw;
By Heav'n I ſwore but what I *thought* I ſaw."
"Ah! my lov'd Lord, 't was much unkind," ſhe cry'd,
"On bare ſuſpicion thus to treat your bride:
But till your ſight 's eſtabliſh'd for a while
Imperfect objects may your ſenſe beguile.

Thus when from ſleep we firſt our eyes diſplay,
The balls are wounded with the piercing ray,
And duſky vapours riſe and intercept the day.
So, juſt recov'ring from the ſhades of night,
Your ſwimming eyes are drunk with ſudden light,
Strange phantoms dance around, and ſkim before
your ſight.
Then, Sir, be cautious, nor too raſhly deem;
Heav'n knows how ſeldom things are what they ſeem!
Conſult your reaſon, and you ſoon ſhall find
'Twas you were jealous, not your wife unkind.
Jove ne'er ſpoke oracle more true than this,
None judge ſo wrong as thoſe who think amiſs."
With that ſhe leap'd into her lord's embrace
With well-diſſembled virtue in her face:
He hugg'd her cloſe, and kiſs'd her o'er and o'er,
Diſturb'd with doubts and jealouſies no more:
Both pleaſ'd and bleſs'd, renew'd their mutual vows;
A fruitful wife, and a believing ſpouſe.
Thus ends our Tale, whoſe moral next to make,
Let all wiſe huſbands hence example take,
And pray, to crown the pleaſure of their lives,
To be ſo well deluded by their wives.

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